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*The Bible Christian magazine, a
continuation of the Arminian ...*

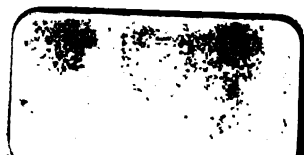
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THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN
MAGAZINE,
FOR THE YEAR 1879,
BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE
ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. OF THE FIFTH SERIES.
VOL. LVIII. FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.

LONDON:
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P R E F A C E .

1879 will long be remembered as the year of depression. In commerce and in agriculture, abroad as well as at home, the tide has fallen to a low point. The reaction from unexampled prosperity, which probably must have been great in any case, has been intensified and increased by a succession of bad harvests, and by the blustering and blundering of the Government in managing the nation's affairs. The Cabinet that was to inaugurate an era of quietude and rest has done little else but carefully prepare a series of surprises and alarms for our own country and the world at large. The results of the administration of our national finances by the last and the present Governments respectively, differ so widely that they cannot be compared, they can only be contrasted.

It was reasonable to expect that the depression in trade and agriculture would injuriously affect the finances of the various charitable and religious institutions of the Kingdom. Our own Church has felt the pinch as much, probably more than any other. But taking all circumstances into account, the several departments of the work have been wonderfully well sustained. Notwithstanding this fact the pressure on our funds has been and still is very acutely felt. But as gifts "out of great poverty" have much greater value in the sight of God than any other gifts, may we not hope for a richer blessing in future on all our Societies and circuits? A considerable numerical decrease we had also to announce at the last Conference. But the number admitted into the Church during the last five or six years, has reached a very high figure. The total number is at least equal to three-fourths, or probably, four-fifths of the number at present meeting in church-fellowship. We need not therefore inquire, Is the Lord among us or not? but grave questions as to the stability of many of the young converts these figures

suggest, which require careful, exhaustive consideration, and the application of suitable remedies. Our pages bear witness to the persistent efforts some of our people are prepared to make, the liberal gifts they are willing to contribute, and the holy fervour of their prayers for the prosperity of our Zion. O that such friends were increased a thousand-fold ! We are grateful for the past, but how ardently we long for a more glorious future. Our thankfulness fires our ambition. We long for the time when every circuit and even every place shall be prosperous, when every minister shall be renowned as a soul-winner, when every sermon shall be so pervaded with divine power that unbelievers shall powerfully feel the force of truth as the result, and bow in penitence at the footstool of divine mercy, and when in every place the promised "showers of blessing" shall descend, then would the successive numbers of the Magazine throb with this higher life, there would be a glow and a warmth in every page, more signal victories would be recorded, more heroic enterprises undertaken, more Christ-like sacrifices made, and a deeper, nobler joy fill all our hearts.

LONDON, 26, *Paternoster Row*,
November 17th.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

WAITING FOR THE PENTECOST.

BY W. B. LARK.

THE closing hours of Christ's personal ministry were spent not in the midst of the world's noise and tumult, but with His disciples; the men who were to take up and carry on His great work. For three years they lived in intimate fellowship with Him. The living seed which they received at His hands they were to 'scatter broadcast in the world; which should turn the wilderness into a fruitful field, and cause the desert to blossom like the rose. The world was their sphere, and the uplifting of the race their high and holy mission.

Their Divine Master made it no secret that in prosecuting their mission they would meet with immense difficulties, and be assailed by fierce opposition. But lest these things should discourage them, He promised to send the Holy Ghost, to endue them with power from on high, in the strength of which they should surmount every difficulty, and triumphantly face the mightiest foe. Apart from this power, this divine fitness, failure would be certain. How could they withstand—a mere handful of timid unlettered men, of no social position, with the stigma of the cross associated with their cause—how could they withstand the power, and intellect, and prejudice of the world? Left to themselves, society would have crushed them, crushed them in a day, with as much ease as a child can crush a moth between its fingers. The opposition with which they were met would have swept them away, as a feather is borne off on the bosom of the wave. It would have been madness, therefore, to have entered on their work in merely human strength. No,

JANUARY. 1879.

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not a step is to be taken, not an effort is to be made, until they have received the Divine Baptism; the Presence and Power of the Holy Ghost. Hence the Master's parting directions,—“Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.”

And what of ourselves, and the work in which we are engaged? Are we better prepared to do without this Power than the Apostles were? Is it not as necessary to our success as it was to theirs? In other words, is not *another Pentecost* the great need of the Church in the present day, as *much so* as the *first Pentecost* was the need of the infant Church at Jerusalem?

What is the work to which Christ has called His Church? A question which it was never, perhaps, more necessary to ask than now! We are most ready to admit that it is a very desirable thing to improve men's surroundings, we have nothing to say against that; but it should be borne in mind that the evil is not in the *surroundings* of the man so much as in the man *himself*. The evil which demands a remedy is no mere surface evil, it exists in the depths of man's nature, and in a certain sense has become part and parcel of himself. No reformatory system can ever prove a *permanent* success which ignores this truth; which leaves the man and gives attention merely to his surroundings.

When, therefore, it is said to us, as it often is, “Improve the dwellings of the people, their education, their habits, their customs, establish schools of art, and open up museums all over the land. Let them become familiar with art and science; instruct them in the laws of physical health, and social happiness, and national progress. Let class more frequently mingle with class, that they may teach each other better.” When these things are said to us, we reply, “Do so by all means,” these are matters of considerable importance, and we cannot admit that we undervalue them when we say, “You may do all this, and yet not teach the man. These things may be done and yet the man, in the depths of his being, remain unchanged. If we go no farther than this, we shall fail to touch the root of the evil.”

Christ has sent forth His Church to convert men from evil to truth, from the vicious to the virtuous, from the carnal to the spiritual, from sin to holiness. It is the uplifting of *man himself* to a purer life that we are to seek. Nothing short of *this* is the work to which we are called, and so far as we are doing this work, so far are we fulfilling our glorious mission. What, we ask, is all our success in any other direction if we fail *here*, fail in the conversion of men to Christ? Are we mere *social reformers*? We are social reformers, but we are very much more! Are we mere *educationists*? We

are educationists, but we are very much more ! Supposing we do succeed in our social reforms, and in our educational efforts, and fail in the conversion of men to Christ and God, can we say that we have succeeded ? Succeeded ! Would not our failure in this overshadow our success in every other direction, overshadow it so completely, that in reviewing our work failure would involuntarily rise to our lips ? Our work is the conversion of men from the error of their ways, the turning of them from sin to God. If we succeed in this, then our work is a success ; but if we fail here, our success in any other department can yield us but small comfort.

Let it not be forgotten that in Christianizing a man you influence his whole social life, you raise him in all his social relationships. The family strifes ; the dishonesties which curse the business world ; the selfishness, the time-serving, the immorality which meet us on every hand—whence are they ? Have they not their rise in the heart ? Man is wrong in his heart, and is it to be wondered at that his life is out of harmony with the Divine Will ? Given the state of man's heart, and the state of society to-day is nothing to surprise us. The rottenness and ruin so manifest in our midst find their explanation in the corrupt condition of man's heart. Just in proportion as you turn men from sin to God will you raise society to a higher life. You will lift men on to a higher platform socially, and commercially, and politically. The attempt to purify society in its social, or commercial, or political life, apart from changing men's hearts, is much like seeking to purify the stream while the fountain remains poisoned. Cleanse the fountain if you are to have the waters sweet and pure. There cannot possibly be any permanent improvement in society apart from the conversion of men—their conversion in the New Testament meaning of the word. Apart from this we have no guarantee whatever that any improvement effected will be lasting.

As to the extent of this work, our efforts are to be limited to no class, they are to be confined to no country. It is not the respectable only for whom we are to labour, or the more vicious whose conversion we are to seek. Our sphere is the *world*. You cannot bring it into a narrower compass than that. The extent of the ravages of sin and death must be the *only* limit of our efforts. Wherever sin has gone, there dare to go. Where there is error, there we are to carry God's Truth. Where darkness rests, there we are to carry heaven's Light. Where the disease is found, there we are to carry the Divine Remedy. Where guilt is felt, there we are to preach the forgiveness of sins. This is the work to which Christ has called His church, the greatness and grandeur of which no words can declare. But there are difficulties which stand in our way, difficulties which are neither few nor small.

Look at the *Materialism* which confronts us on every hand ; the masses of men are living in the seen and temporal ; the unseen and eternal so far as they are concerned are as though they were not. They know of no enjoyment other than the fleshly, they know of no wealth other than the material, they know of no interests other than the earthly. They never get beyond, " Let us eat, and drink, and be merry." These things are with them the great business of life. Silver and gold, houses and lands,—it is to the acquisition of these that men devote their best energies. There is a feverish haste to get rich running through society, hence the holiest principles and the highest interests are daily sacrificed to material gain. The business world,—what is it to-day ? How little of Christian principle will you find there ! Under the withering influence of this materialism, men grow hard, and selfish, and inhuman, very demons of cruelty. Now we cannot fail to see what an immense barrier this is to the church in her evangelistic work : it bars the way to innumerable hearts. This materialism must be met and overcome if we are to succeed in raising men to a higher life. Men are bound hand and foot in the grave-clothes of materialism, the church is commissioned to loose them and let them go.

Scepticism is another difficulty which meets us in our work. Not the low, coarse, brutal scepticism of a past age,—that was too foul a thing to live, men recoiled from that with horror ! The scepticism of the present day wears the garb of friendship, words of butter are on its lips, but the poison is under its tongue. In choice language it speaks its admiration of Christ's character, and when it has won the ear it whispers, " Beautiful myth." It is loud in its praises of the service which Christianity has rendered the world ; and then suggests that it has done its work. Oh, yes, Christianity has rendered admirable service in the past, and as a reward, it is to have a prominent place on the lumber-shelf of society. The world has outgrown it and advanced beyond it just as the man has advanced beyond the leadings-strings of childhood ; they did him essential service in the time of his infancy, but now he has reached manhood he must lay aside these childish things. The Bible is to society to-day what the story books of childhood are to us. When we were children they were very useful in helping us to read, but we have advanced beyond them, we do not think of going back to them now. So with the Bible. It has done much in the way of helping society to its present position, but society has outgrown it, and we are to leave it behind as we have left behind the story books of youth, and go forward to those sublime heights to which the philosophy of the present day has most generously offered to conduct us. This scepticism has a great deal to say about Progress and Liberty, words

which are ever on its lips. It proclaims with a loud voice that its mission is the emancipation of men from the bondage of Churches and Creeds. Now it would be worse than foolish on our part to close our eyes to the fact that such scepticism is very widespread in society to-day; it is not confined to any class, it is to be met with in all classes of the community. We cannot pooh! pooh! it out of our way; we must meet it face to face.

But is there not much in the Church herself which stands as a barrier to success, much which must be overcome and cast out before we can succeed on any very large scale in evangelistic work. What of the worldliness which has crept in among us, worldliness which has been undermining our spiritual power and eating out our life. At the risk of being considered censorious—though nothing can be further from our thoughts than such a spirit—let us not hesitate to look at this matter. Where are the old landmarks which our fathers watched with such scrupulous care? Where are the lines, clearly defined lines, which at one time marked off the Church from the world? They are all-but obliterated! many of the old distinctions are gone, and others are fast disappearing. How much more difficult it is now than in the days of our fathers to distinguish between the Church and the World. And whence the difficulty? Is it that the world has grown more spiritual; or that the church has grown more worldly? Many of our social customs, customs which largely prevail in Christian society to-day, are they the out-growth of spiritual life; do they indicate intense spirituality on our part? If we had a deeper spiritual life among us, would such customs exist in our midst another day? Many of the means by which we seek to raise the funds to carry on our work!—what can we say of them? What *do* we say of them in our more serious moments? Do we not feel that they savour much more of the world than of God? This worldliness cannot fail to tell on our efforts. It is an Achan in the camp, and we cannot hope to succeed. Israel must arise and purge herself of this evil thing if she is to conquer; while this evil thing is cherished in her midst it is impossible for her to prevail.

There is also *Formalism*,—what a hold that is getting on a large portion of the Christian Church! In how many instances the symbols have taken the place of the things symbolized. Forms and ceremonies are choking the spiritual life of the churches. The simplicity which characterized the worship of our fathers is too bare for the poetic souls of their children! For myself, I would a thousand times rather return to the unartistic conventicle and the "bald" worship of our Puritan fathers, than give the slightest countenance to the abominations of Ritualism.

Above all, is there not a large amount of *practical unbelief* in the

church to-day? Where is that faith in God; that faith in the gospel of Christ, *the unvarnished story of the cross*, which characterized the church in early days? There is no lack of faith in our *machinery*, but where is our faith in God, and His Gospel? Let us look to our machinery by all means, and seek to improve it as far as possible, but our machinery is not everything. Our machinery may fail, and its failure may even be necessary to our success. When our machinery is allowed to come between us and God; when it shuts off God from our view, and we look to it for success when we ought to be looking to Him, then it may be necessary to smite our machinery in the dust before our eyes, to teach us that "It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord."

Looking then, at the work which is before the church, and the many difficulties which stand in the way, we have come to the conclusion that the supreme want in the present day is **POWER**—not the power of *wealth*, she has that, such as it is. Never had the church so much of this power as at the present time. There is enough wealth within the church to place a Bible in the hands of every human being, and amply supply the whole heathen world with a gospel ministry. That many of our evangelistic organizations are embarrassed for the want of funds is true? But why this embarrassment? Is it because of the poverty of our *circumstances*, or the poverty of our *spirit*? Did the spirit of self-denial fill the church as it filled our Divine Head, should we know anything of this embarrassment? How many Christian people spend more in a year, twice over, on habits, which to say the least are very questionable, than they contribute to the cause of God! No, it is not *money power* which the church stands so much in need of; there is enough of that within her borders for every purpose. Nor is it the power of *Intellect* that the church is in need of. She has intellectual power—an abundance of it. It is no longer a few fishermen, for some of the most cultured intellects of the age stand forth as her leaders. The most eloquent tongues are heard in her pulpits, and the most gifted minds wield her pen. Oratory and philosophy, poetry and art, science and literature, are found worshipping at her altar, and pour their treasures at her feet. There is no lack of mind-power, never had the church such rich stores at her command as now. Nevertheless, the great want of the church to-day is **POWER**. Not the power of *social position*. There was a time when the great ones of the earth passed her by; when she was loaded with scorn; when her name was cast out as vile. But it is not so now. She has been lifted up to sit among princes. Her leaders are no longer the off-scouring of society, but the companions of nobles, and the councillors of kings. Most certainly the

church needs nothing more in the direction of social position. In the opinion of some of her best friends, she has already enough of that. It is other power than that of wealth, or intellect, or position. The great want of the church is DIVINE POWER. "*Power from on high.*" Apart from this, the possession of all other power is in vain. Apart from this, her strength will be but weakness, and her best efforts will prove but miserable failures. Bring into the church all the wealth of the world ; gather into her bosom all the intellect of the age ; let the most eloquent tongues speak forth her verities ; let the keenest logic, all the resources of poetry and art be enlisted in her service, what would she be without this "*Power from on High,*" would she succeed in the salvation of one soul ? Let her set up her banners in every hamlet and on every shore under the most distinguished patronage of earth ; let her erect costly sanctuaries in the most prominent positions, having every comfort and convenience ; supply the pulpits with the most gifted ministry, and connect therewith every conceivable agency ; without the Divine Power she will fail, utterly fail, to convert men from sin to Christ.

There is a Church History with which we are familiar in which we read of the church in times when she had but little material wealth ; when her supplies of mind-power were but scanty ; when she had no social position ; when she could boast of no costly sanctuaries, and had no gorgeous ritual in which to glory, but so far as the fulfilling of her mission was concerned, she did it most triumphantly. If to regenerate human hearts, and redeem human affections from the sensual and degrading ; if to raise the fallen out of the mire, and transform the vicious into patterns of virtue and purity ; if to inspire holier thoughts, and kindle brighter hopes, and create nobler aspirations in the bosoms of men than it had ever entered into the human mind to conceive ; if to give a higher tone to public morals, and raise society to a purer life ; in a word, if to bring men into living allegiance to Christ, and lift them up to the life of God ; if to do this, is to succeed, then the church in those days succeeded gloriously. Her march was that of a conqueror. Opposition could not stand before her ; she rose superior to every foe. She did succeed, and her success is the miracle of history, a miracle which, with all their ingenuity, her enemies have failed to explain away. The church succeeded in those days, and the explanation is here, she went forth to her work "*endued with power from on high.*" We must fail, we cannot help failing apart from this power. The past is before us, can we review the results of our past efforts, so far as they are known to us, with anything like satisfaction ! Taking into account the efforts put forth, and the vast machinery which has been called into operation, has there been

anything like proportionate results? With all our machinery, what has been done? If it is said that the church has been holding her own for some years past, that is as much as can be said. We may be mistaken, but that is our impression. If the improving of our architecture, and the elaboration of our machinery, is what we are to understand by success, we have nothing more to say. But if the conversion of the masses to Christ is what we are to understand by success, then we do not hesitate to say, "We have but partially succeeded." Here then, is a large amount of activity, most praiseworthy activity, among Christian people. Our machinery is growing on every hand. "But may it not be that our machinery has out-grown our power? Is our power equal to the machinery we have to work? A man with a large frame is often very weak because he has a small and feeble heart, and just now there seems reason to fear that the spiritual force of the church is unequal to the enormous claims made upon it by the machinery it has to keep in motion. We are staggering under the weight of the tasks which we have undertaken." Let us look at our own country. How vast is the machinery employed by the church in our own land for the conversion of men to Christ? Hundreds of thousands of sermons are preached from our pulpits, and other agencies too numerous to mention, are also brought into operation. What of our conversions? Are they at all in proportion? The masses of the people can hardly be said to feel our influence. Go into our large towns and cities and you will find huge masses of human beings as foul as sin can make them; every vice that fallen humanity is capable of reigns rampant in their midst. Darkness as dense as ever rested on heathen minds overshadows them; there they are, living and dying in our midst, and what is our machinery doing for them? Our Christianity fails to touch them; though they are at our very doors, they seem far beyond our reach. The church must have another Pentecost if these masses are to be reached and gathered into the fold of Christ. As Neander puts it, there must be "A new baptism of the Holy Ghost." Let this baptism come down upon the church as in days of old, and the hand of wealth will be opened, the spirit of sacrifice will so fill us that our highest enjoyment will be in giving; men will bring their silver and gold into the treasury of the Lord; with joyful hearts they will dedicate it to His service. The talent of the church will not rest until it has found a suitable sphere of labour. Young men with their vigorous bodies, their cultured intellects, and warm hearts, will come forward eager for the strife. The church will rise to a healthier life, a stronger faith, and loftier purposes. Let this Divine Baptism come down upon us, and we shall be prepared to resist successfully that tide of formalism with

which we are threatened. Armed with this power, the wrestlings of the church with materialism and scepticism will be no mere doubtful warfare. She will be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. Then will our organizations pulsate with a new life, and our machinery will show an activity hitherto unknown. An intense enthusiasm will fill Christian people, such as filled the church in those early days when she went forth from the upper room in Jerusalem to win the world for Christ. Filled with such enthusiasm no opposition would appal us, no sacrifices would daunt us, it would be our meat and drink to work for Christ and souls. And as to our success, may we not form some idea of what that would be from the success which attended the church after the first Pentecost, and which has attended the church in connection with more recent manifestations of the Divine Spirit?

Let then our hearts be turned heavenward. The disciples *waited* for the first Pentecost. They were directed by their Master so to do. Hence we read concerning them, "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." Also, "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." Their waiting however was not the waiting of listless inactivity; it was the waiting of PRAYER—of *earnest* prayer. They were intensely earnest in their calling upon God. The magnitude of their work so opened up before them, their own insufficiency became so manifest, that their own souls went out in prayer and supplication for the promised baptism. Fervour filled their hearts and inspired their tongues. There must be the like earnestness drawing us to the feet of God, and breathing in our supplications if we are to receive the baptism of the Spirit. Let us open our eyes to our need, to the magnitude of our work, and our insufficiency, and we shall go to God, earnestly seeking the power of the Holy Ghost. The waiting of the disciples was that of *united* prayer. "They were all with one accord." A beautiful unanimity prevailed among them; they had one thought, one feeling, one desire, one object. The promised baptism was the burden of every prayer, the desire of every soul. Their waiting was that of *persevering* prayer. They continued in supplication. They held fast until they received the blessing. Their waiting was that of *Faith*. They dare not doubt the promise of Him who had ever been faithful to His Word. They came together looking for the blessing. Such waiting God has never failed to own and bless. Let such fervour, such unanimity, such perseverance, such faith, characterize our waiting, and it shall not lose its reward.

A great deal has been said of late concerning the efficacy of prayer. No Christian need go outside his own experience to

find encouragements to prayer. We certainly are not prepared to give up prayer at the bidding of a cavilling philosophy. What has philosophy to give us in its place? Before we can give up prayer we must blot out the brightest pages in the history of our race, and ignore the most memorable and most blessed success in our own experience. We want the spirit of prayer in our midst. When our Churches become familiar with such prayer meetings as that which preceded the first Pentecost, then may they expect to become familiar with such out-pourings of the Spirit as the first disciples received. God will not, He *cannot* bless a prayerless Church. He has never done so in the past, and He will not do so now. But He has not, and never will fail to bless a praying people wherever they may be found.

This power is within our reach. Blessed be God! The promise is to us. God is as ready to baptize *us* with this power as He was the disciples of old. We cannot but believe this. Let us, therefore, seek it, seek it *now*, seek it *with all our heart*. To your knees, O Israel! To your knees! Let us away to the feet of God. Let us humble ourselves before Him; let us confess our sins, our pride, our unfaithfulness, our unbelief. Let us turn unto Him, and He will yet be gracious unto us, He will come near to us, and cause His face to shine upon us. He will lift up our drooping heads, He will scatter our fears, revive our hopes, and gladden our hearts. He will infuse into us His own *Life*, and we shall go forth in *His strength*, not to a doubtful conflict, but to certain *victory*.

SAMUEL D. WADDY, D.D., WESLEYAN MINISTER.*

PERUSAL of the best Christian biographies is an occupation of the most wholesome kind. It is an employment stimulative to the spiritual life of all; and, in the experience of young Christians, is often formative of the best elements of character and of a lofty tone of Christian life and devotion.

The Methodist Church is rich in the prized treasures of Christian Biography. Every generation has produced men and women who have been conspicuous for the completeness of their consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ; and their Christian life and work have been, in some instances, perpetuated as, at once, a pattern and an incentive to those who come after them. Their devoted piety and deeds of service have been enshrined in the well-written "*Life*," to become a blessing to many. And the experience of most Christian

* The Life of the Rev. S. D. Waddy, D.D. By his youngest daughter. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

people will, we think, bear us out when we state that the reading of the highest class of Christian biography is one of the most helpful and strengthening of religious pursuits. The zeal and self-repression that marked their career, we come to feel, rebuke our lives; and when we discover that such unreserved surrender of themselves to the work and highest aims of the church is not unoften associated with high culture, scholarly attainments, sometimes an advantageous and wealthy social position, always with noble qualities of mind and heart, we become more acutely sensible than, perhaps, we had before been, that there are no resources at our command that we might not, and ought not, to lay under tribute to the service of the Master, and that the greater those resources are, whether of native gifts of mind and heart, or personal attainments, or possessions, that we can yield up to Him, the more we ought to rejoice; and that if we do not this, the lives of those who have done it are a standing rebuke to us; in which case the biographies that perpetuate the useful and excellent lives of the worthy departed become only the condemnation of our own.

We have before us a *Life*, written by his youngest daughter, of Dr. Samuel Waddy, who had been, until quite recently, for many years a distinguished Wesleyan Minister, well known as an able preacher, a diligent worker, a man of considerable culture, and of robust piety, and an influential debater in the Conference, and member of all the more important deliberative committees of his church. The biography is well written, and is pervaded by a dutiful sentiment that adds to the attractiveness of the book, and might have been expected in a case in which a daughter not only writes the life of a prominent and gifted minister who was, during a long life, intimately associated with all the more stirring events of Methodism in England, but who pays, at the same time, a tribute of affection to a father's memory. Dr. Waddy's eldest son, Mr. S. D. Waddy, M.P., contributes a chapter on "The principles of Dr. Waddy, and the influence upon him of the controversies of his earlier ministry." An introduction has been furnished by Dr. Williams, and at the close of the volume, the Rev. W. Arthur, Dr. Punshon, and Dr. Rigg, contribute an estimate of their intimate friend and fellow-labourer in the gospel. Altogether we have in Miss Adeline Waddy's *Life* of her revered father a book calculated to be of considerable interest and benefit, not only to those who knew him, but to the rising generation of Methodists, without as well as within the Wesleyan Connexion; and, we may add, specially valuable as an admirable example to the rising ministry of Methodism, of a successful combination, in actual life, of studious habits and laborious activity.

The father of Dr. Waddy—the Rev. Richard Waddy—was himself a Wesleyan minister, who sustained with honour an active ministry of fifty-four years. As affording a glimpse at the hardness which was a frequent experience of itinerant life in the Methodist ministry eighty years ago, we are told that when a young man, on changing circuits between Aberdeen and Worcester, his money fell short, and he had to send on his luggage by the carrier, and finish the journey

on foot ; but good walker as he was, his strength failed him, and being attacked by fever he sank down by the way-side. Whilst in this plight he bethought him that his ministerial garb might bring a scandal on the order—passers-by might think that he was in a state of drunken helplessness. To avoid this, he threw himself over into an adjoining field, where he lay in a state of exhaustion and delirium for some time, under a soaking shower. At last, he managed to drag himself to the nearest cottage where he opportunely found a good Methodist woman, who succoured him “in the name of the Lord,” and nursed him until he was well again. The power of endurance, and of calm devotion to duty amid all difficulties which characterized the father, are qualities that the son appears to have inherited from him, and in many other ways the paternal influence exerted upon the son is traceable in his character and life. The prompt decision, love of order, and thoroughness in his work, which always distinguished him, were habits of mind, whose incipency may be traced to the favoured home-life of his childhood. Samuel was the second child in a family of twelve, and was, with the rest, early taught habits of thrift and self-denial. Stern necessity compelled them as they passed out of their childhood, to separate and provide for themselves. They were, thus early, thrown upon their own resources and taught to rely upon their own energy ; but they all went out into the world having enjoyed the advantage of passing the first years of their life in a home distinguished by both godliness and refinement.

Samuel Waddy was sent to Woodhouse Grove school for six years, where he was, part of the time, under the supervision of the able, if severe, Jonathan Crowther. Young Waddy got on fairly well ; but the harsh handling he met with there was not easily forgotten ; “I was thrashed every day,” he said ; and years after when the subject of the Grove discipline came up in the Conference, some of the old boys, who were now members of the Conference, recalled their experiences, the recital of which told against the tutor. Mr. Crowther’s answer was clever and effective : observing that not a few of the boys who had been under him were now ministers, he said, “My brethren have blamed the system—I point to the results. I appeal from the complaints of the fathers to the lives of the sons that I have formed.”

On leaving the Grove at fifteen, young Waddy was apprenticed to a linendraper in London, a trade distasteful to him from the first, but rendered more so by the way in which his master put upon him because he would not misrepresent his goods when selling them over the counter. At last, after a bitter experience, his indentures were cancelled, and he was bound apprentice to his elder brother, a man of superior mental endowments, who was a surgeon at Lambeth. His conversion took place about this time, and he began to visit the poor and sick, and, in a little while, to preach. His first attempt at preaching was not very encouraging. He accompanied his friend Charles Haydon, afterwards his chosen brother in the ministry, to Christ Church workhouse, Southwark, and preached in one of the wards. He spoke fluently and well for a quarter-of-

an-hour, when he abruptly stopped, and looking at his companion, after a momentary pause, asked "What next?" "You had better conclude," whispered Mr. Haydon. "I *have* concluded," he answered with great readiness. He succeeded better the next time, however; and continuing to preach, he began to have eager thoughts of the ministry. On the subject being mooted, his father quickly told him that he thought he would never make a preacher. "If you visit well and show great kindness and sympathy with the people"—said the good man—"you may be beloved and get on pretty well; but a preacher you *never* will be!" Samuel, however, felt powerfully impelled to the work of the ministry; and with perplexed mind he sat down to read what Mr. Wesley has said concerning the proofs of a Divine call to the ministry. Among others, he mentions particularly fruit of our labours. Just at that time, Samuel's class-leader called to inform him of a person who had found peace with God under his last sermon at Lambeth Chapel. This event completely silenced the doubts with which he had been harassed; and at the Conference of 1825, when in his twenty-first year, he was accepted as a minister, and in the November following was sent by the president to the Cambridge Circuit.

The sphere of labour proved a trying one in the extreme; walks were long, the labour much; and the poverty and disaffection of the people made the post only the harder. After being in the circuit some months, he, in writing to Mr. Haydon, said that he thought, all things considered, his lot had been cast in, perhaps, the worst circuit in the Connexion. It was in debt in every corner, and ruined by a total want of discipline. The only redeeming feature was the character of the superintendent, who was a man of great kindness, simplicity, and piety. The preachers had to lead all the classes; and, at times, we catch a glimpse of the ex-medical student of twenty-one taking journeys on foot of thirty-five miles at a stretch through the Fens, over roads so bad that he walked for miles more than ankle-deep in mud, and sometimes sank in up to his knees. But he was a man of dauntless courage; and we find him, amid these conditions, taking lessons in Hebrew under a devout and learned Jew who was a professor in Cambridge University, which laid the foundation of those intelligent Biblical researches that he steadily maintained throughout the period of his busy public life. Added to his other trials, his genial superintendent fell ill, and a young supply was sent who was of an amiable disposition, but lacking in vigour and spirit. He was frequently seized with fits of depression, and refused to go into the pulpit—"he felt so unworthy." Waddy could not stand that sort of thing, and finding that words of encouragement and sympathy had no effect, he deliberately told the young man that if he ever neglected his work again he would horse-whip him! Now Waddy, who was a short, thick-set man, of great physical strength, could look, if he liked, as though he meant what he said. Sure enough the delinquent was caught skipping his work again—he was "so unworthy;" and to his infinite amazement Waddy horse-whipped him. The remedy is said to have been complete and effective; the timid young man plucked

up courage ; and years after he owned that his thrashing was the best thing that had ever happened to him. But Waddy, like most men who can be firm and even severe when occasion seems to require, had a tender side to his nature, which often revealed itself. The year following, when he had removed to the Lynn Circuit, where he lodged in the preacher's house, his superintendent, the Rev. T. Rowe, fell seriously ill, and his sickness was long continued. Just at the most critical period of his affliction, his little girl Susie, a winsome child, who had twined herself round the young man's heart, was seized with measles of an aggravated kind. Poor Mrs. Rowe was obliged to be in constant attendance upon her husband ; and to her great relief the young colleague volunteered to nurse the baby, and "she need not fear"—he said—"for the result." He took the infant to his own room, made its food, gave it medicine, and watched it night and day till it recovered. Forty-two years after "little Susie," being then the wife of a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Dr. Lyth, told one of Dr. Waddy's daughters that she owed her life to his patient and tender care. A little time before he had coolly thrashed an indolent colleague for neglect of duty. Now we see him nursing a sick child with all the tenderness and patience of a woman. And we must look at *both* pictures if we would know what sort of a man Dr. Waddy was.

The young minister's second circuit was, on the whole, an improvement on his first ; but it was, for all that, a hard and trying sphere. Writing a few weeks after he arrived at Lynn to his attached friend and correspondent, Mr. Haydon, he rather naively confesses his opinion that the place would do pretty well if the chapel was not burdened with a debt of £4,500, and if there was not such an unconquerable love of money in some of the people. We suppose that a good deal further afield than the Lynn Wesleyan Circuit in 1826, preachers have found that they might hope to get on tolerably well if it were not for chapel debts, and the inordinate love of the people for money ! As we follow Waddy during his work in the Lynn Circuit, we still see him the diligent student and laborious worker. He toiled at sermon-writing, composing very slowly, but making every part as perfect and finished as he could, for he had a strong aversion to slipshod and hurried preparation. When not out of town, as by the way, he often was for two or three weeks together without returning home, he pursued a system of study that he had laid down for himself, after this fashion :—prayer, scripture, and Hebrew before breakfast ; sermonizing till dinner ; reading and visiting, afternoon ; service in the evening, after which he took a turn at Euclid ; as he said, "to preclude idle dreams, he stored his head with syllogisms ; and, after having spent an hour or two in the discussion of lines and angles, he retired to bed as rationally and mathematically as Archimedes himself."

At Birmingham whither he went, at the Conference of 1827, he found good societies and large congregations ; and he was very comfortable in his work there. In one entry in his diary at this time he says, "I am happy in God, and, I can say, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, with some hope and expectation of

being filled. I preach sanctification in its plain, Methodistical character, and am determined to do so, till I can preach it from experience and example, and say, "Be ye followers of me." A little while after he reflects upon himself because, whilst "he preached the perfect love of God, constantly and strenuously," he sought it only "languidly." "My studies are, at present, confined to Hebrew and mathematics; in each of which I have made considerable advancement. My English reading has been rather extensive, but my sermonizing very trifling. I have not made above four sermons since Conference. They are, however, the effect of intense study and earnest prayer; and, while they excel my others as literary performances, God has been pleased to own them by His blessing."

The following extract is admonitory and suggestive, "Jan. 8th, 1829.—Dined at Mr. Allen's; strove in vain to stem the tide of unprofitable conversation; then joined in it myself, and swam down the stream. The natural consequence was a dry and barren season in Bradford-street at night. It was hard to preach with a mind so unprepared. This, by the grace of God, I am in future resolved to do,—leave any company where I cannot stay to some good purpose. It is better to sacrifice courtesy than conscience." He reads, at this time, among other books, Henry's *Method of Prayer*, and makes this sensible observation on the subject, "After all, the true method of prayer is only to be learned by praying." After passing the District Meeting Examination in the month of May, he forms the following resolution concerning his course of study, "To read a chapter in the Hebrew Old Testament, and one in the Greek New Testament, every day, with the best commentaries I have, and with earnest prayer to the Father of lights that He would open to me the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The "book list" which he presented at the District Meeting, represents one year's reading,—forty-one volumes in Standard Theology, and twenty-two volumes more in philosophy and literature. It may be instructive or consolatory to young preachers of the present day to know that this list was objected to as insufficient! In the August of that year he was received into Full Connexion, under the presidency of Dr. Townley. His ordination took place in Carver-street chapel, the place well known among the people of the town as "the converting furnace." He said at his public examination, "I love Methodism, I love her doctrines, and I love her laws. Those laws I am quite willing to obey, and those laws I shall endeavour to enforce. No man is fit to govern who has not first learned to obey." One of the elder preachers remarked with a smile, "That young man means to be President some day!"

Whilst at Birmingham Samuel Waddy had as his colleagues two remarkable men, the scholarly but eccentric William Gilpin, who afterwards became insane, and Joseph Fowler, for years a much under-rated man, and who was only rightly understood and justly appreciated by his brethren when he was in declining health. He was elected Secretary of the Conference when in a state of physical weakness, as if to make amends for past painful neglect, and would

no doubt have been chosen President had he not become worse; and he died in the year in which he would have been elevated to the chair, if his brethren had not failed to appraise his worth rightly until he was hardly fit for the duties and responsibilities of a high position.

Gateshead and Northampton were Waddy's next two circuits. The only thing we stay to notice during the years he was on those stations, is the fact that he formed at Northampton a plan to found a Preparatory School, and though the scheme was never carried out, it is worthy of remembrance as being, no doubt, the inception of the project he inaugurated a few years later at Sheffield, and which owed its splendid success mainly to his administrative ability and energetic action, and is now known as the Sheffield Wesley College.

With regard to Dr. Waddy's political opinions, it may be observed that his earliest instincts were conservative; and for the time, this tendency was strengthened by events that occurred around him. The French Revolution of 1830, the agitation prevalent throughout the nation on account of the Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill made him, it would seem, shrink from liberalism as a system, in practice, whatever it might be in theory, synonymous with violent changes and dislocation of the body politic, and in extreme cases, with the subversion of the powers that be, which are ordained of God. But, in course of years, he gradually modified his opinion, until he became, what he is mostly known to the present generation as being, an intelligent and firm liberal politician—a leader in every movement of that order, with which he was brought in contact, whether in the Conference of his own body, or the wider arena of political conflict. The jealousy of a large number of the clergy of the establishment, which was evinced in many annoying ways, had taken the place of the open and brutal persecution with which Methodism was assailed in its earliest days. Instances of High Church intolerance and impatience multiplied daily. The Colonial Church Union of Jamaica in 1831, the Gedney case in '41, the Oxford Tracts, the attack on religious liberty in Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, made it evident to his mind that Toryism or Conservatism was linked with the supremacy of the Episcopal Church, and was, in principle, hostile to every shade and type of religious life and organization outside the Church of England. Thus, by the education of events, he became a liberal, and he was recognised for many years as a leader of liberal opinion in the Conference and the Connexion.

Dr. Waddy was a rising man in the Denomination at a time when, as Dr. George Smith expresses it in his *History of Methodism*, "causes were in operation"—both without and within the body—"calculated to test to the utmost the accuracy of the equipoise presumed to exist in the Methodist economy." A pseudo-liberalism was abroad altogether alien from the spirit of Christianity and the genius of our constitution. Ultra-republican demagogues were haranguing the people in our large cities and towns; and true liberalism was sometimes confounded with this outburst of revolutionary spirit. Various awkward symptoms began to show them-

selves also, within the ecclesiastical organization of which Dr. Waddy was a member. Under various pretexts, such, for example, as the restoration of Methodism to its primitive simplicity, agitators sought to asperse the ministerial character. No doubt, Mr. Bunting truly depicted the true object of the outbreak when, speaking from the Presidential chair in 1828 he described it "as an insurrection against the pastoral office." Afterwards, in 1849 and 1850, the hostile element became more formidable; but Dr. Waddy, whilst wisely admitting that Methodism was not theoretically perfect,—Methodism did not, like Minerva, spring full-armed from the brain of Jove,—yet maintained that the Conference was right in not conceding under coercion what might be, in peaceful times, readily granted. The importance of representing the laity in the administration of the affairs of the Connexion had been, to some extent, recognized within thirty years after the death of Wesley by the incorporation of the lay element in the financial committees. Dr. Waddy always was of opinion that the fuller introduction of lay representation in the Conference was only a question of time; his views of this long debated subject exposed him to unnecessary suspicion, by several brethren and friends, when everybody's feelings ran high, and everybody's mind was sore, at the time of bitter agitation in 1849 and 1850. He had said all along, concerning the question of lay representation, *it must be done*—which was too much like innovation for some of his brethren; but he said further, *when it is done, it must be done by the Conference itself in times of peace*—which sounded too strongly like the spirit of the Conference party for the agitators.

So it came to pass that, like many a man of well-balanced judgment who tries to keep the *via media* of truth and equity in times when party spirit runs high, Dr. Waddy had the misfortune to be, for the time, misunderstood by some of his brethren whose goodwill he esteemed, and to be misrepresented by others whom he did not think all manner of evil of. But the shrewd doctor lived to see the question determined in peace and honour; and he must have felt a touch of pride when he learnt that the resolution in favour of the proposal, carried by acclamation, by the mixed committee on Lay Representation, "which ultimately fought out the battle," was seconded by his eldest son.

The appointment of Dr. Waddy to Sheffield, at the Conference of 1834, was destined to have an important bearing on the whole of his future career. He spent six years in the two circuits, into which this important and busy town was divided, and after the lapse of four years he returned to stand at the head of the Institution which his energy had mainly contributed to call into existence. His unflagging pastoral labours, the additional labour of building Wesley College, made this period the most active of a life of ceaseless labour. He carried on, too, at this time, a controversy with the Papists that made a profound impression on the public. The political agitation caused by the Catholic Relief Bill some years before, already referred to, and the excitement awakened by the Oxford Tracts, led him to read closely on the great questions at

issue between Papists and Protestants, which was turned to public service during his ministry in Sheffield, where he found himself face to face with the system, and helped to make him one of the best-known and foremost ministers in those parts. A large portion of the town was the property of the Duke of Norfolk, and a considerable part of the population Irishmen. That he hit hard appears from the manner in which he was denounced by the priests, and the danger to which his life was exposed, on one occasion, from an infuriated mob of Papists. When, in later years, he was at Wesley College, Signor Gavazzi came to the town, and some one said in Dr. Waddy's hearing, "That man says stronger things against Popery than even the Governor!" "Yes," he responded, "because he knows it better."

At the Conference of 1836, the Conference approved of a scheme for the establishment of a Preparatory School in Sheffield, "uniting the advantages of a sound classical and literary education, with a religious and Wesleyan training." In March of the following year, the foundation-stone of the structure was laid by the Rev. George Marsden, who delivered on the occasion a very appropriate speech, in which he referred to the important aid which sanctified learning had ever afforded to the cause of religion, and especially instanced the cases of some of the inspired writers of the Old and New Testaments, the learning of our principal Reformers, Erasmus, Melancthon, Calvin, &c., and, in more modern times, that of the great Wesley, who was himself the author of five grammars of different languages, and numerous theological and philosophical works and treatises. It is in some respects unfortunate that in these, his busiest years, a gap occurs in his diary, which fact tells a significant tale of pressing public duties. The school came to absorb him more and more fully, for he was resolutely determined to spare no labour, and to neglect no proper means for justifying the confidence of his friends, and falsifying the melancholy forebodings of the prophets of evil. At the opening, Dr. Dixon acknowledged the services of Dr. Waddy by saying that suspicion as to the success of the undertaking vanished "when it was recollected who occupied the post of secretary,—a gentleman little of stature, but great in mind, firm of purpose, and indefatigable in industry, qualities essential to the success of any great enterprise." The names of one hundred and sixty-one boys were at once enrolled in the books; and the first pupil who entered the school was Dr. Waddy's eldest son.

From Sheffield he went to Hull West, where he astonished the people by appearing in the pulpit in a gown and bands; but the step got him into hot water with his people, and at the request of the superintendent he laid them aside. Dr. Waddy's idea in introducing this innovation was, it appears, to give prominence to the teaching functions of the Christian ministry. Dr. Waddy, by reason of his rather marked self-assertion, more than once plunged himself into controversy. "I wish you would not do it," said his brother Ben to him one day. "Well," he said in reply, "I suppose you admit that a man ought to improve his talents?" "Certainly,"

said the brother. "Well, every one who knows me knows that I have a talent for getting out of scrapes, and I cannot get out of them unless I get into them first."

From Hull Dr. Waddy went to the Bath Circuit; thence back to Sheffield to take up the work at the college which had fared badly since he left that part of the country. When he became Governor of the College he had founded, things were in as disastrous a state as can be imagined. The place "was mortgaged for £10,000; debts to the extent of several thousand more were added to a permanent overdraft at the bank of a large sum. The Directors had made themselves personally responsible for another sum of two or three thousand pounds. Naturally the bank declined to make further advances, and requested to have their accounts settled. The building had fallen into dis-repair; and a considerable outlay was necessary to make it respectable." The teaching had, also, become inferior; and the number of pupils had fallen off. But Dr. Waddy addressed himself, with his wonted energy and spirit, to the herculean, and, in the view of some, the hopeless, task of restoring the Institution to a fair condition of prosperity. One of the first steps he took was to put the building into a state of thorough repair. He also raised the terms, and the salaries of the masters. The discipline of the school had become sadly relaxed; and he assembled all the pupils in the dining-room and told them frankly the principles on which he meant to govern. "I am determined to be obeyed," he said, "and to be obeyed without question, but I hope I shall also be loved." And he *was* obeyed and also loved; and to this day Dr. Waddy has a high place in the esteem and affection of a large number of men who, as boys, were under him at Sheffield. When the institution was again in good working order, and able to pay its way, and meet its liabilities, Dr. Waddy obtained a Royal Warrant constituting it a College of the University of London; and it was then that the Institution took the name of "Wesley College." At that time, no student was eligible for the University examinations in London, unless certified from one of its affiliated colleges; and it was to gain this privilege that the Governor obtained a Royal Warrant.

At the Conference of 1850, Dr. Waddy was elected, by nomination, a member of the Legal Hundred. At the Conference of 1859 he was chosen to the office of President "by the largest majority of votes ever given to one man." In his presidential address, he spoke of the place which Methodism has to fill in the present day—"Methodism was never more needed than at the present moment, with its fixed theology,—a theology maintained for above a hundred years, amid all the various fancies of interpretation and doctrine that are ever springing up around us."

On his fifty-first birthday he resumed his diary, which he regretted having at all discontinued, because "twenty-six years of the best and busiest portion of his life had passed almost unrecorded." Among other resolutions with which he entered on the fifty-second year of his age is the following, which recognizes an important principle,—that health and even prolongation of life itself, are in-

timately connected with a state of mental activity and employment, "I am, fully convinced of the truth of the opinion given by Sir B. Brodie, that the decay of intellect in old persons, and even death itself, may in many instances be proved to have been accelerated by mental inaction, that I am determined to resume those habits of close thought, and that frequent record of the results of such thoughts, which will, at least, serve the purpose of a mental exercise and enable me, I trust, to devote the remainder of my life more efficiently to the service of God and His Church, than I could otherwise do, and perhaps, to protract the period of that service a few more days."

Finding his strength not equal to the task, he retired of his own accord from the College. He said respecting this step, "I have long been convinced that a man has no right so to calculate on the success of his past labour, or upon the kindness and respect of his friends, as to expect forbearance when he continues to occupy a responsible post for which he is becoming unfitted. The continued hanging on of men to Institutions of this kind, till they grow grey and totter in their senility, is the curse of many a place, and a curse which, while I have regretted it in the case of others, no man shall have cause to regret in my own. The man at the head of this Institution should be a man of vigour." Dr. Waddy retired with honour and many practical tokens of the esteem in which he was held, after having given eighteen of the best years of his life to the college; and he handed it over to his successor, as he said, "in the full tide of prosperity."

There is something touching in the spirited way in which the venerated doctor resumed his long-discontinued circuit work. The Chelsea, Lambeth, and Clifton circuits were the places in which he laboured; and he set out in the first of these circuits, to not only superintend and preach, but, old man as he was now becoming, to visit every member in the societies. In the eventide of his life, he enjoyed a short retirement from active work at Bristol, and fell asleep November 7th, 1876. He was a man of great strength and sprightliness of intellect, of overflowing wit, the control of which was even more remarkable than its employment. In him, the powerful preacher, the earnest student, and the effective administrator, met in beautiful harmony and proportion. He was a man of immense force of will, of strongly-marked individuality, strict integrity, and high-toned honour, admirable alike in public and in private life. Methodism owes him lasting gratitude for his services in its educational interests. He loved the Word of God, and was powerful in its defence; and the language inscribed on his tombstone in the burial ground of Portland Chapel, Bristol, is admirably descriptive as an abiding record of Samuel Dousland Waddy,

"He was an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures."

J. H. BATT.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

BY THE REV. J. CYNDDYLAN JONES, 1878.

WHAT! *Another* volume of Sermons, thought we, as we opened a small parcel the postman put in our hands. "Surely," we said, "the author must be a man of extraordinary courage to ask the attention of an intelligent constituency to another contribution to the bulky stock of sermonic literature which already exists." We could not help saying, mentally, "He must be very wise or very foolish, very weak or very strong,"—for both these characteristics have to do with book-making.

Some books owe their existence to empty minds, and others to full ones. It makes all the difference, therefore, to a reading public, as to *how* the book came into being. Some persons *will* speak, when they have positively nothing to say, and of such there are not a few in the world. Others speak because they cannot be silent. Like the Prophet, there is a "fire in their bones;" they are moved by holy impulses; speaking is their proper sphere of action,—they were meant to speak, and the world would lose much by their silence. They have the power to communicate truth in such a way as to arrest attention, truth that is *strong*, attractive, refreshing, and which we cannot easily resist. Talking and teaching are wholly different spheres. Many talk, but only a *few* teach. We have heard popular preaches, who, while discoursing to their audience, reminded us of one who plays "skilfully on an instrument," but who, after the performance, left us but little to think about. Others, though not so declamatory and poetic, gave us food to nourish the mind and heart,—food for days to come.

There are those we *cannot* hear. Every effort, both on their part and ours, is in vain. The ear refuses to do duty, and the eyelids *will* close. There are others we cannot resist. There is an undefinable, mysterious charm in their utterance of truth which enchains us to the spot. They absorb our attention, subdue our will, determine our convictions, and influence our judgment. We sit at their feet, and this we *should* do; such humility is becoming,—it is the involuntary homage which one mind pays to another. Wherever this phase of preaching exists, there must of necessity be great force of teaching power, and that force exists in these Sermons now lying on our table. It is an unobtrusive volume, with no long list of subscribers to recommend it. It does not even make an apology for its existence, but simply assumes the position that it has something to say which the world ought to hear, and our salutation is, "God speed,"—a *heartly* welcome!

There is room enough yet in our world for goodness and greatness. Numerous as are the bright constellations in the heavens above, there would yet be room for another, more brilliant than all the rest. There is no danger of monopoly in the region of truth. The author of these sermons is a man of recognized ability and usefulness in the Principality, and was for several years successor to the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Bedford Chapel, London. Those who

know him will anticipate, from the title of his book, something definite, comprehensive, exhaustive, and eminently practical in its application.

"*Studies* in the Acts of the Apostles." Not "Plain discourses on general subjects, dedicated to my dear Parishioners, and published by request." Such awfully modest titles are too frequently suggestive of weakness, platitudes, and religious jargon from which sensible people turn away, as from an emetic. But here we have "*Studies*;" and being "*studies*" in the truest sense, they are deserving our careful perusal.

The Acts of the Apostles is an inviting field for study and extended observation, as it unfolds to our view the toils and circumstances of the first heralds of the cross. Our author makes no attempt at critical exegesis, but we have nevertheless fifteen expository discourses of considerable research, dealing in a masterly way with the principles and motives which actuated the first prominent teachers and earnest workers of the early Christian Church.

The sermons possess great force and freshness. As far as we can see, there is no monotony in them; a very rare thing in sermon literature. Their spirit is as fresh and bracing as a May morning on the mountain top. Everywhere we discover a manly robustness, a boldness of conception, and a vigorous common sense. Old truths are often so quaintly and forcefully put, that they sparkle with new light and remind us of diamonds reset. We must not however be understood in writing thus, as pledging ourselves to perfect agreement with all the sentiments expressed in the sermons. On some points of doctrine the author's views and our own are widely divergent, but they are not points of importance relative to the usefulness of the book, nor as effecting the salvation of the sinner.

Believing the truths propounded in the volume will best speak for themselves, we prefer giving a few extracts, almost indiscriminately, for the information of our readers.

BELIEF IN SUPERNATURAL EVIDENCE.

¶ Having dealt with the rich man's request about his brethren, and the inefficacy of miracles to engender faith in their hearts, he says, "We read that, after the resurrection of Jesus, 'Many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.' Imagine a company of ghosts walking to town together, and appearing to many! Well, many believed? No; not one. Miracles will not save men. We would rush to perdition through a battalion of ghosts."

ELOQUENCE AND USEFULNESS.

"If a man is endued with the gift of eloquence, if he is able to speak with enticing words, let him by all means enlist his talent in the service of Christ. The more eloquent he is, the better for him and the churches. Only let him not calculate upon it as the chief element in the salvation of sinners. If a man is able to produce beautiful roses and delight his congregation with them Sunday after Sunday, by all means let him produce them; only let him take care

to make his roses as God makes His—never a rose without a thorn, to prick the conscience of the hearer, and to spur him onward in the divine life. Let the sermon please, if possible; but, like Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, it ought to prick the consciences of men. Let it be beautiful, if possible; but let it first be useful."

GREAT SERMONS.

"Only a week or two ago, many of us were reading in a popular serial an address delivered by a great trans-Atlantic preacher to students, in which he warned them against preaching great sermons. I could not help whispering to myself, 'Better warn them against preaching small sermons; we are not in danger of greatness overmuch in England; it is not the great, but the small sermons that empty our churches; it is not the great, but the small sermons that allow men to sink deeper and deeper in worldliness and sin.'"

CHRIST AND THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

"The gospel can speak Welsh as articulately as if it were a native growth of our mountains. A minister once dwelt in the hearing of an elderly lady on the importance of knowing Greek to properly understand the New Testament. 'I do not mean to learn Greek,' remarked the old lady afterwards, 'I do not perceive the necessity of learning Greek, for my Saviour knows Welsh as well as I do. It is in Welsh that I always speak to Him, and that He always speaks to me. He knew Welsh when I was a little girl, and we have talked Welsh together ever since.'"

WEALTH AND RELIGION.

"Trade must do homage to religion, and 'offer unto it gifts,—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.' When the church was in a state of comparative poverty, a mound of earth hastily thrown up with a rude spade, served it for an altar—and the mound of earth was acceptable in the sight of God. But when the church increased in numbers, advanced in refinement and civilization, the altar of earth was justly superseded by an altar of shittim wood, overlaid with brass; instead of the rude mound there was to be a little artistic work. Finally, when the church had multiplied in numbers, and had increased in possessions, God was not satisfied with the mound of earth, nor with the altar of shittim wood overlaid with brass; thenceforward the altar was to be of wood overlaid with fine gold.

Do Christians increase in wealth? Let a portion of it flow to the sanctuary of the Highest; let there be built a gate called the Beautiful."

AUTHORITY AND ORTHODOXY.

"The gist of the examination was this: 'We do not deny the validity of the miracle, we are not here to enquire into its genuineness or spuriousness; but we should like to know who gave you the authority, and in whose name you have performed it.' In other words, they only enquired into the legality of their commission—they only wanted to know if they were orthodox, yes or no? You

know the conclusion they arrived at—the apostles were branded as heretics, and forbidden to heal or to preach any more in the name of Jesus. The apostles and even the blessed Saviour himself were charged with heresy and persecuted to death on account of it. The heterodoxy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next. Truth is first crucified, then raised from the dead, then exalted to the throne and adored.”

INFIDELITY AND CHRISTIANITY.

“What has unbelief done on behalf of liberty? It has written. What has Christianity done? It has bled. Infidels have pleaded for it. Liberty, like every other good, is founded upon suffering. But the suffering of whom? Not of infidels, but of saints. Infidelity, we admit, has given something to the cause of freedom,—it has given liberally of its ink. But Christianity has given liberally of its best blood.”

DUTY AND THE HOLY GHOST.

“It is popularly imagined that, if a man is ‘full of the Holy Ghost,’ he cannot attend to temporal duties, that he is only fit to sing and pray and go off into holy ecstasies. But it strikes me you do not want a very great deal of the Spirit to do that; but I tell you what—you want a great deal of Him to give and collect money, and to collect even more than to give. You require a great deal of the Holy Ghost to leave off listening to an enjoyable sermon in the middle to attend to a trivial duty at the door—only a man ‘full of the Holy Ghost’ can do that. Anybody can sit in his pew and be delighted with an able sermon eloquently delivered—you do not want much of the Holy Ghost to accomplish that. But to go to church when a weak brother is holding forth, to sit and look gracious when the common platitudes are droned out—oh, only a man ‘full of the Holy Ghost’ can do that! Show me a church’s collection-books and I can estimate pretty nearly how much of the Holy Ghost that church has. A church of 100 members giving £50 a year towards the support of the Gospel at home, and its propagation in foreign parts, has not much of the Spirit. ‘But oh, the *hwyl* in the prayer-meetings!’ *Hwyl* or no *hwyl*, you have not much of the Spirit. Wolf elaborated a system to reduce all truths of philosophy into truths of mathematics; and, if I had the leisure, I could invent a system to reduce the truths of theology into truths of arithmetic. A man says, ‘I have faith.’ ‘Show me thy works,’ urges James; the works are the measure of the faith.

You say, ‘We have had a powerful revival in our neighbourhood—the Church was baptized with the Spirit.’ I answer, ‘How are your collection books, I can tell what you received by what you give; a small collection means baptism by sprinkling; a large collection, well, baptism by immersion. The best men to ‘serve tables’ are men ‘full of the Holy Ghost.’”

THE WAY TO PREACH.

“Philip; ‘He preached unto him Jesus’—unto him. He pressed the Saviour on his acceptance. There is reason to fear that much

of modern preaching is not personal enough. We preach at people and before people, but we do not preach enough unto them. You pick up a volume of sermons from the bookstall, and behold—it is a volume of sermons ‘preached *before* the University of Oxford.’ Before, forsooth. We have been preaching long enough before our congregations and at them, it is high time we should now preach to them. Let the beams of the sun fall broadly on your out-stretched hand, and you hardly notice it; concentrate them on one spot and they burn. And the gospel light shines fully and broadly in our congregations, but how few the conversions! We diffuse the light instead of focussing it. We should concentrate it on the conscience, and then it would burn its way to the very quick of the soul.”

We have given these copious extracts for two reasons; first, because we think they will be acceptable and profitable to our readers; and secondly, because we wish to give a correct idea, as to the general teaching of the book. They are a fair sample of much that remains. It will be seen they are not mere commonplace conventional platitudes, but healthful stimulating truths—truths which belong to our every-day life. To enquiring young men especially, we earnestly recommend the sermons as containing much that is adapted and useful to early life. The author has also in course of preparation, “Studies in St. Matthew’s Gospel,” which we shall earnestly wish to see.

J. T.

[The price of the Book is 5s., and published by Houlston and Sons.]

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF BENEVOLENCE.

WE don’t know the farmer’s name who relieved the prophet. [2 Kings iv. 42, 43.] He was one of a noble band of nameless ones, but someday God will publish a report, and we shall find his name, and if we don’t live to see that book, we may go to heaven, and Elisha will gladly introduce his friend to us. We know where he came from,—the village has got into the Bible, through the man’s goodness. It is possible to make our birth-place famous by living for Jesus. We sometimes say he gives twice who gives quickly. The farmer gave as soon as he could. There seems to have been a little rain that fell on his field, and the barley had come up; so, as soon as he could he threshed it, and said to the wife, Do be quick and bake me a few cakes to take to the prophet. “Bread of the first-fruits,” we are told it was. Don’t wait till you have churned, and give God the butter-milk. For many wait to be rich before they will be generous, only to find that their heart is too sour to give anything. Firstfruits! Young men, do not wait till the candle of your life is burned to the socket, and offer Him but the snuff. Give God the best part of your life, that which has the sun-

shine. If you care for God with your May and June, He will care for you in November.

He came himself. He did not send it. If you want a thing well done do it yourself. Especially is this true of acts of benevolence. Be your own *Almoner*. "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is to visit the fatherless and widow." Visit them does not mean that you are to be content with putting a shilling in the box at the time of the communion. Nor does it mean that you give the money to your minister to give for you. Go yourself up the narrow stair, lift the latch, let the poor have the luxury of a quarter of an hour of your company. Some of the poor are rich in faith, and we shall be glad of a call from them when they are in the mansion which God is furnishing so splendidly for them.

This farmer *increased God's capital*. The rule is, that God works by means. He does not usually act without the assistance of His creatures. Many of His plans are unfinished because the men are on strike! Let it be said, with all reverence, this miracle could not have been performed if the man had not come from Baalshalisha with the corn and cakes. The prophet might have been fed, but not in this way. This opens up a wide subject. It is worth our while to ask, Can we increase the revenue of God? Is there another half-hour we can spend in His service? Can we find out any other way of usefulness? Would it not be better to let the Saviour have the benefit of the legacy duty by giving the money while we are yet in the world?—*New Coins from Old Gold*, by Rev. T. Champness.

THE CHRISTIAN THE WORLD'S BIBLE.

YE are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. This is a timely word from the Master to the thousands who are just now making a public profession of Him before the world. For every one who enters Christ's church enters not only into peculiar relations towards Him, but towards the unconverted. They watch closely for "fruits," and they have a right to expect that every Christian should live worthy of the name. The most powerful argument to move and win a soul to Jesus is the daily observation of true, brave, cheerful, holy Christian lives. Every young convert must not only be looking to Jesus, but remember also that the world is looking at him.

Twice over Paul repeats the urgent admonition to Christ's followers to walk consistently before "them that are *without*." In one verse he says, "Walk in wisdom," which does not mean a plausible prudence, but the wisdom of obeying God. In another verse he says, "Walk honestly towards them that are without." A Christian is the world's Bible. He is the only Bible that the majority of unconverted people look at. They scan the pages closely, and often chuckle when they discover blots and disgraceful records there. It is a terrible injury to a man of the world to have his mind prejudiced and embittered towards the religion of Christ by the inconsistent conduct of professed Christians. Therefore for the sake of the outside world, as well as for the honour of Jesus, all church mem-

bers are exhorted to "walk honestly towards those that are without."

Dean Alford translates the Greek word "becomingly." Dr. Samuel Davidson, in his excellent version, rendered it "seemly." Other good meanings of the word are "nobly," "decorously," "honourably." They each describe the conduct which Christians should exhibit towards "outsiders."

Is it becoming for a follower of Jesus Christ to cheapen or degrade before the world either the Holy Word, or the day, or the ordinances of God? Flippant burlesques of the Bible come under this category. All disparaging criticism of sound, faithful preaching of the gospel, uttered before the unconverted, is destructive of the influence of the discourse upon such souls. Church-members often unwittingly kill their own pastor's sermons! Every thoughtless criticism or silly cavil that hinders the effect of the gospel upon a sinner, is itself a sin.

Is it becoming for God's people to degrade the service of God's house to the level of the lyceum or the concert room? Is it seemly for a follower of Jesus to belittle, either by unthinking scoffs or carping ridicule, the services of worship, and the proclamations of heavenly truth on which eternal destinies are hanging? We seldom hear a Roman Catholic speak triflingly of his religion or its ordinances. We wish we could say as much for all Protestants.

An honest walk refers not only to business integrity, but to every relation of the Christian to the outside world. Fraud is always abominable; but for a Church member to over-reach or swindle an "outsider" is a double sin. It is a sin against Jesus, and also against a neighbour's soul. It may harden him against the Word of life. Christians must not complain if they are watched, they were *intended to be watched*, "Ye are my witnesses." "Ye are a city set upon a hill." The Christian who so lives as to win a soul to the Saviour shall have a star in his crown: he who so lives as to repel a soul from the cross, will have the blood of that ruined one upon his skirts.

The demand of the day is for a higher standard and style of Christian life. Every follower of Christ must represent his religion purely, loftily, impressively, before that multitude of "Bible readers" whose only Bible is the Christian. Whoever else betrays a trust, the Christian never should. Whoever else may play the sneak, or the poltroon, or the dissembler, the Christian never should. Let the follower of Satan choose a tortuous path if he will, the Christian must walk by the hair-line.

It is always a terrible condemnation of a church-member that no one should suspect him of being one. We have heard of a young lady who engaged for many months in a round of frivolities—utterly forgetful of her covenant with Christ. One Sabbath morning, on being asked by a gay companion to accompany him to a certain place, she declined, on the ground that it was the Communion Sabbath in her own church. "Are *you* a communicant?" was the cutting reply. The arrow went to her heart. She felt that she had

denied the Lord who died for her. That keen rebuke brought her to repentance and a re-conversion. Our prayer for every new beginner in the Christian life is, that no one may ever have occasion to raise the question, *Are you a follower of Jesus Christ?*—*Cuyler's Pointed Papers,*

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BENSON'S PREACHING EXCURSION IN CORNWALL IN 1795.

HE passed through its towns like a herald. In some parts of the country companies of the people came out to meet him and escort him on his way. "Never," he wrote, "did I see a place so crowded, and never did I see a congregation more affected than at Redruth, while I discoursed on, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from Bozrah?' We were informed of several who were awakened, and of some that were justified." Many hundreds continued in prayer a great part of the night. At Tuckingmill, the chapel being too small to hold a fourth part of the congregation, he stood up in a field, having a wall and a bank behind on one side, on which some hundreds placed themselves, and the bulk of the congregation before him, consisting of about five thousand; he had not spoken long before many were "cut to the heart on all sides." Numbers were in tears, and many cried out in distress in different parts of the congregation. He continued speaking till he could speak no more. He then gave out a hymn and prayed. One woman came up to him before he had got off the table, and with streaming eyes and a heart full of gratitude and love, declared what God had done for her soul. As soon as he had dismissed the congregation, numbers thronged into the chapel, where many cried out in distress; and the leaders, local preachers, and others, continued in prayer with them most of the night. The next morning he was informed that about a score were converted, and not fewer than one hundred were awakened under the sermon. A Methodist writer records that, thirty-six years afterwards, the impression of this powerful appeal still remained on some minds, and "was deep and hallowed beyond description;" and another authority remarks that he became acquainted, in later years, with some of the "best educated, most intellectual, and energetic men of the locality, who were brought to cry mightily to God for pardoning mercy under this discourse."

At Penzance the chapel could not hold a third of his hearers; he took his stand in the market-place, and preached with great power on the "Judgment to come," to about six thousand people. At Tuckingmill again he cried aloud, to more than eight thousand, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink;" many wept around him. Ten thousand gathered to hear him, in the open air, at Gwennap, and "hundreds and even thousands wept for joy, or cried out in a manner that would have pierced a heart of stone."

He preached to the excited multitude till night compelled him to stop, when they hastened to the chapel, where "many found peace with God." At St. Agnes, not more than a sixth of the people could get into the chapel; he went into the street and proclaimed to them, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He returned to Redruth the same day, where, he says, "I was presented with such a sight as I never saw before. The whole street before me, as far almost as I could see, and all the alleys and houses, on each side the street behind, on both sides of the market-house, and the market house itself above and below, were all crowded with people as thick as they could stand. Some of our friends calculated them at fifteen thousand. I think there could not be much less. They were all as silent and serious as night while I explained Daniel v. 27. I continued preaching and praying from two till four o'clock. Many, I believe, felt the power of the word. Soon after I began, a postchaise with company came; but being unable to get through the crowd, they were obliged to unyoke the horses and stay till all was over." In the evening he stood up in the amphitheatre of Gwennap, Wesley's favourite preaching place in Cornwall; twenty thousand people surrounded him; "I saw," he cried unto them, "the dead, small and great, stand before God," &c. "Many," says a Cornish writer, "were converted that night, and others on the following morning."

In this remarkable journey he travelled in a gig, during a single month, about four hundred miles, and preached forty sermons to at least sixty thousand hearers. Never had he witnessed such an interest among the common people to hear the Word of God. He was so thronged by eager listeners on one occasion in the open air, that he called on all converted persons to retire to the outskirts of the assembly, that the unconverted might approach near him and hear; but all stood more steadfastly than before; they seemed fascinated. "What?" he cried, "all unconverted?" In a moment the terrible conviction of sin ran like fire through the multitude, and conscience-stricken sinners, fell by hundreds as if slain by these three words. The impression of his mighty discourses remains in Cornwall to this day.—*Stevens' History of Methodism.*

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

THE Rev. John Smith, the great revivalist preacher, laboured in the Windsor Circuit from 1820 to 1822. "On one occasion, at Windsor, he saw near the door of the chapel a wretched-looking woman, staring with vacant surprise at the solemn spectacle of the prayer-meeting. She was poverty-stricken, and, as he afterwards learned, gained a scanty living by gathering water-cresses. Her ignorance was extreme, and she might have been supposed incapable of just religious impressions without better instruction. Smith did not so judge her. He went to her and said, 'Woman, get down on your knees and begin to pray.' She immediately knelt and asked, 'What shall I say, sir?' 'Ask God to give you true repentance.' For the first time she attempted to pray: 'Lord, give me true repentance.' She began to tremble, and with great anxiety inquired, 'What shall I do now? what shall I pray for?' 'Ask God to have mercy upon

you,' said the preacher. 'Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner, a guilty sinner!' she cried. He then led her on, teaching her the very alphabet of Christianity. . . . The poor praying woman was that night clearly converted, and comforted with the peace of God. The Church trained her in the Christian life, and when the faithful evangelist had completed his appointment, and was about to leave Windsor for another circuit, she came with many others to look once more on him who had been her best friend. When he reached out his hand to her she fell upon her knees, her heart melting with unutterable gratitude. 'The preacher,' says the narrator, 'was deeply affected, and no doubt that moment amply repaid him for all his labours in the circuit.'—*Ibid.*

ROBERT MOFFAT AND THE BOER.

At the house of a rough Boer, where he had begged a night's lodging, the good frau asked him to preach. Moffat, knowing that over a hundred Hottentots were employed in the service of the Boer, was disappointed to find only his host and hostess and five children as his congregation. "May not your servants come in," he asked the Boer, modestly. "Eh?" roared the Boer. "Hottentots! Are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!" Moffat calmly proceeded to give out his text: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." It made no apparent impression, so he repeated it. "Hold on!" cried the Boer, hastily rising from his seat. "I'll have no more of that. I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." And so he did; the barn was full; the people heard the Word gladly, and at the conclusion of the sermon the Boer, now mollified, asked the young preacher "who had hardened his hammer to deal such a blow as that?" and declared that he would never again object to the preaching of the gospel to the Hottentots.—*Heroes of Britain in Peace and War.*

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. NANCEKIVELL.

MRS. BETSY NANCEKIVELL, after a long pilgrimage of more than eighty-three years, finished her course with joy, July 8th, 1877. She was the daughter of William and Catherine Reed, and was born at Holwell, an ancient homestead, in the parish of Buckland Brewer, famous in the early history of the Bible Christians. Holwell was also the birth-place of William Reed, of precious memory, who was for many years a pillar of strength in the Denomination, and of Catherine, who opened our missions in London, and who after-

wards became the wife of Mr. James Thorne. In the early days Holwell was often the scene of great religious gatherings. Chapel anniversaries, bazaars, and Band of Hope festivals,—they had none in those days ; but prayer-meetings were held in barns and cottages, and love-feasts in farm-house kitchens, to which the country-folk flocked from miles around. A few old people are left, whose eyes sparkle with such intense delight that they almost seem to grow young again as they speak of the wonderful seasons they once had in Holwell parlour.

The writer has not been able to gather any particulars respecting the conversion of Betsy Reed. It is believed that she received her first impressions under the preaching of Mr. O'Bryan and others, in the house of Mrs. Rattenbury, at Milton Mill, whilst she was residing at Abbots-Bickington with one of her relatives. Mrs. Rattenbury was the first to invite Mr. O'Bryan to preach in North Devon. For more than twenty years she kept her house open for preaching two or three times a week, and the journals of the early preachers speak of some glorious victories won in her quiet cottage. Mr. J. Thorne, under date of December 25th, 1816, says that after conducting two services in his father's house, the first at four in the morning, and the second at two in the afternoon, and witnessing several conversions, he hastened to Milton Mill. "I felt the Lord present," says Mr. Thorne, "as I entered the room, but could scarcely speak, I was so hoarse. I prayed, we had a shout, a friend or two prayed and I spoke from 'Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost,' &c. I had not spoken long before I was hindered by the cries of the people." The seekers of salvation were so many and their distress so great, that the meeting was not broken up till about seven o'clock the next morning. Mr. Thorne says, "It was impossible to know how many were set at liberty." Another young man came to this good woman's house and could not proceed so far with his sermon as Mr. Thorne. He announced as his text—"Will ye also be His disciples?" The power of God accompanied the reading of the text. One of the hearers immediately responded—"I will," another solemnly said, "I will," and yet another, "I will." The congregation fell at once to prayer, and many sinners there and then surrendered themselves to God. I find I am digressing, but the theme is very tempting. One day the preacher desired all who meant to serve God to remain for a short time at the close of the service. Betsy Reed was not then fully decided, and as she left the house she said to Sally Western, one of her companions, "Our coming away is a plain proof that we do not intend to serve God." Feeling that she was thus excluding herself from the fellowship of God's people, she went home in a state of great concern, and it was not long before she gave her heart to God. Sally Western was also converted soon after, and became a zealous local preacher, often taking long journeys in all weathers to warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." Betsy Reed began immediately to invite her friends to the Saviour. It was chiefly through her instrumentality that Mr. James Reed, an influential yeoman, of Abbots-Bickington, was led to Christ. He died a few

years after. Mr. J. Thorne attended his funeral, and gave an exhortation and prayed in the churchyard at the close of the Burial Service. This was certainly the shortest, and for the time at least the most effectual way of dealing with the Burial Question difficulty. Men full of the Holy Ghost cannot be cramped by ecclesiastical restrictions.

Three of the young people at Holwell joined the new evangelists—leaving the comforts of a very happy home to go forth into the highways and lanes and hedges to compel men to come to the gospel-feast. From the accounts that remain it appears probable that Betsy was the first of the three to enter on the itinerancy. Mr. J. Thorne says in his journal that on January 13th, 1818, he walked home, where he met Sister B. Reed on her way to St. Neot's. Mr. Thorne accompanied Miss Reed as far as Launceston, and then the youthful preacher went on her way alone. It was no small task for a young, unprotected female, who had been tenderly brought up, to go forth on such an errand among entire strangers, who were often more disposed to persecute than to receive the Word with gladness. The labours of this handmaid of the Lord were greatly blessed. Towards the end of the same month Mr. Thorne writes—"To-day I received a letter from Betsy Reed mentioning a glorious work at Boscastle and Tintagel, and neighbourhood. Multitudes attend to hear, some are crying aloud for mercy, and some have found peace." Among the number converted through her instrumentality were Mr. Abraham Bastard—a notorious wrestler and prize-fighter, who became a zealous open-air preacher and revivalist, and Mr. Edward Hocken, who for some time in the itinerant ministry, and afterwards in a local sphere, rendered great service to the denomination. One of these young converts, viz., Mr. Hocken, attended the next Christmas quarterly meeting at Shebbear, and suggested the formation of an Itinerant Preachers' Annuitant Society.* The young man scarcely thought, we presume, whereunto these things would grow. The same young friend was also very anxious to see a monthly denominational periodical established, and entered into correspondence with Mr. O'Bryan and others on the subject, the first number of which was issued in January, 1822.† These were among the indirect results of the labours of this young female preacher.

On the 29th of May in the same year she took part in the opening of Lake Chapel. Many sinners were brought to God during the opening services. A few weeks later she met Mr. Thorne at Chulmleigh, there one of the local preachers raised strong objections to female preaching. St. Paul rejoiced greatly in the labours of a Phebe, a Priscilla, and a Tryphena, who were servants of the church and his helpers in Christ. How strange that many ministers of the gospel and local preachers should entertain such strong prejudices against this useful class of helpers! Neither the persecution of the ungodly, nor the lack of sympathy which she found among some of God's servants, was sufficient to deter our sister in her work. On this occasion Mr. Thorne says, "I spoke, and she

* Jubilee Volume, page 55. † Jubilee Volume, page 60.

spoke after me. I prayed God to shut her mouth if it were contrary to His will that she should speak ; but, praise the Lord, she spoke with much liberty and boldness." *

After travelling a short time she was united in marriage to Mr. John Nancekivell, a young farmer of Langtree, and a zealous and useful local preacher. She continued to preach frequently after her marriage. In May, 1823, she assisted her brother William in conducting a religious service at a country fair. Her brother describes it as a blessed season. † Sometimes she and her husband would leave home and go away on preaching tours for days and even weeks together. She espoused the principles of Total Abstinence at the very commencement of the movement, and frequently took part in teetotal meetings. Once, after delivering an address at Torrington, a returned Wesleyan Missionary, not knowing that she was a preacher, remarked—"That women could preach if she would."

She was very diligent in her domestic duties, and conducted the affairs of her household with great order and economy. District meetings were often held at Langtree, and from 1834 to 1847 six of the annual Conferences were held at the same place. On these occasions the zealous preacher and effective Temperance advocate cheerfully took Martha's place, and not only with her husband contributed liberally, but also assisted in serving tables.

When the care of an afflicted daughter and the infirmities of age prevented her from preaching as formerly, she continued to manifest a very lively interest in the prosperity of Christ's Kingdom. In extreme old age, when she had passed her fourscore years, she was never absent from the house of God when it was possible for her to attend. Her memory became very defective, and it appeared at times as if her mind was almost lost to the present and absorbed again in the delightful activities of earlier years. On day, not long before her death, the writer called to see her when she told him that she had been getting up some new sermons lately, and proceeded to give him some beautiful thoughts on several portions of Scripture. The writer had lost his voice, and being for the time unconscious of her great physical weakness she offered to assist him in preaching, humorously adding, "I think I could preach as well as you now."

During her last illness, which was of short duration, she was very peaceful and free from all anxieties and fears. She often shouted the praises of God, and asked her friends to join her in singing her favourite hymns. Seldom have we witnessed such a triumphant death. Like one of Bunyan's Pilgrims she went through the river singing. About six months after the mother's departure a host came from the celestial city with a summons for the afflicted daughter. Such was the nature of the daughter's affliction that the mother ardently desired that the Lord would not leave her long behind, and the desire of her heart was granted. The bereaved husband is still waiting this side the river. For nearly sixty years he has been an

* Memoir of James Thorne, page 97. † Memoir of W. Reed, page 55.

acceptable local preacher, and though now feeble through age, his zeal for the work is not less than in the days of his youth. "And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

"We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind.
Their works which traced them to the skies
For patterns to ourselves we take,
And dearly love and highly prize
The mantle for the wearer's sake."

T. BRAUND.

MR. WILLIAM BUCKINGHAM.

GODLINESS confers on its possessor a two-fold immortality. At death he inherits the blessedness of eternal life. His influence survives the dissolution of his body, and may go on widening and deepening to the end of time. Death cannot destroy the spiritual influence of the godly man. Good influences become permanent elements in human society, and are perpetuated from generation to generation. All the true thoughts that have ever been circulated, and all the noble deeds that have ever been performed, are here now in some form or other. Nothing is absolutely lost. The holy of all past ages, though dead, yet speak. They erect their own monument, and inscribe their own epitaph. The subject of this brief sketch was born at Hummacott Farm, in the parish of Kingsnympton, Devon, November 20th, 1795. Of his childhood, youth, and early manhood, we have not the smallest scrap of information. But being, like all others, "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," we may safely conclude that his early life bore testimony to the depravity of human nature. The tree being corrupt, the fruit was evil; the fountain being polluted, the streams were impure.

The means employed for the spiritual culture of the young in most rural districts, at the latter end of the last century, and the beginning of this, were very few. The parish of Kingsnympton was no exception. A very near friend of Mr. Buckingham's, referring to the spiritual condition of the people at the time when they were both young, wrote many years ago, "With respect to my early life, I heard but little about serving God, as my friends, and the people in general in this neighbourhood, were in spiritual darkness." It is therefore no marvel that he lived many years without realizing the blessings of "the glorious Gospel of Christ." In 1823, being twenty-eight years of age, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Berry, who died October 19th, 1836, aged thirty-seven years. Her memoir was written by the sainted Francis Martin, and appeared in the Bible Christian Magazine, for June, 1837. She is said to have been "a precious saint." Her biographer, referring to her husband, says, "In whom she found a kind and an affectionate husband, so that their interests appeared to be consolidated and blended into one." The issue of this marriage was a son and daughter. The son died happy in the Lord when a young man; the daughter is the excellent wife of Mr. M. Parnall, of Treworrick, in the Mevagissey Circuit, well known to the Ministers and many friends of the Denomination. We have no evidence that Mr. Buckingham became a decided Christian during the life of his first wife, but in all probability her pious example, and the Bible Christian Ministry which he frequently attended, by the blessing of the Divine Spirit, prepared him for consecration to the service of God. In the memoir already referred to, it is said, "As a wife she was . . . much concerned for the spiritual and eternal welfare of her partner." "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." The wife died, but the husband lived a higher life than ever before—a life of faith in the Son of God. At what time he became "a new creature in Christ," I do not know, but his consistent character, for nearly forty years, was a clear and standing proof that

"old things had passed away, and that all things had become new." "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." Men do not become righteous by doing what is righteous, but having become righteous "by the grace of God," they do what is righteous. "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit." "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."

Mr. Buckingham remained a widower almost two years, when he married Miss Grace Bragg, of Washford Pyne, a sister of Mr. T. Bragg, of Wonham Farm, of the same parish, and who has been for many years a liberal supporter of the cause of God in this (Ringsash) circuit. Shortly after his second marriage, Mr. Buckingham joined the Bible Christian Society at Kingsnympton, and continued a consistent member until the Lord took him to join the church triumphant. It is likely that he would have joined the society before, had it not been for the inconsistencies of some professors. Is there not reason to fear that such cases are even numerous? More than a few church members falsify their profession, and throw stumbling-blocks in the way of many religiously disposed people. Alexander once said to a man who bore his name but disgraced it, "Either change thy name or change thy ways." The holy life of every member of the church should proclaim in thrilling tones to all around him that he is a true disciple of Christ.

The influence of our departed brother was on the side of truth and righteousness. By "the grace of God that bringeth salvation," he was constrained to deny "ungodliness and worldly lusts," and to "live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." As a man of business, he was diligent, conscientious, and prosperous. He was a kind neighbour, and a good master. In him the deserving poor found a generous friend. Are not these too much neglected by many of our comparatively wealthy friends? who, alas, too often forget that "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Mr. Buckingham sustained no important offices in the church, but he rendered valuable aid by his consistent life and liberal support. To his house for many years the "ambassadors of Christ" received a hearty welcome. The land on which Kingsnympton and North Lake chapels stand was given by him. The circuit, Missionary Society, and the various Connexional funds, were more liberally supported by him than by most of his contemporaries in the same neighbourhood. Hospitals and similar benevolent institutions enlisted his sympathy and received his assistance. He suffered extremely for some time from a disease for which he underwent a most painful and dangerous operation, but he bore his severe affliction with much patience and Christian fortitude. He did not suffer much the last few months of his life, but gradually became weaker and weaker, until the 8th of April, 1878, when he quietly and calmly passed from the sorrows of earth to the perfect joys of heaven.

"Thy day is come, not gone,
Thy sun has risen, not set,
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change;
Not ended but begun."

His mortal remains were interred in our chapel-yard, Kingsnympton, April 13th, in the presence of many friends and neighbours. A funeral sermon was preached on the following Sunday by the writer, to a large and attentive congregation. Mrs. Buckingham survives her husband, and in her "age and feebleness extreme" is able to look to the same precious Saviour for "help in time of need," and to the same glorious home to which he has entered for eternal peace and safety. We pray that she may be blessedly sustained by the grace of God in the solitude of widowhood, and the infirmities of age. Mr. A. Buckingham, the only child of Mrs. Buckingham, is the principal office-bearer in our Society at Kingsnympton. May a double portion of the spirit of the departed father rest upon the son. "The

just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him." "A good man leaveth his inheritance to his children's children."

Reader, art thou prepared for death? Hast thou a title to heaven? "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

R. GROSE.

JAMES TREVITHICK

WAS born in Cornwall, and resided at Calstock about twenty years. He came to Cramlington, Northumberland, about eight years ago, and found employment in the coal pit. He was for years a lover of strong drink and merriment. In February, 1876, the Bible Christians opened a Mission at Cramlington, and he attended the cottage prayer meetings, and the Holy Spirit powerfully strove with him, and convinced him of his sinfulness, and he soon gave evidence of true penitence, and was in great distress under the burden of guilt and condemnation for a week. Mr. James Ching, who took an active part in the meetings, has told me that James Trevithick's wife obtained mercy from God, and was filled with joy, on the 15th of February, 1876, and the next evening her husband entered the cottage at the time of prayer, and went up a few of the stairs and sat down. One of the friends asked and entreated him to come down to be prayed for. He complied with the request, and after a hard and long struggle with evil powers, light shone into his soul, he believed in Jesus Christ, received the remission of his sins, and was made free indeed. He then arose, shouted for joy, embraced his mother, and earnestly entreated her, and not in vain, to give her heart to God. He had been a teetotaler about a year before he was converted. He joined the Bible Christians, and was an active, zealous, lively, useful member until death. He and his beloved wife lived for each other's happiness and the welfare of the church. But their great happiness together did not last long, for he, in his full strength, and in the prime of life almost, died of inflammation of the lungs and other diseases. He was only ill a week, and during much of the time was deprived of reason. In conscious intervals he sang and praised God. In the morning of the 17th July, 1878, he said to his weeping wife, "Don't cry, I am going home to be with Jesus." He died at 1-10 p.m. the same day, in the thirty-second year of his age. After his conversion unto his decease, he was a truly happy Christian, and had a strong assurance of the Divine favour. In a class meeting a little while before his illness, in relating his experience he grew warm in his utterances, and said, "I *know*, when I die, I *shall* put off the pit-cap and receive a crown of glory." He is

"Gone Home to be for ever
With God in light above;
To dwell in all its fulness
And everlasting love!

Gone Home, where death ne'er enters,
And sorrow knows no place;
To be with Christ for ever—
A trophy of His grace!"

J. BANWELL.

THOMAS JOHN HOSKING,

THE only child of John and Mary Hosking, died in the faith once delivered to the saints. He was born at Camborne, Cornwall, and was blessed with parents who feared God. Though strictly moral, he, like all others, needed a change of heart by the grace of God. In the year 1877, he left his mother at Camborne to join his father at Eskdale, Millom Circuit, Cumberland, where he followed his occupation as a miner, and attended our religious services, his father being a member of our church. In the spring of 1878, special services were conducted at Eskdale to promote a revival. On the 13th of March, the annual missionary

meeting was appointed to be held, when the revival services also were being continued. That evening, after a special prayer-meeting in the afternoon, we took the vote of the people whether we should have a revival or the missionary meeting, and the show of hands was strongly in favour of the former. At once the collection was taken to support and extend the kingdom of Christ, and the revival service began in right good earnest. Thomas John Hosking was saved that night; he leaped and shouted for very joy; which thrilled our hearts and produced not less joy certainly amongst the celestial and human inhabitants of heaven. His father, minister, and neighbours he quickly embraced; and *he went on his way rejoicing*. From that time until his death, his conduct was consistent. He highly appreciated the means of grace, and read the Bible with delight. He lived with a family who regularly attended to family worship, in which blessed service our brother in turn took the lead, which he found to be very refreshing and strengthening to his soul. His testimony at class-meetings was clear and pointed, and he gave promise of usefulness should his life be spared. But his career was both brilliant and brief. He speedily ripened for glory. It is the morning sun that ripens the first-fruits for the husbandman's sickle. Some of God's choicest fruits, matured by the watchfulness and prayers of others on their behalf, are gathered early. Brother Hosking was at work in the mine with his father on Wednesday, June 5th, when he was, by a sudden fall of earth, buried up to his waist. He exclaimed, "My Jesus, My Jesus." His father hastened to his rescue, and, speedily extricating him, had him conveyed to the village, where every attention was paid him. No bones were broken, nor was there a mark on his person, but he must have been crushed inwardly. He was conscious and happy, and prayed frequently and audibly. Death had no sting to him. He was resigned to his lot, and felt himself safe in the arms of Jesus. Many choice expressions fell from his lips. Calling his father to his bedside, he said, "Be faithful." To a companion he said, "You and I were converted in the same revival, but now one is going to glory." On Sunday, June 9th, being Whit-Sunday, he said, "This is the best Whitsuntide I ever had." This too, was the day of his death. When dying he desired prayer to be made for him. He afterwards exclaimed, "I can see right *through* the valley," and his soul passed away to scale the mount of God, in the nineteenth year of his age. On the following Wednesday, June 12th, he was followed by most of the villagers to Eskdale Churchyard, it being exactly thirteen weeks from the day of his conversion to the day of his burial. A funeral sermon was subsequently preached to a good congregation by his pastor.

JAMES HENDER.

DIED at Waterhouse, Southmolton Circuit, Nov. 16th, 1878, MRS. COURTNEY, much regretted.

BR. ROUNSEFELL'S VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

WE left Plymouth, August 8th, about 8 p.m. The fact that we had left so many friends so much beloved behind deeply affected us, and we shall never forget that last view of the little boat that bore out of sight those kind loving and ever beloved ones that accompanied us, and watched us to the last. We had before said farewell to many that we shall respect and love to the end; but this was the final farewell to our English friends, and we felt it to be the last. We wanted to watch Plymouth till it hid itself below the horizon, but, before we left, the shades of evening almost hid it from our view. The weather was very fine, and the moon, almost full, shone beautifully. Sighted the Lizard lights between 1 and 2 a.m., and by the morning we were alone on the world of waters. Most of us were a little ill on Friday, but only a little. I was not as bad as I had been before. We saw three ships outward bound.

On Saturday, about 4 a.m., a gale sprang up, and the water came into our cabins to such an extent that we had to dip it out to prevent it from soaking into

our boxes. In a little time the water came pouring down the steps from the deck into our dining saloon, and saved the labour of carrying water to wash the floor. I said to one of the seamen, "It is blowing up a little. "Yes," he said, "and it will blow worse in the morning." Very few took their meals that day; we were in the far-famed Bay of Biscay. The wind soon ceased, but the water continued disturbed.

Sunday was a fine day, and as we were all better, we were able to take our meals. Monday it was very fine; the sea was magnificent, like a smooth and beautiful plain. Tuesday was fine, and very hot; the tar and pitch melted into little pools between the boards of the deck, the sails hung loose and motionless. We passed Madeira a little after sunset; the clouds, like half-washed but well carded wool, rested close to its rocky temples. Cool on the deck after sunset. Wednesday, still fine; breeze favourable. Sighted the Canary Islands about sunset, and later in the evening we saw the fires, like groups of little red stars, while the island, like a grand dome, stood boldly up amid the solitudes of the deep wide sea, and the partly clouded and partly star-bespangled sky, speaking in its silence of greater skill and might than that of man. About midnight, a puff, as some one called it, came off the land, but it rent two of our gallant sails, and caused a great deal of consternation among the inexperienced. Thursday, breeze good; waves running grandly, the crests of foam, like strayed sheep of milky white, were tossing gleefully on the liquid acres. No sail, no land in sight. Friday just as yesterday. We are in the tropics now; but instead of it getting hotter it gets cooler. The sun is a good distance north of the line now. Saturday, we saw a few flying fish. I saw only one fly nine or ten feet from the water, and it hovered like a kite; I saw no other rise more than about a foot.

Sunday, a good breeze. Service at 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. I am the only minister on board. Monday, a good breeze. We have had a clear sky but a few hours since we left Plymouth, and no clear evening; only saw one clear sunset; saw the pole star but three evenings; do not expect to see it again. Tuesday, about half a gale. We are dashing on all right, the sky thickly draped with clouds. Wednesday, we saw a ship outward, and another homeward bound; the sight seemed a little company on the great sea. We are 3.07 north of the line. Cool on deck; wind ahead; sails nearly all furled. Thursday, clear a little above the horizon. We crossed the line about 5 p.m. Friday, sun shining beautifully, sunset very fine; a little later in the evening, the tail of the Great Bear, and the Southern Cross were both in sight. The four stars of the latter constellation formed just as good a quadrangle as a cross, and were neither very bright nor very large; there is fifth star, small and dim, which seems to be no part of the far-famed cross, but an intruder into the arena. Although it seems as if the four would be more uniform without the fifth, I suppose the great universe would not be perfectly adjusted without that one little star. The cross lay nearly horizontally, and the star that formed its top was towards the west (of course it turns round every twenty-four hours). The two pointers that are always in line with the upper star, were very beautiful, and with a smaller star nearly formed an obtuse triangle. Near to these were three others which seemed to form a perfect triangle. Saturday, wind ahead, atmosphere cloudy.

Sunday was fine; services at 10.30 and 3. Monday a very beautiful sunset. On Tuesday, about 8 a.m., St. Helena, like a dark cloud, just came into sight, over our starboard bow. It is pleasing to see even a shadowy form of distant land, looking just as much like the ghosts of story, as a block of land in curious undefined forms rising out of the deep broad sea. About 1 a.m., we were near the Eastern clefts of the Isle, whose name is immortalized by the mortality of one of the world's great heroes, of whom the poet sings, "In the rocky land they placed his clay, and left him alone in his glory." Wednesday and Thursday mild and cloudy. No earth, nor sky visible; all sea except our little world, the "Durham;" and 'tis a little world, cooking, eating, drinking, working, playing, singing, gambling, worshipping, sinning, reading, praying, &c. I do not think we have any free-thinkers on board; but we have some who do not appear to think at all about the best things; earthly, though out here on the sea, and more, sensual. We have some of the Hebrew faith but not of the Hebrew race. Some Unitarians, some High Church. One young man could not help us to sing Sankey's hymns, for conscience sake; some low church. Others, with myself, attended the church

service in the morning, when the prayers were read by the captain, and I preached a short sermon after. Some of the church people came to our service in the afternoon. A church lady plays the harmonium for us, which is kindly loaned by the captain. There seems to be a moderate amount of respect for religion among those who do not profess to have any part or lot in the matter. Friday, cloudy; a very gentle favourable breeze, which increased until we had a heavy wind and sea. The engine stopped, and we were running for near 300 miles away under sail; wind increasing, sea grand.

Sunday, there was no service, as we were so tossed by the wild waves which were becoming wilder still. About midnight, the wind rather suddenly ceased, and mighty steam had to put its shoulder to the wheel. Monday, there was but little wind, yet the deep swell almost without foam, looked as if great and little hills were not at war, but at play, all, both little and great, taking part in the ceaseless play. On Tuesday and Wednesday, breeze in our favour, as steady and regular as the propelling screw, and enjoyable as a trip to the break-water or up the Tamar. Thursday, heavy wind and sea, our top-gallant sails about sun rise, were like mere tattered rags, fluttering in the wind. In the after-part of the day it was not easy to stand on the deck for the force of the wind, to say nothing about the motion of the ship. When I have felt so great force of wind on land, I have always called it a storm, the sailors called it a "norwester." About 6 p.m., all beside the man on duty had to leave the deck to the winds and waves. Although we were dry and warm, it appeared solemn, owing to the rushing of the waters on the deck, to know that we were really under the billows of the great and awful sea. We went to bed, but the wind in mighty gusts caused the ship to so plunge and roll that we were obliged to hold by anything we could grip, to prevent our being thrown against the side of the ship on the one hand, and the guard board on the other. We slept but little. One of our able seamen perished in the storm. No one saw him go, but he was missed; some suppose he was washed overboard by the heavy sea that swept the deck. Wind began to abate about midnight, but the old sea, like the mighty giant, stirred from its repose by some passer-by that trampled on its right and mocked its majesty, went on his way, but left anger burning in his heart and quivering in every muscle of his mighty form. By the morning, our ship was riding listlessly on the broad deep swell, and steam was again required to keep us on our way. Friday, a fine day, the sea grand, the majesty without the anger. Saturday, little wind, but cloudy, cold and damp. Thermometer about 56° in the cabins.

Sunday, wind aloft, ship rocking down to the ports on both sides in their turn. Two services. It is hoped that three young men have found Christ since we left Plymouth; there are a few Christian workers on board. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, cloudy, bleak, and cold, heavy wind and sea; spray wildly splashing over our deck. Thursday, it looks much like a snow storm; the great waves like majestic hills, all capped with fleecy white, while their sides and the troughs between, which at times are as broad as some distant meadows in our far distant home, are all sprinkled thickly with the snow wrought up out of the wild billows, while the finer particles are like steam fiercely driven from wave to wave, which caused me to think of the time of the leviathan when the deep seemed hoary. Thursday, again rough, cloudy, and cold; the wind has scarcely abated all the week, and never long enough for the waves to cease that constantly follow in our wake, and sometimes like a lion bounding on his prey, pounce upon our well-washed deck. The hatches have been closed for several hours at a time, and when men, desirous of seeing the grandeur of the waves ventured on the deck they often soon returned, literally soaked and dripping with the brine. During this week we have lost our fore-top gallant mast down to the second yard, which of course, took with it the upper yard, which makes our well rigged ship look disproportionate, and to tell of heavy conflict with the wind and waves, which in this latitude without interruption sweep the whole circumference of the flood engirdled globe. Sunday was a day of heavy weather, we could not go on deck, but we had a service in the evening between decks in the third class. It is seven weeks this morning since we left our home, and still we are hundreds of miles from Melbourne. We have had fine weather all the week; we enjoy this kind of life on the whole. The ship rocks and dashes on, but we may not notice for hours together that she moves, we are so accustomed to it now.

Had three good services on Sunday; getting acquainted with several persons, and even attached to some; Mr. and Mrs. Turner, our host and hostess at the Torquay Conference, are among the first, and we often have a chat about the past, present, and future.

[This letter does not seem finished, but it is all that came to hand, Br. Rounsefell posted this at Sydney; we have heard from another source that he reached Brisbane in safety, October 7th.—ED.]

Revivals.

On the day our last sheet was made up last month, we received the following from Br. Jeffrey:—"At our last quarterly meeting we resolved to hold a series of special services, for the promotion of a revival of religion at each place in the circuit. We commenced at Skewen. God has honoured our efforts with blessed results; already twenty-four persons have obtained peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and others are anxiously inquiring after salvation."

November 19th, Br. W. T. PENROSE wrote, "You will be pleased to learn that fourteen persons have professed conversion at Hele Lane during the past three weeks. Special religious services were conducted by Miss Parsons, of Weston-Super-Mare. The good work is still in progress, though Sister Parsons has had to leave here for Ringsash."

A later communication from Br. Grose, states that at Hele Lane and Ringsash over thirty have professed to find the Saviour.

On the 28th November, we heard that about thirty persons had been added to the society at Porthleven.

Br. J. C. HONEY writes December 10th: "I am happy to say our revival services have resulted in forty conversions, and ten of our people—Christians before, I believe, but not members of society—have come into church fellowship."

In Shebbear, Holsworthy, and several other circuits, we believe there are many indications of good.

Missionary Meetings.

NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Meetings were held during the week commencing November 10th, 1878. On the Sunday sermons were preached at Littleton, Chillerton, Chale, and Gunville, by the brethren W. B. Lark, J. Stephens, T. Rowe, and the writer. The weather was extremely unfavourable—quite a storm of wind with heavy rain prevailed most of the day, consequently many were prevented from attending the services, but we were gratified to find that more were present than might have been expected under the circumstances. The meeting at Gunville was held on Monday evening. As in years past, there was great enthusiasm, and at the appointed time to commence, the chapel was crowded. Mr. J. Rice occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the circuit ministers, Mr. J. L. Manning, and the deputation. Whatever might have been the interest felt in the speeches, and these were delivered with considerable fervour, it was evident that the climax was looked for in the collection. The large bag of money which lay on the table—the fruit of the juvenile effort, was an object of no small attraction. The meeting lasted quite three hours, and our Gunville friends once more distinguished themselves by raising the noble sum of over £52. At Chale the following evening, we had a delightful meeting. Chapel full of people. The divine influence very graciously enjoyed. Collection ahead. On Wednesday at Chillerton, notwithstanding the very wet weather, there was an excellent attendance. The distance which many had to come through the rain, and the heartiness which they evinced in the meeting proved how great an interest they felt in sustaining the missionary cause. Collections more than £3 in advance of last year's.

We closed our series of meetings on Thursday at *Littletown*. As the results of Sunday-school effort at this place are made known at another time, and a Juvenile Missionary meeting is held for that purpose, we did not anticipate so successful a meeting as on the previous evenings. It was gratifying, however, to find that the friends more than doubled the amount of their contributions as compared with last year. On returning home I could not but feel that the week which I was thus privileged to spend had been one of more than ordinary pleasure. The very genial spirit of the Brethren Lark, Stephens, and Rowe, the kindness of the friends at the different places where I was entertained, the heartiness and liberality displayed by which, at the four meetings, about £80 had been realized, and the divine influence which at times was very blessedly enjoyed, tended to make this missionary tour one not soon to be forgotten.

J. HONEY.

ABERAVON.—The annual services have been held. At Neath, on Sunday, November 17th, three excellent sermons were preached by Mr. Charlton, of Swansea. On the evening following, the public meeting was held, presided over by H. P. Charles, Esq., mayor. The report was read by the Pastor. Thorough Missionary speeches were given by E. V. Stephens, W. F. Charlton, and J. O. Keen. The collections about £2 behind last year's, but the friends have promised, by private subscriptions, to make the amount equal to that of last year. At Aberavon, on Sunday, December 1st, two thoughtful and eloquent sermons were preached by J. O. Keen. On the Monday night, addresses were given by J. Jeffrey, W. Jenkins (Calvinistic Methodist), M. Hopkins (Congregationalist), T. Richards (Baptist), E. V. Stephens, and J. O. Keen, Deputation. The Mayor, T. W. Jenkins, Esq., occupied the chair, and proved himself to be, by his brief appropriate address and liberal donation, a model chairman. Collections a little in advance. The sermons were preached at Skewen, by E. V. Stephens. The services were characterized by much earnestness and power. The annual meeting was held on Tuesday, December 3rd. Mr. Scott was elected to the chair, and the brethren Jeffrey, Stephens, Charlton, and Keen, were the speakers. Collections ahead.

J. JEFFREY.

KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT.—Sermons were preached November 3rd, and meetings held the following week at Luxborough, Luckwell-bridge, Gupworthy, Brendon Hill, and Upton, by the deputation Br. Churchill, from Bampton, assisted by circuit ministers and friends. Upton collection 13s. 8d. in advance; Brendon Hill, £1 10s. Many plans may be devised to wipe off our missionary debt, but the best, quickest, and happiest would be a good revival throughout the length and breadth of the Connexion. The revival at Brendon Hill is striking.* A gracious quickening has been felt at several places in this circuit, and we are hoping to see much more good done yet.

Nov. 18th, 1878.

JOHN HICKS.

Writing December 5th, Br. Hicks says: Fifty souls at least have recently found Jesus in this circuit.

PADSTOW.—We have just held our first series of missionary meetings. Preparatory sermons were preached on Sunday, November 10th, at Wadebridge, by Mr. T. H. Carthew (the deputation), at Burlawn by R. Cleave, at Rosenannon by E. Spear, and at Padstow by the writer. At Pleasant Streams the preacher appointed did not take his place because of the weather. The meetings were held during the week in the order aforementioned; and considering the wet and unfavourable weather, they may be deemed quite a success, as at every place (Pleasant Streams excepted) the collections are a little in advance of last year's. That such was the case at Padstow is due mainly to the liberality of the excellent chairman, Mr. S. Allport. The meetings were addressed at each place by the writer and the deputation, and at two of the places by W. H. Rowe as well. The deputation did us good service; his sermons on the Sunday and speeches during the week were highly appreciated. Our great want in the circuit is a revival. Lord grant it for Christ's sake. Amen.

W. BROWN.

* A brief account of this revival appeared last month.—ED.

Chapels.

TRURO.—The anniversary was held on Sunday, October 27th, and following day. On Sunday, two very excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. W. J. Hocking, (of Bodmin), who is very highly esteemed in Truro; and on Monday afternoon a good sermon was preached by the Rev. G. W. Angwin, of St. Austell, whose presence always affords pleasure to the Truro friends. A tea followed, given by the ladies of the society, and presided over by Mesdames Mundy, Roberts, Vincent, Tucker, Johnson, and Miss Clift. In the evening, an interesting meeting was held, presided over by Edward Kendell, Esq., and addressed by the Revs. J. Pilling (Primitive), J. Walsh (New Connexion), G. W. Angwin, and W. J. Hocking. Votes of thanks to the chairman, the ladies who gave the tea, and the singers, &c., were moved, seconded, and supported by Messrs. Polsue, Strongman, Roberts, Visick, and Pascoe. The proceeds amounted to £17. The report, presented by the Pastor, was very encouraging, and showed that the total receipts for the year were £167 19s. 11d., that £50 of the debt incurred a short time since in making extensive alterations and improvements was paid, and that £500 debt still remains, with £16 5s. in the treasurer's hand. In connection with the anniversary three fine new rooms were opened; one as a library for the Bible Christian Young Men's Mutual Improvement Class, which now numbers 110 members, and in which about £30 worth of good books will soon be placed as the first instalment of a good library; the other rooms are for the Young Women's Bible Class, Sunday school, and Society purposes. Our congregation is very good, and a deep interest is taken by the congregation in all the chapel affairs, and the ladies are now busily engaged in working for a Bazaar, to be held at Christmas, by which we hope to pay for the building of the new rooms; but we greatly need a revival of God's work, that the undecided may give themselves to Christ and His work, and that we may be more abundantly spiritually blessed. May God hasten the day. Amen.

T. E. MUNDY.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

(Previously acknowledged, £822 5s. 4d.)

£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
John Rude, Esq., Torrington	1	0	0	Sennen collection	-	0 6 2
J. S. Farleigh, do.	1	1	0	Brane do.	-	0 4 3
Mr. H. Jewell, Woolfardis-				Penzance do.	-	1 0 1
worthy	-	2	0 0	Drift do.	-	0 8 8
Mrs. Silk, Bideford	-	0	1 0	Carfary do.	-	0 9 0
Mr. Cook, Plymouth	-	0	5 0	Marazion do.	-	0 6 2
Mrs. Marrow, do.	-	0	5 0	W. Gilbert, donation	-	0 10 0
A. Well-wisher, do.	-	1	0 0	Tregarthen collection	-	0 7 0
St. Just collection	-	0	19 0	J. Tonkin (paid several months		
St. Buryan do.	-	0	11 7	ago, but not acknowledged)	1	1 0

Correspondence.

CONNEXIONAL WANTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The cry is often raised now, that "trade is dull," or the "times are bad." I believe that with many this is literally true, and yet there are many, in some districts especially, that the bad times have not yet touched.

And permit me to say to the, I hope, thousands of persons in our societies and congregations who have money for which they have no immediate use,—now is the time for them to honour and glorify God by liberally helping His cause. Thank-offerings are due from many “that the lines have fallen to them in pleasant places.” My appeal is to such as have enough and to spare. It may be that God has permitted the necessity to become so great in order to test the few, ay, the the many among us, whom He has greatly blessed with this world’s goods. We have several large chapel cases in progress; a heavy missionary debt, bearing interest which increases from year to year. Our foreign fields are suffering from the want of means to enter upon the most favourable openings we have ever had; and last, but not least, is the effort to pay off the debt on the College, that we may be in a position to educate the young men entering our ministry. Brethren, this is a time for deep searchings of heart,—for examining thoroughly into the real state of our religious experience. We hope to arouse the energies of a loving and grateful people in these bad times. Let every one give what he can—prayer, heart, life, energy, speech, action, money. Let us do a great thing for God and His church, and do it at once. O that the unemployed wealth of the church were placed upon God’s altar! We ask not any one who is doing *all* he can already; we only ask that the surplus wealth may be so used that its owners may “lay up for themselves treasure in heaven.” Let our Sunday-schools which have a balance on the right side, send us a cheer; Bands of Hope, and trustees of chapels, also, who are in the same happy position! £20,000 could be thus raised, and, so far as money is concerned, we should put ourselves right for twenty-five years to come.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours faithfully,

W. HIGMAN.

Notes on Current Events.

CANON THYNNE AND THE BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

SEVERAL friends have requested us to do what was already in our heart, viz., furnish a brief outline that should include all the salient points of the controversy that has been lately carried on between the reverend gentleman whose name stands at the head of this paper, and others, notably two or three of our brethren who have come forward valiantly in defence of the truth of Christ, and of the honour of the Denomination. We have been unable to obtain a complete copy of the correspondence, but if any important link in the chain be wanting, or any material fact omitted, some kind friend will doubtless supply the deficiency another month.

Canon Thynne, in a paper on “Church Ministration in Hamlets,” which he read at the Diocesan Conference at Truro, October 24th, went out of his way to have a fling at the hated Dissenters, these in Cornwall being chiefly the Methodist division of the Christian church, in its several branches. The clergyman of a “happy, buoyant nature,” who got “accustomed to the existing state of affairs, and, by a happy optimism, satisfied himself that all was going on fairly well; the villagers come to church, the hamlet-folk go to chapel, and all learnt something,” was greatly mistaken. “This was what would not do. They (the clergy of the Established Church) were sent to preach the gospel, the full gospel to all, and the gospel was not preached in these chapels—could not be; these sheep were not fed—could not be; they were guilty before God if evangelical truth in all its fulness were not brought home to the people, and through the means of the clergy, and this was not done; nor could they—his brethren—standing alone, do it. They might kill themselves in trying, they might be added to the noble army of martyrs, and work—God only knew how effectually—in Paradise for souls on earth; but here on the Cornish moor, in the flesh, alone, single-handed, they had no more chance than a shepherd without comrade, boy or dog, to gather in his sheep from the sides of Rowtor.” This is the foundation of the Canon’s appeal for lay helpers in preaching the gospel; “for lay helpers who have first knelt before the bishop

and received from him his authority and blessing." John Wesley, the Canon admits, "detected the want and the remedy." "But John Wesley's preachers beginning within and ending without the lines of the Catholic Church, had become as a body subject to such divisions and sub-divisions that we could not wonder at the phenomenon which made it possible for lads and women, for men who could not tell their letters, to rise up in Methodist meeting-houses now to instruct the ignorant in the mysteries of the gospel." It is due to several of the Canon's brother-clergymen to say that they objected, at the time and since, to some of his remarks; but much was said also, by the Bishop and others, that pointed in the same direction as Canon Thynne's paper. At the Conference the year before the Bishop said, and his remarks the Canon quoted, "I am sure that the chaotic religious beliefs and the inextricable severance and gulf which, in some places, exist between moral practices and fervent religionism, do absolutely need this identical work to be done." On which the Canon remarks, "How true were these words, and how their truth proves the need of the agency for which he was pleading, he could abundantly illustrate did time permit, and show how chaotic religious beliefs and the gulf between morality and religionism must inevitably spring from the same root, the ignorance of the teachers." The Bishop this year, too, in referring to the increase of 17 mission churches in his diocese, declares that "their *increase is vital in its bearing on sound faith and morals.*"

But the Canon pressed hard by Wesleyan defenders of their church, writes a letter of exculpation*, blaming now the employment of ignorant teachers, "which," he says, "is so frequently permitted, *especially in Bible Christian Chapels*—an ignorance which I have reason to know is much lamented by many earnest and well educated Wesleyans." This ignorance accounts, in his opinion, for what seemed to his Bishop inexplicable "the gulf and severance between fervent religionism and moral practice." Mr. Crewes, the superintendent of our Callington Circuit, very properly, at this point intervenes. His letter appears on the 9th November. After quoting from Canon Thynne's letter, he says that there is implied:—1. "A charge against the moral practice of a great many respectable persons in Bible Christian Societies, for the rev. Canon contends that the ignorance of Bible Christian preachers principally accounts for the discrepancy the Bishop had noticed between religionism and moral practice. 2. A misrepresentation of a class of intelligent Christian men, divinely appointed and well qualified to successfully preach the gospel. 3. A disgraceful reflection on the superintending ministers of the Bible Christian Connexion.

"I, therefore, ask the learned Canon to meet me in the City of Truro in the first week in next year, that we may, then and there, publicly discuss the following questions: First, 'What is a full Gospel?' Second, 'Is the full Gospel preached in Bible Christian Chapels?' Third, 'Is there a remarkable discrepancy between the profession of religion and the moral practice of the members of Bible Christian Societies?'

* "I have more than thirty local preachers working with me in my circuit. In this circuit there are, I think, ten clergymen of the Established Church. One of them is the Vicar of Landulph."

"Now I am willing to send my printed plan for this, the Christmas quarter, to the rev. Canon, and ask him to mark the name of any man whose fervent religionism and moral practice have had between them such a gulf as there has long been between the New Testament rule and the conduct of the vicar of one of the parishes in our neighbourhood. But may I conclude that the ministers of the Church of England are bad men, simply because this man's conduct has, to myself and many other persons, seemed extremely unrighteous. No, not while I remain as true to my conscience as I am to day."

Mr. Crewes then employs another illustration with telling effect, and concludes his letter in these words: "I respect a good man wherever I see him. I believe the Scriptures teach Christians to render . . . to all their dues. While there-

* *Western Morning News*, Nov. 6th. It is from this paper that our extracts are chiefly taken.—ED.

† With the strange conduct of this clergyman the papers have made most persons acquainted.—ED.

fore, I highly esteem a great many of the ministers and of the other members of the Church of England, I contend that an apology is due from the rev. Canon to the Bible Christian local preachers, and I ask him to give the apology through your paper, or to consent to meet me at Truro as proposed."

But it appears the reverend gentleman is too wary to do one of the two things he ought to do, and not sufficiently manly to do the other.

On the 13th November, Mr. Spencer, our Superintendent Minister at Kilkhampton, interposes, and his letter appears on the 16th. One of the Canon's particular statements, viz., "That a regular preacher in Kilkhampton diligently learns of his wife the number and first line of the hymn that he had to give out before the sermon, for he cannot read," Mr. Spencer declares to be utterly false if intended to be applied to any Bible Christian local preacher. Mr. S. adds, "I have made a personal inquiry, and they, husbands and wives, tell me that such a statement is most unfounded. The most illiterate of men could read before he attempted to preach. We have forty local preachers on the plan, and such a statement will not apply to either of them. Now, sir, I call upon Canon Thynne either to give his author, or, as a man of honour, to withdraw that statement."

Mr. Spencer further contends that, "the earnest and educated Wesleyans, believe it is much safer to follow the teaching of these ignorant men" than the religion of pinafores, processions, prostrations, &c., for which it appears Kilkhampton, like so many other places, is unhappily distinguished.

Mr. Spencer next supplies a pertinent illustration of the service, these "ignorant men," whom Canon Thynne reviles are rendering. "A Member of Parliament for a Cornish Borough, and a Churchman, was the guest of one of the Bible Christians. On Sunday morning the guest said to his friend, 'Where are you going to worship?' Friend: 'In a little chapel at the side of a hill, more than a mile away; but, of course, you will go to church?' Guest: 'No; I shall go with you.' 'But,' said the friend, 'the preacher for this morning is the worst preacher we have,' (and to my knowledge we have not a weaker in the neighbourhood of Kilkhampton), 'and I am sure you will not be pleased.' Guest: 'If he is good enough for you he is good enough for me. I shall go with you.' On their way home he said, 'Is this the kind of preaching you generally get?' Friend: 'I am happy to say it is not—as I told you, he is the weakest preacher we have—and I never heard him preach so badly as this morning.' 'What,' said the M.P., 'do you call that bad preaching? Why I have heard clergyman of all grades preach, but, I never felt so solemnly impressed under a sermon in my life. Of course the man is not an educated man—he made no pretension to that. But how a man with such slender attainments can talk for twenty minutes in the way he did I cannot understand. He evidently has in possession what clergymen generally lack, and I am not surprised at people attending those chapels if they get impressed as I have been this morning.'"

Mr. Spencer further says that the ministrations of these "ignorant men" are sought in times of sickness by persons in Kilkhampton, who scarcely ever attend a place of worship, in preference to the Canon and his intelligent curate, significantly adding, that this parish clergyman may "keep as many dogs as he likes" to look after his own sheep, but he must prevent them in future harassing the sheep of Dissenters. Quoting one of Earl Russell's noble declarations in favour of religious liberty, Mr. S. asks if this doctrine is recognised at Kilkhampton. The letter closes with a comment on the Canon's reference to "feeding the sheep." Greatly in need of food, Mr. Spencer thinks, some of them are, and would therefore like to change folds, were they not afraid of the "dogs."

On the 25th, a letter appeared signed by four of the Canon's friends who say, "When Mr. Spencer, and a gentleman without a name at Penzance, insinuate that the people of Kilkhampton 'have not the liberty of entertaining freely their religious opinions,' that there are 'penalties and disqualifications imposed upon them'; when the writer to the *Cornish Telegraph* says that 'the rector, when he entered upon his present charge, said to the farmers of his parish that they would have to give up their farms unless they came to church, and that all resented but three'; that 'he refused to let a cottage to a person unless a promise was given that no prayer-meeting should be held in it!' when we are told this, we think it time to say that the above statements are all utterly false." Mr. Spencer is charged with giving vent to "scandalous falsehoods." They then go on to assert that for twenty

years during which Canon Thynne has lived in Kilkhampton he has never used his great influence "to injure or oppress any one for their religious opinions"; that his—the Canon's—father's farms "are in many cases tenanted by Dissenters who have succeeded to their father's holdings"; that the parish charities are divided with equal hand* to Churchman and Dissenter; that Mr. Spencer's predecessor could tell him whence the very stones came for building the Bible Christian Sunday-school, and at whose request; and intimating that the same gentleman could tell a very different tale to that told by the Mayor of Penzance, of a clergyman's charity at the funeral of a brother minister. The praiseworthy object the gentleman whose names are appended to this letter—D. Easterbrook, J. Somer, B. E. Bartlett, W. Walter, Parish Churchwardens—aim at, is the correction of "false statements," and though they have been called "time serving dogs," they don't intend to be "dumb dogs."

The thought that occurred to our mind on reading this letter is the thought that doubtless has occurred to the mind of every reader, if their contention on these minor points is perfectly right, it has nothing whatever to do with the main question in dispute. Mr. Spencer deals, however, with their details in a very trenchant manner, but the next communication in order of time is a second letter from Mr. Crewes, which appears Nov. 29th. Mr. C. says: "Canon Thynne has neither consented to meet me in Truro, nor apologised to the Bible Christian local preachers. He has simply told me that he has neither time nor disposition for disputation, and that he regrets that his remarks have caused me and my friends so much uneasiness. This is not satisfactory to me,† for I hold that he, in the Diocesan Conference at Truro, read statements that he could not substantiate, and that his letter, which appeared in your paper, was a libel on the Bible Christian Connexion."

"Canon Thynne tells your readers that the ignorance of Bible Christian teachers is the cause of a great gulf and severance between fervid religionism and moral practice. But he has not proved it. Mr. Spencer asked for the name of the man whose case the Canon referred to in his paper; but although the reverend Canon has had time to figure very prominently in Church Conferences, and to read long papers in discussions, and although four men, in formidable array, have appeared to free and defend the character of their rector, the name of the unfortunate local preacher has not been given to your readers."

We omit two or three effective paragraphs in Mr. Crewes' letter referring to certain opinions expressed in the *Cornwall Gazette*, and to a "striking story" which appeared in our old acquaintance the *Church Review*. But Mr. Crewes soon returns to the Rector of Kilkhampton, and says, "Now, as Canon Thynne has told the public what he thinks is the cause of the great gulf and severance between the religious profession and the moral practice of the inhabitants of hamlets, I, knowing a great deal more about Bible Christian local preachers than the learned Canon knows, I presume, will hereby publicly exchange opinions with him, by solemnly telling him that I think that the person who on the Sabbath day reads, with solemn air, the ninth commandment, and on the following Thursday reads the paper read by the Canon at the Truro Conference, is much more likely to cause a gulf and severance between religious profession and moral practice than merely ignorant Bible Christian preachers are; and as so much has been made of little stories in this important controversy; as Solomon has said, 'Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit;' and as, when false teachers gloried, Paul became a fool in glorying that he might meet fool-glory with fool-glory, anent my opinion of the cause of the evil which the Canon deplores, I will just tell the learned Canon and his supporters that I have often heard, in Cornish lages, that an educated parson once said to his parishioners:

'If you do as I say,
You'll go to heaven the right way;
But if you do as I do,
You'll go to hell and I too.'

* Is an equal hand, we wonder, something very different to being fairly divided.
—ED.

† Nor will it be, we think, to any person. The one thing that an honourable man should do is the one thing that Canon Thynne has not done.—ED.

"And I hereby give notice, that as soon as the learned Canon shall again foolishly tell such little stories about the Bible Christians as he has recently told, I, too, will become a fool in story telling, and will give the public a fair opportunity to judge between the clergy of the Church of England and the ministry of the Bible Christian Connexion. Now, I admit that in the lists of Bible Christian local preachers, there are the names of some men who are not much better prepared to preach than some of the weaker curates of the Church of England are. I admit also, that in the history of our ministry, as in the history of the Church of England clergy, and, in fact, in the history of each section of the church, there are cases which we would quietly veil, and over which we would rather see clergymen weeping than exulting; but I contend that, generally speaking, the Bible Christian local preachers have been and are, sincere, intelligent, zealous, powerful, and successful preachers of the 'full gospel.'"

We do not know whether Mr. Spencer's letter appeared in the *Western Morning News* or not, but we find it in the *Cornish Telegraph* of Dec. 10th. He marvels that there are *four* names only appended to the letter written in Canon Thynne's defence, considering the "great influence" the Canon possesses; that three of them are his, the Canon's, father's tenants; and that *two* of them had spoken approvingly of his, Mr. Spencer's, letter, though now they had turned round and attempted to stab his reputation, by saying he writes "scandalous falsehoods." But, he asks, *where* is the Canon? comments on his narrowing of the original charge, and says that the Canon has been told, in reference to his singling out the Bible Christians for special reprobation, that the Methodist family in all its branches will stand or fall together. The distinguished *four* modify the matter still further.—They say, "Many Bible Christian local preachers stand in need of a great deal of teaching." Mr. Spencer very properly answers, "That statement has never been disputed, and it is one that may, with equal propriety, be applied to many farmers and curates also.*" The answer to the particular allegations of the *four* seems to be complete.

"Canon Thynne was told plainly enough last Friday, by one of the most respectable and influential men in the parish that the spirit of persecution had been pressed so far as a gentleman and clergyman could decently press it. He stated, among other cases, how he himself had been refused land and a cottage for a workman for the simple and only reason that he was a Dissenter; that the steward had told him he was not allowed to let any of Lord John Thynne's farms in Kilkhampton to Dissenters if they remained unoccupied; and that he had more trouble in letting farms in Kilkhampton than anywhere else. Canon Thynne admitted to this Wesleyan friend that the steward could not let a house in Kilkhampton until the matter was submitted to him and his approval obtained. Of course, his lordship has a perfect right to let his farms and cottages to whom he likes, but the complaint is that it is not publicly announced that 'Dissenters need not apply.' By so doing they would be saved a great deal of inconvenience and mortification. As it is, no matter how worthless the character, if he will but attend the Church or not attend a Dissenting place of worship, he has a chance, while a Dissenter, no matter how intelligent and respectable, is rejected.

"These literati call my attention to the 'Clergyman's charity,' as displayed in relation to the funeral of the late Mr. Rodd, one of our aged ministers, who died in Kilkhampton. A letter from my predecessor, Mr. Coles, for which I have been waiting, is just to hand. To begin with, Canon Thynne did not grace the funeral with his presence. Mr. Coles tells me that the usual fees for grave, &c., were paid, and in reference to the stone, these are his words, 'Mr. Thynne told me if I had a blue stone, I must pay 10s; if a Portland, or white stone, 5s; or, if I would have one in the shape of the cross, I should have nothing to pay. Of course, I was not going to have the cross, so I had the white stone, and paid 5s, the usual charge, besides fixing. I was to pay nothing for a passage of Scripture, but if I had poetry, I must pay 20s. a line, so I had the passage of Scripture, now on the stone. And as to the stone for the school-room, it came from the parish quarry, and the trustees paid the usual price, 1s. a load, in place; 1s. for digging; and 1s. for carting.' And this is what the literati of Kilkhampton hold up to the gaze of

* And much higher dignitaries of the Church than curates who do not require to be taught in many instances so much as their ecclesiastical superiors.—ED.

the world as an exhibition of their 'Clergyman's charity!!' They did not say who it was that did his very utmost to prevent the chapel from being built, and what threats were used to certain parties if they did not do their utmost to prevent it; and who has wished the chapels as well as the day-school at the bottom of the sea; and who has been trying, as secretly as possible, to get certain persons to sign a paper, pledging never to go inside of a Dissenting place of worship, &c.

"That Canon Thynne has grossly insulted the Dissenters of Cornwall is admitted on all hands." But, as it appears to me, it is not so much a question about the education of a few local-preachers, but one of a far more serious nature,—a battle between Romanism and Protestantism. It seems very strange to me that the Church of England, which has no place in this country except as the Church of the Reformation, should be represented by so many of her ministers as a Church between which and the Church of Rome there is no difference. Is it not a fact that, at this moment, large numbers of the Established clergy have doctrinally no serious quarrel with Rome. In many places, the Church of England is so much like the Church of Rome that we may say of them, as the woman did of her twins 'One is so much like both, you can't tell t'other from which;' and I hold that those ministers in the Church of England who, unhappily, play and tamper with Romanism, and seem enamoured of her practices and bent upon re-introducing her doctrines, are amongst the most unfaithful and disloyal members of the Church of England. We have to support a Church, whose business it is to oppose the truth which we teach. We have to maintain an institution, which tries to pull down that which thousands would be willing to die to maintain; that which our fathers died for, and rotted in prison to put down, we have to contribute to support; and can we help feeling indignant?"

Mr. Spencer's closing words are, that nothing short of an apology from Canon Thynne will be considered satisfactory, and asks if "it is not better to acknowledge an error than persist in it; to confess a failure than to still abide *groaning* under its effects," and in a postscript says that the curate very lately said to one of the Bible Christians, that "Spencer has no more right to preach than my walking-stick; and I wonder that when he administers the Holy Communion that he and all the lot of them are not struck dead on the spot."

This correspondence speaks for itself, but it is chiefly valuable as indicating the sentiments that many of the clergy cherish towards Dissenters, and of their determination to counteract their efforts and, if possible, to seriously impair and imperil their existence as Christian Churches throughout the land.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

THIS announcement will be heard with deep regret everywhere. By a strange and melancholy coincidence she died on the same day of the same month as her honoured father did seventeen years ago. Her devotion as a daughter in nursing her father then, as a sister since, and quite lately as a wife and mother, is beyond all praise. With the Queen and her family all hearts will sympathise in this sore bereavement, and the remembrance of the great virtues of the deceased princess will stimulate, we hope, persons of all classes to seek to emulate them.

Brief Notices of Books.

New Coins from old Gold: or Homely Hints from Holy Writ. By THOMAS CHAMPNESS. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

DISTINGUISHED for its quaint yet beautiful simplicity of style, its cheerful tone, and its spiritual insight. These bright new coins, if not of greater intrinsic value than some already in circulation, will be greatly prized wherever known.

Jeroboam. By JAMES HAWKINS. To be had only of the Author, St. Ives, Cornwall.

AN able and instructive lecture.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:o:—

THE WAR-FEVER.

FOR many months past a determined and preserving effort has been made by a section of the Public Press, and by several members of Her Majesty's Government, to awaken the war-like instincts of the British people, and to raise the bull-dog bark of "Rule Britannia." It is impossible to argue the question with these men, or with their more enthusiastic admirers, for a smart reply is with them weightier than truth, and a gospel-text is crushed with an epigram. The conduct of the *Pall Mall Gazette* aptly illustrates my meaning. This self-elected representative of "culture and light" has deliberately and repeatedly held up every argument based on morality and religion to ridicule and contempt. If conduct like this reflects, as I suppose it does, the tone and feeling of the Clubs, then what is called *Society* is just now inspired by the very worst teachings of Voltaire, without the redeeming virtues of the Frenchman. So then may the writer and all he dearest loves tread the secluded walks of rural life, and know as little of society, as the club-lounger of Pall Mall knows of the Sermon on the Mount.

A broad distinction is always made between defensive and aggressive warfare; and most men who are not prepared to dethrone the heavens and abide the consequence, admit that aggressive war is "the sum of all villainies." Now whoever asserts that England's wars have not been almost always aggressive, is either wofully ignorant or wilfully untrue. But the so-called *glory* of English arms was won in these aggressive conflicts, and therefore the very triumphs we so loudly boast ought to make us blush for Fatherland.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

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To "preserve the balance of power," (whatever that may mean, and no politician has yet attempted to explain the phrase), or to secure some "scientific frontier" has been our excuse for appealing to the sword. Let us recall the incidents of two or three of our most *illustrious* conflicts.

Without the shadow of a claim Henry V. demanded the crown of France and carried fire and sword into the realm that refused his sway. Yet we vaunt the laurels of Agincourt and flippantly tell the tale of Verneuil! William III., with no greater prudence and a trifle more justice, wasted British money and British blood in his conflicts with Louis Quatorze, and the ministers of Queen Anne too readily copied the blunder. Now come the wide-blown triumphs of Marlborough, and the name of Blenheim is enshrined with Crecy and Agincourt. And what of the tremendous French war of 1796-1815? Prevaricate and shuffle as we may we cannot escape the terrible responsibility. Prussia, Austria, and England made a wanton and dastardly attack on a country in the throes of that fearful revolution which the *military glory* of Louis XIV. had provoked. Foreign interference was precisely the one thing which could hush the tumult within and direct the energies of the new republic to a common end. It drove her to military despotism. In Napoleon Buonaparte she found a ruler stern of will and skilful in war. She made him her representative and chief. He swept back the invaders; pursued the Prussian and the Austrian across their own frontiers and made them cringe at his feet. Then English politicians thundered their anathemas against the ambitious parvenu, and the British House of Commons voted gold in waggon-loads and rivers of blood to dethrone a man, who, but for the selfish policy of the houses of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, and Guelph, had never reigned.

Be it remarked too that these celebrated conflicts were as useless as they were wicked. The very historians who linger with sickening relish over the carnage of Crecy and Agincourt, venture with rare effrontery to thank heaven for the reverses of 1430-50, which robbed Henry VI. of more than his father and Edward III. had won. The trophies of Marlborough purchased the treaty of Utrecht; and the tremendous conflict with Napoleon brought the "Holy Alliance," and the treaty of Vienna, which was to settle for ever the respective nationalities of Europe, but of which not a vestige now exists. Who now seriously doubts that the Russian war of 1854-5 was as fruitless as Mr. Bright predicted it would prove?

Now let us inquire how these "glorious triumphs" affect the welfare of the people. "By their fruits shall ye know them"—

whether persons or things: "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

The soldier, first, if anyone, ought to enjoy the blessings of war. What are they? For himself, decrepitude, mutilation, or death: for his family, if married, the workhouse, beggary, or starvation. The general in command is laden with honours, often utterly undeserved; the poor soldier fights his way through famine, sickness, and blood, to enjoy, after the loss of health and limbs, a pittance of from 1s. to 2s. per day; or is thrown with a heap of his comrades into the nearest ditch to tell the passer-by what "glory" costs. And what of the industrious poor? Does war enrich or otherwise benefit them? Let the social history of our own country during the Napoleonic wars, and in the years immediately subsequent to Waterloo reply. Myriads had to starve to supply the army of Wellington with powder and steel; and the bonfires that blazed in honour of Trafalgar and Waterloo threw a ghastly glare on the haggard visages of the famished wretches whose life-blood was paying the cost. Upwards of fifty millions sterling are now annually voted to pay the expenses of wars gone by, or to prepare for wars to come. Is permanent national prosperity possible under such circumstances? It would appear that the present Prime Minister believes all this and more; for he taxes his utmost ingenuity to make the outlay greater and the drain the deeper. Talk of "plundering and blundering"! It would be no easy task to discover in the records of human folly an example of plundering more vexatious, or blundering more insane.

But after all, India is the great military boast of England; and it is triumphantly asserted that along with "national glory" we have there acquired national wealth and prosperity. Doubtless the acquisition of India, "the brightest jewel in Britain's crown,"—a jewel, by the way, that cost everything that makes a crown worth having—has enriched many hundreds of individuals, and offered highly remunerative employ to officers and clerks. But it may be safely affirmed that of the entire population of the British Isles not one in a hundred has ever been benefited a single penny by this "splendid conquest;" while the massacres of Delhi and Cawnpore, the tears of thousands of widows and orphans, the sickness, the debauchery, and blasphemy weigh down the opposite beam. Great as has been the traffic with India, it might have been as great or even greater without bloodshed. Our commerce with the United States has always been more extensive than with India; and this is carried on with an independent State. Commerce was the excuse, territorial conquest our ultimate wish in India.

War disguised as commerce came,
 Britain, carrying sword and flame,
 Won an empire—*lost her name.*

The defence of our Indian Empire, thus acquired, is one great argument for maintaining a large standing army in time of peace. The only other excuse I ever heard assigned is the defence of our own country in case of threatened invasion. Let us examine this matter candidly, and see if the evil referred to is unavoidable or self-inflicted.

But, first, what does a standing army mean? It means *at best* the withdrawal of 200,000 men from productive labour to live in worse than idleness at other men's expense, and to carry moral and physical pollution of the foulest kind into every garrison-town in the kingdom. *This at best*, in time of peace. In time of war it means to arm these 200,000 men with hell-fire to burn and destroy their fellow-men. Now what are the excuses for thus consecrating a national priesthood to Moloch and Astarte?

"The army alone can defend us against foreign invasion." More easily asserted than proved. Twice only, since 1066, has England been seriously threatened by the foreigner, in 1588 and in 1798-1805: (the Dutch menace in 1667 and the threats of the allies during the American War of Independence, seem to have been mere bravado). In 1588, Philip II., backed by all the wealth and power of Spain, Austria, America, and the Indies, and by the blessing of an "infallible" pontiff, sent his armada to force the inquisition on our fathers. He was resisted, *not by a standing army*, for none existed, but by the bold seamen of Devonshire, and by sturdy yeomen volunteers from all parts of the country. These were the men, who, assisted by the winds of heaven, blasted the hopes of Philip II., filled the Vatican with mourning, and turned the counsels of Alessandro Farnese into foolishness. England, as we have seen, provoked the attempt of Napoleon; but even in this case we found safety in the "wooden wall," not in the army. It may however be alleged that to disarm in face of the mighty armaments of the Continent would be sheer madness. Is then the present state of affairs to be regarded as permanent? and are the nations of Europe to multiply year by year the instruments of death till every able-bodied man becomes a soldier? If so, there is only one resource left—let us all pray with one unbroken cry for the millennium. Some one nation must set the example of disarmament, and good, like evil, will prove contagious. Which so well prepared for this as England? Safe in her insular position, and guarded by incomparably the strongest navy in the world, what has she to fear? Her army is an engine of aggression.

"But this would end in the loss of India." Perchance it might. It is no business of mine to argue the question; let the men who conquered India look to that. If an empire, bought with blood, can only be retained by a perpetuity of guilt, let it perish. The wrath of heaven is more terrible than the clamour of the Carlton Club. We are fearfully indebted to India, and the enlistment of native regiments will not discharge the obligation. Let us send her Christian governors, equal laws, kindly institutions, and above all the heralds of the Gospel of Peace; so heaven and earth may forgive the iniquity of our fathers in this matter.

"But to secure peace we must be prepared for war." The argument is an old one. Every school boy remembers it in his crib. The student of the third of Genesis will however hardly fail to recognise its real author. It is not uncharitable to suspect the honesty of any man who ventures to use it.

Is it not with war as with every evil else; do not the knowledge and the means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done? What was the true cause of the murderous Franco-Prussian war? The countless legions of both nations panting for the fray; not the flimsy pretexts alleged by the respective monarchs. The voice of Universal History is on this question clear, definite, and decisive. Wherever there has been a large standing army, rulers have been compelled to find it employment in foreign wars. I have yet to learn that the history of the whole world furnishes a single exception to the rule. When therefore we read of noble Lords and Right Honourable Commoners resorting to this transparent sophistry we are compelled to smile at their folly, or to lament their dishonesty.

"But the army and navy stand and fall together: if you get rid of the one service you must also of the other." *Praeclara dies veniat.* But all in good time. The army is useless except for aggression, the navy may yet be needed to guard our homes. Not that there is any real danger of foreign invasion, which has always been a bugbear to frighten dupes. It will however be early enough to deal with the navy when we have learnt to dispense with the army. Only let us learn as a nation to "Fear God and work righteousness," and we shall find a surer defence than armed battalions or ironclads.

Now as war is so terrible an evil, and as a large standing army is so certain to provoke wars, let us endeavour to ascertain why the people do not raise their voices as the voice of one man, and peremptorily demand the extermination of the curse.

In the first place, *the army offers convenient employment for the younger sons of the nobility and landed aristocracy.* A very large percentage of the members of both Houses of Parliament consists of military men, or the near relatives of military men. No sooner

therefore are any steps taken to reduce the standing army, or to substitute national arbitration for the appeal to the sword, than an uneasy muttering is heard, "this our craft is in danger"; then Mr. Disraeli or some other person apt at epigram, and nothing scrupulous, coins a watchword, which is at once caught up by the rabble; now come the swagger and fanfaronade; a godless press rejoices in the hubbub; the whole nation is worked into a ferment; and, as with the Ephesians of old, the "more part" cannot guess what all the yelling means.

Wealth and honour are too profusely lavished on military success. The victorious general is overwhelmed with honour, panegyric, and emolument; whilst men permit their noblest benefactors to die in obscurity and sometimes in want. The money lavished on the Churchill family for the victory of Blenheim must be reckoned in hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the nation goes on paying still. Now all this wealth, enough to support many hundreds of families in ease and respectability, was lavished on one of the most despicable characters that disgrace the annals of mankind, and for gaining a victory which our national Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht appraised at—*nothing!* The Duke of Wellington was an incomparably nobler man: whatever may have been his political mistakes, one cannot doubt, after reading Maxwell's "Life," that he was an Englishman, right worthy and true. But the boundless wealth and honours showered on this deserving general tempt baser minds to baser ends. Villains try by crooked paths to reach the eminence he attained by merit. "Every petting, petty officer" sounds the shrill blast of war, that his name, forsooth, may grace another Waterloo.

An enormously exaggerated estimate is placed on military genius. "Military science" which they talk about and teach about so glibly is shown by a thousand incidents to be little better than a gigantic sham. The dunce Napoleon "violates every principle of the military art," and annihilates the Austrians withal. (The thought and almost the language are borrowed from Carlyle.) Even the genius of Napoleon is genius of a very low order, in no way comparable to the genius of Homer or Æschylus, of Shakespeare or Milton, of Plato or Aristotle, of Bacon or Newton, of Galileo or Göthe, of Phidias or Angelo, of Handel or Beethoven. The intellectual qualifications of a great commander seem to be of the same type as those required by the great engineer or builder, but inferior to both. Not infrequently however through the ignorance of his critics, the veriest blockhead may in war acquire promotion and fame. A general confessed to Gulliver in the land of Glubbdubdrib, that "he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill-conduct."

Twenty others would readily make the same confession if all the shades are alike ingenuous in Hades. Not at Balaklava only have the veterans seen and felt "that some one had blundered." The worse than questionable "glory" of Culloden hides the stupidity of Fontenoy.

It is of course quite certain that some men of the most exalted genius have been soldiers; as the history of the world is little else than a record of blood-shed, it could hardly be otherwise. When therefore we see military genius combined with the noblest qualities of head and heart, and employed only in defence of the dearest rights of humanity we reverence, admire, and love. The name of Washington will be dear to myriads yet unborn when the memory of Marlborough has perished. The splendid talents of Julius Cæsar, "the noblest man that ever lived on the tide of time," will always win the admiration of mankind, though his character cannot secure our love. But who except a madman would compare the genius of Nelson with that of Milton? And what shall we say of that writer, who, while professing the devoutest attachment to Christianity, dares to waft to heaven the soul of a libertine in the chariot of Elijah?

Military courage is as over-estimated as military genius. The boasted "heroism" of our "brave soldiers" is, I fear, their deadliest sin. When a man rushes on his fellow-man like a demon, regardless of his own life and thirsting only for his foe's, he does not rise above mankind, but sinks beneath the brute. Sometimes, too, the "cool intrepidity" which poets and historians delight to describe, betrays a deeper, darker, deadlier fall than the frenzied rage of battle. The unimpassioned brow of Marlborough is the seal of his utter depravity of soul.

"Fearless—because no feeling dwells in ice;
Its very courage stagnates to a vice."

Who would compare the tiger-rage or cool intrepidity of battle with the courage of Grace Darling? Many a delicate maiden, many a beloved wife and mother, in obedience to the holiest calls of that Christ-love which is the perfection of humanity, confronts "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and at the bedside of cholera or typhus, intercedes to "save a soul from death." Here is heroism, Christ-like, God-like; the other is the heroism of the bottomless pit. The day shall yet come when the Hindu, telling the story of the Englishman's daring shall recall the name not of Robert Clive, but of Henry Martyn.

And last: *war panders to men's basest passions and appetites, and will always find advocates among the reprobates of the race.* A battlefield is a mightier prize-ring, and a victorious general a deadlier

Sayers. We recoil in pious horror from the gladiatorial shows of degenerate Rome, and in righteous indignation exclaim: "If we had lived in those days we would not have been partakers of their guilt;" and yet a whole nation looks on the mightier arena of Alma or Inkermann,

Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war,

and hisses or applauds as the game goes on! We pick a quarrel with Afghanistan, and, with vampire arithmetic, calculate the percentage of the slain, as if men were of less worth than oxen, and murder were a national pastime! From blood-guiltiness "good Lord deliver us."

In conclusion, let me say that there are times in a nation's history when the sword alone can vindicate the right, and when resistance becomes a duty. But it is not the standing army that at such times comes "to the help of Jehovah against the mighty;" nor does a nation at such a crisis seek or find its boldest defenders among the persifleurs that mock and lie for the *Daily Telegraph*, or the swaggering habitués of Old Drury pit. The founders of the Swiss Confederacy and of the Dutch Republic, and our own Ironsides, were men of another mould. Jehovah will not recruit his ranks from the myrmidons of Moloch and Mephistopheles. The day however comes, distant though it seem, when all the brotherhood of all the nations shall hush their wars and bow in ready obedience not to the Zeus of battle, but to the Prince of Peace.

DREAM-LAND.

IS THERE anyone a stranger to the fascinating wonders which throng this ærial region of hope and joy? Who has not come under the fairy spell of dream-land, and, soaring away on the wings of imagination, gradually become lost to all the dull practical concerns of life; thrilled only with intense interest in the visions arising within the theatre of the brain? Childhood and manhood, youth and old age, poverty and riches alike, leave mankind this sweet legacy of a temporary immunity from sorrow; a brief oblivion from care, and a deliverance from the heart's own misery as dream-land floats upon the senses, and weaves its slight gossamer fabrics around us! Old grudges, old animosities are buried and forgotten in the atmosphere of dreams; ancient wrongs are redressed; old fears are lulled and gone, and the sweet balm of forgiveness soothes our angered memories, as the past is lifted away from its surroundings and brought into the light of better emotions and holier instincts. How touching is the thought that often in dream-land we

clasp the hands that waking we should have spurned so haughtily, as if God thereby would infuse a purer, nobler ideal into our grosser selves! In the dream-land we traverse in sleep, sometimes, we seem to have abandoned our worst feelings, and to have gently passed into a mood urging us to deeds and words foreign to our usual modes. Would to God that we could carry some of the sweet and holy attributes of dream-land out into the world, and could preserve some of the instincts which that world of fitful changes reveals as possibilities within us! But dream-land has its horrors, as well as its beauties, and often-times the heart throbs with joy when terrible scenes in which we acted ignobly and basely pass away before the clear light of reality. How mysterious is the dream-land peopled with shadows and spectres of grim and fearful appearance, and how gladly do we escape from its gloomy influence! Dream-land is a region visited by all of us, and though often replete with grotesque, uncouth caricatures of life, yet in some of the subtle impulses it gives us; in the almost childlike simplicity it imparts to our actions, one may see an earnest of a better state where earthly impurity may not enter.

O enchanter of human life, thou holdest captive our spirits, and transportest us into an image we know not, nor could recognise as ourselves, were it not for thy harmonizing power. To the poverty-stricken thou bringest hours of sweet forgetfulness; to the sorrow-laden rosy dreams of a happiness ahead that shall one day be realised. To the soul that grovels thou revealest pageantries in the bosom of darkness, and dost elevate the mind by contemplation of thy wonders! The weary and the despised, the criminal and the outcast are not neglected by thee, and oftentimes the aged mendicant is carried back from the cruel, cold streets, and the hunger and crime of a wasted life, to a childhood set in scenes of love and joy, until the poor eyes, wet with tears of happiness, open but to find thy sceptre powerless over waking hours, and the grim reality present still! Thou, O dream-land, dost lead us to place our revenge and hate on the pure altar of forgiveness, to sink them for ever in oblivion. In the realms thou dost open to our view, we meet the dear figures long vanished to the great beyond, and greet the loved and lost once more!

Yet there are other dream-lands beside the dream-land of sleep; at least so are they termed by practical minds. There is the dream-land of him who seeks to lift daily life and thought and action above the gross worldly level to which it is ever apt to sink, and to place it higher, while instilling a better principle into its character. There is the dream-land of those who are not contented to rest in idleness, and let the world wag on as it will; but whose souls are fired with noble impulses and fervent desires for the elevation and amelioration of mankind. There is the dream-land of that band of heroes who, in the teeth of all the opposition which this keen scientific age offers to pure spiritual ideas, persist in their faith in the unseen and intangible world; clinging tenaciously to the truths that were once flashed from heaven, and are now crystallised and concentrated in the Book Divine. Words cannot reveal the bitter-

ness of scorn launched at men such as we have described by the calculating, cold and selfish utilitarians of the day.

We observe this spirit now gaining much ground, and effecting a vast amount of mischief in our midst. It has got to be an axiom that the leaders who advocate purity and justice in national dealings, as equally essential to rectitude of aim between individuals, are "dreamers;" men of too lofty an ideal for practical life; men who are lost to the claims of necessity, and immersed in a cloud of visions and unrealities which it is impossible to reduce to real action. It really staggers one to find that absolute trash, so apparent, so shameless, should be listened to with patience for one moment! Are we then placed in this world for no better object than to do as the majority are doing; to form a servile copy of prevalent principles? Is it to be a dreamer merely to aspire to the highest ideal of purpose and motive, to strain every endeavour to rise in conceptions of duty rather than lazily sink into the prevailing tone which characterises depraved humanity everywhere? If we accept the verdict of social and political sharpeners, such is the case. Hatred of the worst kind, insult, calumny and contempt have been hurled at the writings and speeches of exalted men among us who are accused and traduced on no other grounds than that of being in this sense "dreamers" instead of practical men. They urged that in times of national difficulty and trial, the course of *rectitude* and not that of *self-interest* was the course proper to pursue. For this they are denominated foolish dreamers, and sentimental visionaries. They are said to be false guides, living and moving in a world of visions, of air-built castles, of motives and resolves too lofty to be acted on, of theories too pure and fantastic ever to be realized amongst mortals, and therefore meriting only laughter and contempt. Against the perilous influence and false cant which so characterises modern selfishness, let us hereby record our most determined protest, as we love the truth, and spurn that fertile sophistry which seeks to cloak evil and reckless action under the disguise of essentiality and necessity.

If this be dream-land, if it be the mark of a dreamer to hope and endeavour, and aspire to holier, happier, and purer conditions of society and social life, to do the best that seems available towards raising the standard of morality obtaining amongst our fellow-men, and to encourage not a petty and narrow national spirit, but a far-reaching sympathy with humanity in every land,—then, by all that is good and Christ-like, let *us* be dreamers. Bad indeed would it be for us had we no such men to leaven the depravity which characterises the masses of our race everywhere. Poor would be the prospects of the world's regeneration did it rest with those who would despise and flout every effort directed as we have hinted, for we have seen recently how mean, cowardly, and grovelling, is the tendency both of their theory and their practice. No! let us rather aspire and struggle upwards, than basely follow such blind guides; for if we cannot work out all our dreams, at least we shall be the better for making earnest and honest endeavours to do so. If we cannot all at once bathe the world in the rosy light of our dream-

land, still we shall shed some rays abroad and get a few steps in advance; at least we shall not retrograde into barbarism. Dreamers! it is a poor and false assertion, and those who make it are ignorant of the true reading of human life, and blind and deaf to its highest capabilities. Nothing is impracticable to us if we keep in view the most exalted standards of justice and purity, but he who never plants a foot upon the rocky mountain path, cannot expect to reach the snowy heights above. All hail, then, to the "dreamers" amongst us, who by their burning words and eloquent pleadings have performed all that God enabled them, to sting the consciences and arouse the shame of this people, and urge it to a better course for the future!

There are some also, who would teach us that to plant a firm faith in the unseen and the spiritual is to live in dream-land,—unsubstantial and absurd, destined to crumble at the first touch of fiery trial. They tell us these visions may be very beautiful, very entrancing; they admit that they may be very elevating for our minds to speculate upon, but after all they are nothing but dreams, vanishing certainly as the iron grip of the last change annihilates us for evermore. It cannot be! Against the wisdom and wit, the research and the science of men, we have but one assertion to cast, yet that is a word from Divine authority and stands us in good stead. To it let us cling, and to the silent assurance which we feel within us of the better and purer state awaiting us yonder! No dream-land in that; unless we say that after all the dreamers are they who have read out most truly the unwritten symbols testifying to humanity of a life everlasting, to which our worldly existence is but the portal. All is not real that seems to be so tangible, firm and lasting. Even this material, solid globe on which we live, with multitudes of the bodies which whirl in space, is changing, and constant never. So that the truly *real* is the unseen, and dream-land, with its strange and yet sublime imagery, suggests subtle truths more abiding than much that is seen and felt and analysed. Glimpses of a future life are often flashed in upon us in dreams; thoughts deep, touching and powerful rise within us as the world recedes from view, and the vast experiences that we pass through speak of capabilities that lie dormant as well as of faculties as yet untried and unemployed.

Our poets dwell in dream-land, also, and O how much does humanity owe of goodness, sobriety and truth gloriously emblazoned in their pages, to such dreamers as these! These fiery, earnest spirits are messengers who speed to visionary spheres of light and purity, and come back laden with spoil for our benefit. They withdraw from the paltry rules of the world's framing, and think and write by the higher standards of the dreamland in which they revel. They work out shapes of matchless beauty, heroism and goodness, and from the storehouse of the imagination they build up gorgeous palaces and scenes that may well cause us to reverence their memory. They enchant many a weary hour with their music, they lift us to higher and better thoughts by the stately beauty of their orchestral melodies. O mighty poets, yours is a sublime gift,

for greater are the sweet singers of dreamland than the wisest sages that ever trod the earth ! They expand our hearts to entertain heroic sentiments and generous sympathies. From the dull cares of life, from the narrow selfishness of a mere animal existence we glide into a fresh world, and imbibe the lessons insidiously taking possession of us, as their burning words ring in our ears. If the poet's work be dreaming, then indeed is such dreaming a blessing to the world which it could ill dispense with. But we feel sure that in the wildest phantasy ever breathed, in the most daring vision ever penned that seeks to rise to things and ideas unknown in social life, we have a sure promise that all this groping upwards, this feeling after something holier and less polluted by human frailty will culminate in the realisation one day of the dreamer's vision !

What is more beautiful than the dream-land of childhood, or the waking reveries of the young ? Peopled with changes and fantastic forms ; filled with the faces of the loved ones ; radiant with hopes which seem full of promise ; redundant with joys, and savouring but of pleasures buoyant as air, and innocent love without a touch of selfishness ? O this dream-land of our early days, why does it flee away so rapidly ? Could we but catch and arrest the rainbow glories of these youthful dreams and keep them to warm our hearts in later days, what would we give ? But as years roll on, one after another of the cherished pictures fade, one after another the sweet voices we once heard are hushed ; one after another the bells which rang their festive chimes are silent, or are tolling muffled peals of mourning to our listening spirits ! Gone ! and the chill grey of a winter reality broods over the graves that mark the objects of our young dreams. Fled is that region of fairy-land ; vanished is the glamour that settled upon the path we then looked forth upon, but now retrace with wistful, tearful eyes ! Yet brother, sister, why should we be filled with regrets, have we not a better dream-land still, and one that we can now resort to for inspiration and elevation ? Yes, we have, indeed. No power, no vista of years that reproach us with resolutions broken, or time misspent can shut us from the dream-land of earnest endeavours, purer aspirations, noble actions to be struggled for in the unrealized future. The Past is sealed and gone ; but we may yet turn to the dream-land of the Future, and gather comfort and counsel and encouragement. Let us people our dream-land with realities ; let us work with prayer and faith at these silent regions, filled with our holiest ideals and best imaginings ; where we pour forth our better selves in feverish desires after godliness and rectitude. This may be a dream-land to the many around us ; to us it should be the arbiter and directing power of our outward life. Let us get away from the bustle and glare and selfishness of modern life, and pause sometimes to revel in the dream-land of a healthier atmosphere, for it will do us good. Then our visions will give a stimulus to right action, and go far towards lifting us above the level of narrow worldliness ; spiritualizing and tranquillizing the storms of every-day existence. Disregarding the cant and sophistry that sneers at the dream-land of pure thought

and earnest truthfulness, let us not be ashamed to avow that we are thus far dreamers,—having a shrine of ideals that we seek to assimilate ourselves to, and a rich fount of philosophy drawn from the pages of Holy Writ to regulate life and thought and action.

E. CLIFFORD.

THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE IN THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the Bible Christian Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—A bundle of letters has come into my hands on a variety of subjects. I have transcribed the following, and if you approve, I shall be pleased to make further selections for the benefit of your readers.

Wishing you a year of great success in your editorial work,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

T. J.

March 6th, 1861.

My dear B——,—You are not the only one who has found in the passage a stumbling-stone.* Of course, taking your view of the passage, I do not wonder at your difficulty. The wonder would be if *you did not* find a difficulty. But put the saddle on the right horse; do not make the text responsible for the difficulty; rather set it down to your own *misinterpretation* of the text. It is not an uncommon thing to hear men protest against what they call the teachings of the Bible, when in reality they are protesting against their own erroneous notions of what the scriptures teach. Your difficulty arises wholly from your—in my opinion—mistaken view of the visitation spoken of. I do not think the passage has any reference whatever to the *penal*, but only what may be termed the *natural*, consequences of sin. The natural consequences of the evil doings of the father are visited on the children. I look upon the passage as an emphatic statement of the *hereditary principle in human nature*. The ancient Jew needed such a statement of this important law, and it is not less needed in the present day. It is but seldom that this subject finds its way into the pulpit; it would be well if it were more frequently discoursed upon by Christian teachers, for I cannot think it possible to over-estimate its importance.

This hereditary principle comes home to every man; we each of us inherit elements which have been transmitted to us from the past, and which we in turn shall transmit to the future. What of the physical constitution which children inherit from their parents? How many of the diseases which afflict the race to-day are hereditary? They have been transmitted from parent to child, and we

* The passage referred to is Ex. xxxiv. 7: "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children unto the third and to the fourth generation."

recognise the principle in the common expression, "It runs in the family." Men, with diseased and crippled constitutions, transmit them to their children, and they in their turn transmit them to their children, and so it goes on from generation to generation, until the stock dies out, or new and healthy blood comes in to correct and purify the old and corrupt tendencies.

You need not go to a physician to learn these things. Instances meet you at every turn. There are men in society to-day who are ever and anon sinning against the laws of health; such are their habits and excesses that they daily sow seed which will bear a harvest of rottenness and ruin in generations yet unborn. Thus a man has power to curse his children to the third and fourth generation. When an individual who is destroying his constitution by his evil courses, meets your reproof with, "What matters it, I am only injuring myself. I alone am the sufferer," he loses sight of this hereditary principle through which he is treasuring up disease and suffering for those who are to come after him.

Further, we see the working of this principle in the mental qualities which children inherit from their parents. How often do you find the mental qualities of men reproduce themselves in their offspring? When you observe certain mental peculiarities manifesting themselves in a child; peculiarities which mark the child off from most other children, and you are told that the same peculiarities characterized the father before him, you regard that as a sufficient explanation, you say, "That accounts for it." Men who neglect the proper training of their minds do not suffer alone from such neglect, their children suffer therefrom and are placed thereby at a certain disadvantage in the struggle of life.

And in how many instances, my dear friends, do we find children inheriting the moral qualities of their parents! The child of dishonest, untruthful parents finds it more difficult to follow in the path of uprightness, than the child of parents who love the way of truth and integrity. It is easier for the child of virtuous parents to be virtuous than it is for the child of vicious parents, because the moral qualities of men tend to reproduce themselves in their offspring. How astonished we are when we see the child of virtuous parents following a vicious life; we exclaim, "How strange, when you take into account the purity and virtue of his parents!" We do not feel such astonishment when the children of vicious parents grow up into vice, the astonishment arises when they show any strong tendency to the pure and virtuous. I do not say there are no exceptions to the rule,—and what rule is there without exceptions,—but the exceptions only give prominence and emphasis to the rule.

Again, is it not a fact that children often inherit the reproach of their parents. The convict, the murderer, do they stand alone in the infamy which they have brought upon themselves? No, they transmit the same to their children, they have to carry the burden of shame, the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Very much of the state of society to-day is the work of our

fathers. What evils those of the past have entailed on the present generation in the shape of unjust laws, superstitious beliefs, political inequalities, crushing temptations, and godless literature. Have we not to suffer to-day for the follies and sins of our fathers?

These are facts which it is not possible to deny. The hereditary principle has been at work all through the generations of the past, and men have not failed to perceive it. "Our fathers have sinned and are not, and we have borne their iniquities," exclaimed the Jew of old, and so universally was this principle recognized in the days of the prophets that it had become a national proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

Now I have no doubt you have often heard men complain of this principle, and protest very loudly against it, but I contend that in the principle itself there is not the slightest ground for complaint; that, on the contrary, it is most wise and beneficent. Yes, my friend, I say *beneficent*, for while it has often conveyed a curse, it has often conveyed a blessing; while it is the channel of much that is evil, it is also the channel of much that is good.

Have we inherited evil, and only evil, from our fathers? Your hale constitution—have you not received it from your fathers? Your vigorous intellect—I am using no flattery—have you not inherited it from your fathers? Are there not those within the circle of your acquaintance who have inherited from their parents purity of feeling and soul, an honourable and a virtuous name?

And is this generation in no way indebted to past generations? Do we owe nothing to our predecessors? The present greatness of our country—is it our work, or the work of those who have gone before us? The magnificent institutions which give honour to the English name,—were they founded by us or by our fathers? The civil and religious liberties which we enjoy,—did we win them for ourselves, or were they won for us by our fathers amid many tears and prayers, and at the cost of much precious blood? Our literature!—have we not received it as an inheritance from our fathers? The inventions which so largely contribute to the comfort of our daily life—were they not the inventions of past generations? The very homes we inherit are the work of other hands. Those who went before us laboured, and we have entered into their labours.

Does not all this show to us the beneficence of this hereditary principle? A man must be blind indeed who fails to see what an unmixed good this principle might and would have been to the race had it not been for the perversion of sin. Had it not been for sin it would have been the channel of good, and only good; it would have enriched each succeeding generation with the wealth of his predecessors. Men find fault with the laws of God when they ought to be giving heed to the character of their every day life, they often charge those laws with what really grows out of their transgression of them. If I thrust my hand into the fire and receive an injury, would you think me a wise man to find fault with God's constitution of things and protest against the law which

makes fire to burn? Would you not turn on me and say, "My good friend, do not find fault with the Divine arrangement, it is your own folly which has brought you the suffering. Why did you thrust your hand into the fire?" And so these find fault with this hereditary principle in God's government and ask, "Why has God made us thus? Why this principle which has brought us so much evil? How much better it would have been if no such principle existed? Nay! nay! the *principle* is right, it is wise and beneficent, but it is *you* who are wrong, it is your wrong-doing which makes it a curse when it might be a blessing."

I have said that this principle comes home to every man, but it comes home especially to parents. There is no relationship into which a man can enter involving such solemn and weighty responsibilities as that of a parent. It is impossible for a parent, of all men, to live unto himself. He stands related to posterity, and his life will be a blessing or a curse as no other life can be. What a grave consideration is this? A consideration which no right-minded man can think of lightly or pass by with indifference. His constitution, with its weaknesses or excellences, will reproduce itself in the constitution of his offspring, and I cannot but regard it as a terrible crime on the part of any man to hand down to others a constitution crippled with feebleness and rotten with disease, a constitution having more of death than of life in it. And the same may be said of transmitting to others unholy dispositions, and appetites and desires. The men who do so grievously sin against posterity. Rather let us seek to transmit to our children health of body, and vigour of constitution, and purity of disposition, that thus they may be blessed in us.

This hereditary principle must not be lost sight of in the training of the young. Our aim must be to bring them into right relationship with the laws of God; the laws of the physical and of the moral world. Instruct them in the laws of health, teach them how to take care of their bodies, that they may transmit to others strength and vigour rather than deformity, disease, and death. Give them a good mental and moral training; watch over their dispositions and tendencies; let evil be nipped in the bud before it has time to drop its seed, that thus they may grow up with healthy bodies, rightly developed minds, pure dispositions, and godly affections. It is in this way that the world is to be lifted on to a higher platform and a nobler life.

Let us each remember that we are responsible to our contemporaries, responsible to posterity, and above all responsible to God for our lives on earth.

Ever yours,

B. W. KRAL.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS AND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

ONE of these is said to represent the earth's mean distance from the sun. Thus, the vertical height of the Pyramid, multiplied by its own factor, the ninth power of ten, gives the result of 91,840,000—a very near approximation to the distance of the sun in miles, as recently ascertained.

In no scientific problem has human calculation been more diversified and erroneous than in the estimates formed as to the sun's distance from the earth. In the early ages of the Greeks, the sun was supposed to be about ten miles distant from the earth; the estimate increased slowly to 10,000; Pythagoras supposed the distance to be about 44,000 miles; afterwards the estimate slowly rose to 2,500,000; even Copernicus and Tycho [Brahe] supposed it to be only about 4,800,000 miles distant; under Kepler it rose to 36,000,000; in the time of Louis XIV., under the astronomer La Caille, it leaped to 78,000,000; and, at length, about the beginning of the present century, it sprang up to 95,200,000; and at this computation it stood for nearly half-a-century,—supposed to be the best and the grandest result of human science. Could it have been thought probable that even this calculation would prove to be erroneous, and that the Great Pyramid's indications would anticipate further discoveries by an approach to exactness nearer than all that astronomy had yet achieved? Yet so it was.

Mr. W. F. Petrie tried the principle of the pyramid computation; he rendered the vertical height of the Great Pyramid into British inches, then multiplied them by 10^9 , and then reduced them into British miles; but he found the result to be only 91,840,000 miles. This was of course 3,360,000 miles below the calculations of the most perfect astronomy. Mr. Petrie, never dreaming that the figures of astronomers were too large, threw his own calculations aside as erroneous. But ere long it was announced that more recent discoveries had proved that astronomers had been greatly mistaken in their calculations; for more accurate observations on the transit of the planet Venus, made by the most eminent astronomers in different parts of the world in 1874, had proved that the actual distance of the sun was not 95,200,000 miles, but from two to three millions of miles less than that distance. For the distance of the sun as now determined by our Astronomer-Royal, Professor Airy, is but 93,300,000; but as stated by other astronomers is only 91,420,000. Take the mean of these two, and we find it so nearly approximates to Mr. Petrie's calculations as to show that his *data*, derived from the Great Pyramid, were far more exact than the observations of all astronomers had hitherto been—so exact, indeed, that a mere fractional error in the measurement on either side would account for the difference. Indeed, according to Sir John Herschel, an error represented by the breadth of a human hair, viewed at a distance of 125 feet, would more than suffice to account

for the difference between the result deduced from the Great Pyramid, and the recent calculations of astronomers.

Is it not wonderful that this ancient massive structure—the Great Pyramid—should have embodied in its solid masonry the proportions which agree with, and seem to indicate, that grand astronomical truth—the earth's distance from the sun—about which scientific men have blundered for so many centuries, and have only lately discovered? Was this astronomical truth embodied in this stone monument, 4,000 years ago, by a mere accident, or as the effect of intelligence and design? The reader may judge for himself?

* * The foregoing is a paragraph from a remarkable lecture by Dr. W. Cooke in which he gives in a small compass the pith of several large and expensive works. The lecture is published by Partridge and Co., price 6d.

PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

“**THEN** they cried unto the Lord in their trouble” (Psalm cvii. 6). Not till they were in extremities did they pray, but the mercy is that they prayed *then*, and prayed in the right manner, with a *cry*, and to the right person, even to *the Lord*. Nothing else remained for them to do; they could not help themselves, or find help in others, and therefore they cried to God. Supplications which are forced out of us by stern necessity are none the less acceptable with God; but indeed, they have all the more prevalence, since they are evidently sincere, and make a powerful appeal to the divine pity. Some men will never pray till they are half-starved, and for their best interest it is far better for them to be empty and faint than to be full and stout-hearted. If hunger brings us to our knees it is more useful to us than feasting; if thirst drives us to the fountain it is better than the deepest draughts of worldly joy; and if fainting leads to crying it is better than the strength of the mighty. “And He delivered them out of their distresses.” Deliverance follows prayer most surely. The cry must have been very feeble, for they were faint, and their faith was as weak as their cry; but yet they were heard, and heard at once. A little delay would have been the death; but there was none, for the Lord was ready to save them. The Lord delights to come in when no one else can be of the slightest avail. The case was hopeless till Jehovah interposed, and then all was changed immediately. The people were shut up and straitened, and almost pressed to death, but enlargement came to them at once when they began to remember their God, and look to Him in prayer. Those deserve to die of hunger who will not so much as ask for bread, and he who being lost in a desert will not beg the aid of a guide cannot be pitied even if he perish on the wilds and feed the vultures with his flesh.—*Spurgeon's Treasury David*, Vol. v.

TESTIFYING FOR CHRIST.

CHRISTIANS must speak plainly and affectionately to their relatives and neighbours about the great salvation of God. Whenever and wherever we can prudently do it, we must urge our friends to give themselves to Christ's blessed service; and better we should blunt

a little than not speak at all. They will understand and appreciate our motives. Nor must we fear planting the seed of the Kingdom in unpromising soil, for sometimes the most unlikely are converted first. Harlots and publicans and thieves frequently enter the Kingdom of God before outwardly moral people, who have been lingering all their lives on the threshold of the kingdom. What good may be done by watching a favourable opportunity, and then entering into religious conversation with people! When they are alone, in vacant or pensive mood, or when afflicted or disappointed or peculiarly tried by Providence, or after listening to some impressive discourse from the pulpit, you may talk to them pointedly with great advantage. They wonder you do not speak to them; sometimes they came and walked by your side from the house of God to give you an opportunity to start a serious conversation, and you, perhaps, begin to find fault with the sermon, instead of doing earnest business for the Master. A poor woman said, "My heart was sad: I wished somebody would ask me to join the Church. I felt shy and backward, and did not like to go and introduce myself; and my own boy, who was a member, asked me to join Society. It was hard and humbling that my own boy should have to take me by the hand and lead me to the Saviour." We believe there are thousands in the same state of deep religious feeling at one time or another who are never spoken to by any one. And we may get at every heart, and impress it if we go the right way about our work. We shall need to have all our wits about us. And why should not personal Christianity form a subject of conversation? We talk about all imaginable earthly things, but are reticent about heavenly things. Contrary to the purpose of Christ, we keep our religion a profound secret between ourselves and God. Spread your Christianity by recommending it to all around at every fitting opportunity. Tell everybody that the mercy which sought and saved you is seeking to save them. And specially aid those who are beginning to come to Jesus. A poor, feeble Yorkshire Christian, a man of no education and of no intellectual gifts, was instrumental in leading five or six persons to the Saviour and to join the Church of Christ in the course of three years. Had any thoughtful man been asked who would do a thing like that in a certain Christian society, the man who did it would have been the very last selected as likely to accomplish such a work. All he did was kindly, in his own simple way, to ask them to go to the house of God, then by-and-bye, when he saw they were feeling, he requested them to come into closer fellowship with God's people. Were people of our talent to do work in this way, what might not the whole Church accomplish in a short time? Mostly the failure of the Church is the failure of the members with one talent, who think they can do so little that they sit down and do absolutely nothing at all. But people of greater gifts would find it profitable and easy work to talk to men and women about personal salvation. Commercially speaking, it is work that pays. It rewards us on our own souls, and in additions to our membership.

* * * From a recently published volume by the Rev. W. Unsworth, on "The

aggressive character of Christianity;" a volume which contains many practical suggestions and earnest appeals. Published by the Wesleyan Conference Office. Price 3s. 6d.

BROWNLOW NORTH'S CONVERSION.

"It pleased God," he said, "in the month of November, 1854 one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness, which led me to think that I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me upstairs.' As soon as this was done, I threw myself down on the bed. My first thought then was,—Now, what will my forty-four years of following the device of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell and what good will all these things do me, for which I have sold my soul? At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was merely the prayer of the coward, a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet still there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to call for mercy, and that was the presence of the maid-servant in the room, lighting my fire. Though I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I could not expect to have it, yet such was the nature of my heart and of my spirit within me, that it was a balance with me, a thing to turn this way or that, I could not tell how, whether I should wait till that woman left the room or whether I should fall on my knees and cry for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees before that girl, and I believe it was the turning point with me. I believe that if I had at that time resisted the Holy Ghost—of course, I cannot say, for who shall limit the Holy Ghost?—but my belief is that it would have been once too often. By God's grace I was not prevented. I did pray, and though I am not what I should be yet I am this day what I am, which at least is not what I was. I mention this because I believe that every man has in his life his turning point. I believe that the sin against the Holy Ghost is grieving the Spirit once too often."

On the following day he announced publicly to his friends staying in the house, and to others by letter, that from that instant he had become a changed man, a resolution to which in the strength of the Saviour he was enabled to adhere.—*From the Rev. Kenneth Moody-Stuart's published Life of this useful Evangelist.* The publishers are Hodder and Stoughton, and the price is 3s. 6d.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SINNERS.

IN reference to the prayer of the Psalmist, "Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more," M

Spurgeon in the last published volume of *The Treasury of David*, quotes this striking illustration from *William Binnie*, we suppose the well known Dr. Binnie, whose papers formed at one time quite a feature in the *Family Treasury*. "It fell to my lot some years ago, to undertake a walk of some miles, on a summer morning, along a sea-shore of surpassing beauty. It was the Lord's-day, and the language of the hundred and fourth Psalm rose spontaneously in my mind as one scene after another unfolded itself before the eye. About half way to my destination the road lay through a dirty hamlet, and my meditations were rudely interrupted by the brawling of some people, who looked as if they had been spending the night in a drunken debauch. Well, I thought, the Psalmist must have had some such unpleasant experience. He must have fallen in with people, located in some scene of natural beauty, who, instead of being a holy priesthood to give voice to nature in praise of her Creator, instead of being, in the pure and holy tenor of their lives, the heavenliest note of the general song,—filled it with a harsh discord. His prayer is the vehement expression of a desire that the earth may no longer be marred by the presence of wicked men,—that they may be utterly consumed, and may give place to men animated with the fear of God, just and holy men, men that shall be a crown of beauty on the head of this fair creation. If this be the right explanation of the Psalmist's prayer, it is not only justifiable, but there is something wrong in our meditations on nature, if we are not disposed to join in it.

THE ORIGIN OF JOHN FAWCETT'S BEST-KNOWN HYMN.

THIS, as most will know, is the hymn beginning, "Blest be the tie that binds," 483 in our Congregational selection. Mr. Fawcett was at first settled as pastor of a humble church in Wainsgate, Yorkshire. His meagre salary poorly sufficed for the wants of his increasing family, and when, a few years later, he was invited to become the successor of the Rev. Dr. Gill, as pastor of an influential church in the city of London, it seemed almost a matter of course that he should accept. He had preached his farewell sermon, and had actually commenced removal by sending forward his library and a part of his household goods to London. His poor people were almost broken-hearted, men, women, and children clinging to him in affectionate unreconciliation. The last waggon was being loaded when the good man and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases to weep. "O, John," said the kind-hearted wife, "I can't bear this. I don't know how to go." "Nor I either," said Mr. Fawcett; "nor will we go. Unload the waggons and put everything back in its place." The affections of his church were stronger than the attractions of London; and so this noble man buckled on the armour for renewed service on a salary of less than three hundred dollars a year. It was then that he wrote this hymn, which has become to be known almost as widely as the language in which it is written. He gave up London and became a citizen of the world.—*American National Repository*, reproduced in the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*.

THE WICKET GATE.

DEAN HOWSON, in the preface to Rimmer's "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," remarks: "The 'wicket gate' of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is commonly represented as a garden-gate or a turnpike-gate; but really the term denotes a small doorway cut out of a large door; and, concealed behind a tree at the west end of Elstow church, is just such a small doorway in the broad wooden surface of the great door. Through this lowly opening Bunyan must often have passed when a boy; and if it were simply drawn and engraved, I believe we should have a correct picture of the scene which was before his imagination when he described the early stage of Christian's pilgrimage."

GIVE THYSELF WHOLLY TO THEM.

PASSING through the chambers of a factory at Sèvres, we observed an artist drawing a picture upon a vase. We watched him for several minutes, but he appeared to be quite unconscious of our observation. Parties of visitors passed through the room, glanced at his work more or less hurriedly, and made remarks, but he as a deaf man heard not, and as a dead man regarded not. Why should he? Had he not royal work on hand? What mattered to him the approbation or the criticism of passers-by? They did not get between him and the light, and therefore they were no hindrance, though they certainly were no help. "Well," thought we, "after this fashion should we devote our heart and soul to the ministry which we have received. This one thing I do." Bowing over our work, scanning earnestly our copy, and laying on each line and tint with a careful, prayerful hand, we would finish the work which the Lord has given us to do without regard to friend or foe. The Sèvres vase retained no impress on the on-looker's gaze: the result of the worker's skill would have been the same if he had been altogether unseen; human criticism can help us but little, and human approbation may damage our work most seriously. Let us forget that we are judged of men, and henceforth live only as in the Great Master's eye, absorbed in doing his will.—*Spurgeon*.

A SOLDIER'S ESTIMATE OF MILITARY GLORY.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, so distinguished for his military services in India, on receiving despatches from the English Government, naming him Governor of Scinde, with additional pay, and ordering a triumphal column to be cast from the guns he had captured, wrote—"I wish the Government would let me go back to my wife and girls; it would be to me more than pay, glory, and honour. That is glory, is it? Yes. Nine princes have surrendered their crowns to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me, and attached to my own country. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it, that at the moment I can, all shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honour or wealth repays me, is agreeable only as it enables me to do good to these poor people. O, if I can do good to serve them, where so much blood has been shed in accurate war, I shall be happy. May I never see another shot fired!"

BE COURTEOUS.

TRACT distributors and others will do well to remember the importance of a courteous behaviour when about their work. "Sir, do you want to know how I was converted—I, an old grey-headed sinner?" said a good old man to his minister. "Tell me," answered the minister. "I was walking along one day and met a little boy. The little boy stopped at my side. 'Please sir,' he said, 'will you take a tract? And please, sir, will you read it?' Tracts! I always hated tracts and such things; but that 'Please, sir,' overcame me. I could not swear at that kind spoken 'Please, sir.' No, no: I took the tract, and I thanked the little boy, and I said I'd read it; and I did read it, and the reading of it saved my soul. I saw I was a sinner, and I saw that Jesus Christ could save me from my sins. That 'Please, sir,' was the entering wedge of my old hard heart."

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

WILLIAM HUTCHINGS,

THE eldest son of John and Mary Hutchings, was born at Cheriton Bishop, Devon, May 21st, 1816, and shortly after removed to Longridge, near Crediton. When William was only seven, he, with some older boys, rode some horses to the river and narrowly escaped drowning. A year later he was apprenticed to a farmer at Holcombe Burnell, near Exeter, where he continued until he was twenty-one. About this period of his life we only know that an accident to his leg required him to undergo an operation, which he did in the Devon and Exeter Hospital. He early entered into the marriage state; two years later death deprived him of his wife at the birth of their second child; the children survived their mother, and for some time the home was preserved for their sake; their grandfather, who was also a widower, living with them. In the year 1840, during the pastorate of the late George Tilley, the Bible Christians of Exeter opened preaching in the parish of Dunchideock; about a year after William Hutchings and his father removed thither and lodged with Mrs. Salter. Father and son attended the cottage preaching; the word, earnestly and simply delivered, was with power, and William and his father were converted during the pastorate of the late James Bennetts.

The subject of this memoir gave evidence of the genuineness of his conversion, threw himself heartily into the services, and fond of singing himself, he rendered valuable aid in conducting the service of song. Singing in those days was less artistic than now, but it possessed what much of the artistic lacks, it was surcharged with life, devotion, and power.

The new convert became warmly attached to the Ministers and

local preachers, not infrequently accompanying them on the return journey to Exeter, often carrying the light of a candle for the benefit of those who had shed over his path the light of life.

Perhaps the social element was more fully developed in the religious character of that day than it is at the present, for certain there was more frequent intercourse between town and country members; quarterly meetings, lovefeasts, &c., were high days hailed with pleasure, and remembered with delight. William Hutchings often walked to Exeter, a distance of four miles, after long day's work; and not content with the number of the village services came, accompanied by his father, to the city on Sundays for morning preaching and afternoon class. The interval for dinner was often spent at the home of the present Mrs. George Lake, the common meal became a sacrament, a communion-service with Christ, and the seasons of religious enjoyment are still pleasantly and thankfully remembered.

Whether these exertions told upon his health it is not known but in the year 1843 he was brought low by fever; at a time when his friends despaired of his life, he was visited by his uncle, and during conversation and prayer William's heart leaped for joy; the nurse thought quietness essential to the restoration of the sufferer, but he considered the noise of prayer and praise was of greater value.

William Hutchings held on the even tenor of his way, remaining a widower till 1853, when he again entered the marriage state, the marriage being solemnized at our Chapel at Exeter, by the then resident minister, Cephas Barker. Having previously come to Exeter to reside, he devoted himself with his usual fervour to Sunday school teaching, and whilst possessing fair intelligence that fitted him for the higher classes, his beautiful unostentatious spirit chose the infant class, in which capacity he faithfully laboured till he ceased from his works and entered into his rest.

In choosing this sphere he did not mistake his place in the field of Christian toil; he was not, as some workers, a round peg in a square hole, he *fitted* the position and therefore *filled* it. His kind manner, his humility, his child-like simplicity, drew the children around him; he was a man little children with their keen discernment could love; perhaps no more noble testimony can be borne to a man's character than that he won and retained the love of little children. The one desire of the teacher was—expressed once and again during his last affliction—that he might see his class and bid them all good-bye and beg them to meet him in heaven; and the audible sobbing of the children during the reading of the Burial Service will not soon be forgotten.

William Hutchings was a general worker; he was a faithful attendant at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting, and for years opened the doors. Nothing distressed him more than when suddenly summoned on the Sabbath, he was thereby prevented from making arrangements for some brother to have the key. He was a believer in the early meeting for prayer; there he got his soul tuned for service, and his soul-harp responded the more sweetly to the

touches of the preacher and the breath of the Spirit, because well strung at the morning prayer-meeting. To some professing Christians the Sabbath is reduced to a very brief period, but he remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy; he was usually the first to arrive and the last to leave. His prayers on those occasions went up to God for a blessing on the services; especially did he remember the minister. My predecessors and myself will never know in this world how indebted we have been to William Hutchings and his fellow-worshippers for the blessings enjoyed at the public services.

For more than twenty years he collected a portion of the seat-rents, winning the respect and confidence of all with whom he did business. The trustees will remember how delighted he was to report an increase, and although he died in the midst of collecting the Lady-day quarter, no difficulty was experienced, every item was correct.

He was an ardent lover of the Missionary cause, readily consented to be a collector on anniversary occasions, and so attentive and liberal was he that the amount in his infant-class box was often equal to that in the general school box. If all Sunday-school teachers were as interested the sum of £2,000 might be obtained from our schools this very year.

The light in William Hutchings "was not like the chapel gas that burnt only on Sundays," it burnt steadily all the week long and all the year through. He showed piety at home as well as in the sanctuary, he was equally a Christian in his work as in his worship. For many years he held a responsible position under the Bristol and Exeter Railway Company, having charge of a section of the permanent-way with several men under him, and never was the company more faithfully served. But he did not seek to gain the respect of his employers by imposing on the employed; he was so exact that he gained the good opinion of both. A number of these men attended his funeral and heard the sermon by which the event was improved, and they stated that too much could not be said of the life and character of the deceased. He was strictly conscientious, and, about two years before his death, sacrificed his situation, rather than violate his conscience, saying to his wife at the time, "he could not speak positively, and he would rather lose his bread than be untruthful."

William Hutchings was a true Christian; he illustrated the text of his funeral sermon, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." He would be the last to claim perfection for himself, but I question if any one can point to a word uttered, a motive unfolded, or an act performed for many years, that was not in harmony with Bible uprightness. Tried by the test of comparative perfection, he was a wide contrast to many in similar circumstances, standing head and shoulders above many of his brethren. His trust in Christ was beautifully complete; his faith was simple as a little child's; his estimate of himself and his full acceptance of Christ are both expressed in his favourite hymn, Toplady's "Rock of Ages."

In nature we see some trees drawn out of perpendicular by the power of the sun, others driven on one side by the force of the wind. William Hutchings had his seasons of prosperity and adversity; he knew the winter and the summer of life, but nothing seemed sufficient to force or allure him from his uprightness. Tall and physically well-grown, he must have been a fine man; hard work, however, had begun to bend that noble presence earth-ward, but his soul was unbent, his spiritual manhood without crookedness.

Many ministers would have borne out these remarks, but one testimony from Mr. G. Lake, endorsed by the church, is sufficient. Mr. Lake says: "I have known Br. Hutchings for nearly forty years, during which time he has been connected with the society; he was a pattern of meekness, constancy and sobriety; he took the higher pattern for his model instead of the lower. If he was not as wise as a serpent, he was harmless as a dove. It may truly be said of him, He hath done what he could. His religion was that of the Bible, and as real as life itself. He humbly followed the Saviour, his Living Head, to heaven. He was a noble character; an ornament to the society. He did his work before the night came, and has now entered his eternal rest. 'O may I triumph so, when all my warfare's past.'"

During the winter of 1877 Br. Hutchings felt himself failing; he often referred to his bodily weakness at the class meeting, quoting, however, with great satisfaction the words of Paul, "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." During his short illness in the following spring, although he said but little lest he should pain his wife, he felt he should not get out again without great alteration. I saw him at different times; he was always calm and happy. I read and prayed with him greatly to the delight of his heart. The last time I saw him was on Saturday, April 27th, when he told me he had been thinking of the promises; precious subject for contemplation, especially in dying circumstances. Some only think of the threatenings. I said, "You are trusting in Jesus, Br. Hutchings?" "O yes," he replied. I repeated the 23rd Psalm; he said most of it after me, particularly emphasising the fourth verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." I prayed, and how heartily he joined I shall not soon forget, repeating many petitions and joining in the final "Amen" again and again.

He remarked on the sweetness of the season after I left, entreated the only surviving son of his second marriage to care for his mother, and said, "We must set our house in order for we shall die and not live." Then thinking of the past he said, with a sweet glow of satisfaction, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth." He passed a moderate night, and was apparently more comfortable in the morning, when I inquired for him. He spent a quiet Sabbath, but a sudden change was observed about 1-30 a.m., April 29th, and at 2-30 he quietly breathed out his life, being a few days short of sixty-two

years of age. He was interred the following Sabbath, nearly all the church, school, and many of the congregation attended; the event was improved the same evening; many tears were shed and deep impressions made; while we endeavoured to set forth the life and death of the good and the lessons for the living. Christianity is tested by serving us in the end, the religion of Jesus Christ does not fail those who possess it in the hour of death.

That our departed Brother is greatly missed by his sorrowing widow and their only son, and by the Church of which he was so bright an ornament, will be clear to all who read his life. We have not too many who are the true friends and fellow-helpers of the Minister; but the great Husbandman gathers the ripe fruit, and we submissively say, "Even so, Lord, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Reader, have you that religion that will light you through the valley, and secure you a welcome to heaven?

A. T.

MRS. MARY ANN VOWLES.

IN writing the memoir of my dear wife, my great object is to benefit the living and to induce others to embrace the same religion that so graciously comforted and supported her in her affliction to the glory and praise of God.

MARY ANN VOWLES, whose maiden name was Pratten, was born at Stone Allerton, on the 21st of April, 1852. Her parents have been connected with the Bible Christians for thirty-seven years. Her grandmother was a class leader and local preacher with our people for many years, and her zealous efforts were blessed to the good of many. She entered into rest May 6th, 1854; and her memoir appeared in the Bible Christian Magazine, January, 1855. Her grandfather was strongly attached to our cause and a consistent member for twenty-three years. His memoir appeared in the Magazine, April, 1854. She felt thankful for a pious ancestry. Her only sister was one of the "short-lived beauties," and died in the Lord when about fifteen years of age. Br. E. Rogers gave a sketch of her peaceful and triumphant end in the *Youth's Miscellany*. The Lord has taken the children before the parents, the wife before the husband; but the bereaved are pressing on toward the *mark* and *prize* of their high calling, and the writer is resolved to train up his two little girls in the fear and admonition of the Lord, so that they may meet their dear mother in heaven.

My dear wife was often seriously impressed while attending the Sabbath school, and the longings of her young heart were heavenward. On one occasion she said to her school-mates, "How I should like to die, so that I might go to Jesus." As a child she was kind, meek, dutiful and loving, especially to her parents, so that there was but little necessity for the rod of correction. As she grew in years these virtues increased. While at the Misses Mason's boarding school, Cheddar, such was her strict consistency that Miss Mason writing to her parents, said, "Her conduct was

blameless." But still she felt herself to be a sinner, needing the cleansing blood of Christ, and ere long she was enabled to exercise faith in the Atoning Lamb, and gave unmistakable evidence of her determination to live a Christian's life. She received her first ticket of membership, Christmas, 1867, and continued faithful unto death.

It was now manifest to all that her love was without dissimulation, abhorring that which was evil, cleaving to that which was good; with all lowliness and meekness she attended the means of grace; was strongly attached to all the followers of Christ, and deeply interested in the prosperity of the church. "By this shall all know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

In accompanying my dear wife to the class-meeting, I have often been much impressed with her deep humility, cheerfulness, and resignation to the Divine will; in times of perplexity and great bodily weakness, her language was, "The Lord's will be done." She did not express herself so rapturously as some; but she had peace through believing. She had sweet realizations of—

"The silent awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

Her venerable class leader, who has been a member with us for more than half a century, speaks in the highest terms of her Christian excellences, and due observance of all the means of grace. Though rather reserved and timid, she was not ashamed to confess Christ anywhere. Once, when on a friendly visit with a number of respectable persons present, it was proposed that each in turn should sing a song. When it came to her turn, she kindly said, "I never learnt a song, hence I cannot sing one, but a verse of poetry has flashed into my mind, which with your permission I will repeat." "Yes, yes," was the reply; and she calmly repeated—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon be gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne."

It had its desired effect, it was a "word in season;" there was no more song-singing that evening. She abhorred levity and trifling, especially in professors and preachers. She was very conscientious. When at a watering-place for change of air, a friend wanted her to take a walk one Sabbath evening; she unhesitatingly declined, adding, "If I have strength to go for a walk I can certainly go to chapel." To the house of God she went, greatly enjoying the service, remarking to the friend the next morning, "How condemned I should have felt had I gone with you for a walk last evening."

We were married in South Brent Chapel by Mr. Sturgess, April 21st, 1873; our firm persuasion was that our union was divinely ordered, and we resolved to consecrate ourselves more fully to the Lord, and fondly hoped there were before us many years of happi-

ness and usefulness. Short, but most happy, was our wedded life; greatly did she cheer and help me; always manifesting a deep interest in every good work, and especially considerate to the poor; reaching forth her hand to the needy, opening her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness! We—

“Count life by virtues—these will last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore.”

Symptoms of failing health became manifest after the birth of our first child, and more decidedly after the birth of the second, November, 1876. A fever which followed left a hard cough that never left her. Early in the spring of the present year the best medical aid was sought, and a medical gentleman, in London, was consulted, whose chief study was consumption, but the subtle disease baffled all medical skill, and rapidly did its fatal work. She was mercifully sustained in all her affliction; and while I was more than anxious for the restoration of her health, and earnestly prayed for her recovery, she was quite passive and resigned. I remarked to her one day, “My dear, you do not appear half so anxious as I am that you may recover?” “No,” she replied, “I leave it all with the Lord, He is sure to do right.” She often expressed thankfulness to her heavenly Father for the gentle way in which she was prepared for her trial. On being told there were different kinds of consumption, she said, “This is the best for me.” Her cheerfulness surprised many. A neighbour remarked to her one day, “One would think you were going to a play,” a similar remark was made by another noticing how cheerfully she bore up in affliction, and in prospect of death. One day, her parents and I wept freely in her presence, she said, “I cannot weep, I have nothing to weep about.

‘Jesus is my shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom,
What have I to fear?’”

She was very fond of the following lines—

“I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.”

“Rock of Ages,” and “Abide with me,” were among her favourite hymns. The Tuesday before her death was the anniversary of our chapel; she was remarkably cheerful throughout the day, and very pleased to hear the anniversary was a success. On the Wednesday we saw that the *eventide* was fast falling, and my sorrow at the thought of parting was too great for utterance; she saw my distress and implored me not to yield to excessive grief. The Lord mercifully helped me, and when I told her I could give her up she was so thankful. There were two or three sharp conflicts with the enemy before crossing the river, but vain were the assaults of hell. On her mother entering the room, she exclaimed, “All

right, mother,—clinging to Jesus. My Jesus, if ever I loved Thee 'tis now." During the night she became very drowsy, and said, "Dear James, I am so sleepy;" we saw it was the sleep of death. Towards the morning I asked, "Is it all well, my dear," with a smile she replied, "Yes."

"A few moments more transpire; the eyes are closed,
The bosom gently heaves, the beating breast
Its last vibration makes and all is o'er."

Without a sigh, groan, or struggle, her happy spirit passed away to be for ever with the Lord, on Thursday morning, October 10th, 1878, in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes; but not—'tis death itself that dies."

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

Thus dear reader we parted, but not for ever. There is the blissful hope of a reunion on a happier shore. She chose four preachers as bearers, and was interred in Weare churchyard on the following Thursday, and her death was improved on the Sunday by Mr. Bray.

During her illness she was visited by many ministers and friends, and the following testimonies have been kindly forwarded.

Br. T. WOOLDRIDGE writes: "Relative to the departed Mrs. Vowles, it has been my privilege to be acquainted with her family for many years, and to have been familiar with her during a great portion of her earthly sojourn. She may be classed with that type of Christians of which Lydia was a fair example. In her childhood and youth she was quiet, meek, and retiring; not melancholy, or gloomy, but of a mild sweet disposition; altogether unlike some who are ever in pursuit of fashion and worldly pleasure. For many years she gave most unmistakable evidence of her true discipleship."

Rev. J. LANG, of the United Methodist Free Churches, writes: "I was much impressed with the prompt and earnest manner in which she spoke of her joy and confidence in God. I feared she could not live long; how sweet to go on quietly to rest."

Rev. J. H. JONES, Wesleyan Minister, says: "During a visit to Stone Allerton, I called on the late Mrs. Vowles, whom I found sinking under the final assaults of consumption. The visit afforded me great pleasure, for in Mrs. Vowles I found another illustration of the power of the gospel of Christ to sustain the soul in the mortal conflict, and under circumstances unusually trying. Mrs. Vowles was keenly alive to the pangs of a separation from a much loved home, a sorrowing husband, and little ones too young to feel their loss. Yet I was cheered to perceive the calm confidence with which she commended her dear ones to the infinite consolations of the Redeemer, blessed with the knowledge that for herself to be with Christ is far better. There was for her a holy gladness in the thought that she was shortly to exchange earth for heaven; the moaning surges of life's stormy ocean, for the tranquil quiet of the celestial heaven; and the mourning of time for eternity's loud deep

thanksgiving song. I left that sick chamber murmuring the well-known words,—

‘Oh, may I triumph so—
When all my warfare’s past ;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.’”

Mrs. PAGE, a Christian woman with whom my dear wife lodged at Weston, writes: “I was deeply humbled with her meekness and full submission to the Divine will. After a visit with her to the physician, under whose examination she was perfectly calm, she remarked without the slightest tremor, ‘I can distinctly hear one of my lungs is affected, I am satisfied I am not a long liver, and if it be my heavenly Father’s will to take me, it will sure to be for the best.’ Seeing me weep, with clasped hands she said, ‘Oh, my dear Mrs. Page, I can say with all my heart, “O Lord, Thy will be done.” I am glad she ever came to Weston, and thankful to have made the acquaintance of one whom to know, no one could help loving.”

Mr. BRAY writes: “Mrs. Vowles possessed in an eminent degree ‘a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.’ I do not remember visiting one who was more patient and resigned in suffering, and whose end was more peaceful. In my last visit but one, while in prayer, she was filled with the Spirit and exclaimed, ‘How delightful it would be to go off now, and be for ever with the Lord. Praise—praise—all is well.’”

“Face to face she sees the Saviour,
Freed from all obscuring veils ;
Nothing, nothing can deprive her
Of the rapturous bliss she feels,
See, by faith, O see her yonder,
Gazing on the bleeding Lamb,
And her soul grows big with wonder,
While His glories on her stream.”

J. VOWLES.

MRS. SARAH ANN SQUIRE,

WHOSE maiden name was Dustan, was born at Devonport, March 4th, 1825. In very early life she received religious impressions. They were not “as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away,” but they led to decision for Christ, and consecration to His service. When about fifteen years of age she joined the Baptist church, Morice-square, Devonport, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Horton, to whom she was strongly attached; and, with many others, followed her esteemed pastor when Hope Chapel, Fore-street, in the same town, was built. Having become a disciple of Christ, she felt there was some work for her to do. Love to God and man is the essence of true religion, and love is an ever-active principle. Almost the first inquiry of a saved person is, with the great Apostle, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” Nothing is more natural than for a soul that is brought into the enjoyment of the blessings of “the glorious gospel of

Christ " to feel anxious for the salvation of others. Christian effort, in some way or other, is necessary to vigorous and healthful spiritual life. The subject of this brief memoir was not satisfied merely to join the church, but almost from the time of her conversion to the end of life, she was a willing helper in the cause of God. The Christian ministry, the missionary enterprise, the Sunday-school, and other departments of Christian work, received her sympathy and support. She manifested great interest in a poor blind woman at Devonport, whom she used to lead to the house of God, and read the scriptures to her at home. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." "He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."

On the 27th of March, 1862, she was united in marriage to Mr. W. D. Squire, and went to reside at Widdon Farm, in the parish of Northlew, Devon, where she spent the remainder of her earthly life. In Mr. Squire, an intelligent Christian and local preacher, she found a true and faithful husband. The union was real and happy. They were one in aim and purpose, both in secular and spiritual pursuits. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality." Mrs. Squire retained great respect for the Baptist Denomination of which she was for many years a member, but after her marriage she at once joined the Bible Christian Society at Widdon, of which her husband was a leading member. She rose above denominationalism. She knew that religion is not a creed, however orthodox; not a ritual, however scriptural; not simply a profession, however outwardly consistent. She believed with Charles Wesley, that—

"Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all."

During the sixteen years of her married life, she co-operated with her husband in promoting and supporting the cause of Christ in the circuit. To her house and table both ministers and local preachers were welcomed. Once a year she provided for the quarterly meeting. She loved "the habitation of God's house," and was frequently found there on the Sabbath, and also in the week. The services of the sanctuary were to her, as they are to all progressive Christians, "times of refreshing . . . from the presence of the Lord." During our pastorate, the debt on the chapel was paid off, and its interior renovated at considerable cost. In removing the debt, and raising funds for the renovation, Mr. and Mrs. Squire rendered valuable aid. When the chapel was under repairs, our departed sister consented to lodge the tradesmen at their house in order to save expense, and when it was re-opened she made provision to have the public tea at her house. Her husband says, "She was a very willing helper in our anniversaries and other means to promote God's cause." Her love to Christ was evident from the interest she took in the various departments of His cause.

"Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit." "By their fruits ye shall know them." She had her "fruit unto holiness," and her reward is "everlasting life."

Her constitution was not robust, nor her health generally good. Some two or three years ago she suffered from hemorrhage, which rendered her weak, and from which, in all probability, she never fully recovered. Her last illness was of very short duration. She attended the service at the chapel in the evening, but at the close of the meeting was obliged to be assisted in going the short distance from the chapel to her home, and died, after a few hours, of spasms of the heart, on March 27th, 1878, aged fifty-three years. She has left behind her three interesting children—two sons and a daughter. May they never forget the unceasing care, unfailing love, and believing prayers of their departed mother. By her gentle disposition, her acts of kindness, and consistent life, she won universal respect. She was a good neighbour, a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a sincere Christian. Her last words were, "If I die, I shall go where there is no strife and no sin." She is gone to the sinless and strifeless world. Her heaven has no clouds, her joys no sorrow, her fellowships no interruptions.

"No malice, strife, or envy there
The sons of peace molest :
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast."

May God help us to follow our departed friend and sister, to imitate her spirit, to imitate her example, and to cherish her simple faith in the Saviour of sinners. We hope to meet again to part no more for ever. O happy meeting! O blessed re-union in the home above!

"Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that she companies thy solitude;
Think that she holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief."

Chulmleigh, Nov. 30th.

R. GROSE.

JOHN KEMEYS AND WILLIAM BROCK.

OUR venerable brother JOHN KEMEYS entered into rest December 24th. It is over fifty years since he entered the ranks of the Itinerant ministry, and in Canada, as well as at home, he endured many hardships and laboured zealously for Christ and His cause. His age and infirmities have compelled him for several years to occupy a retired position, but many besides ourselves, we have no doubt, have often kindly thought of the "dear old man" whom God has at last summoned to join his old companions, for more had preceded him to the heavenly rest than he has left behind.

We also learn from an incidental reference to the fact, by a correspondent, that Br. W. BROCK has likewise gained the haven, *too early* will be the first thought of a large circle of friends who highly respected him for his many excellences, conspicuous among which all who knew him will single out his unassuming manner, and his calm but steadfast devotion to duty.

“ Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And mute th’ instructive tongue ;
 “ Th’ eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart ;
 His eye still guides us, and His voice
 Still animates our heart.”

Since the above was in type, we have heard that Br. W. CLARKE departed this life on Friday evening, January 10th. His end was at last sudden, though his health had been seriously impaired for a long time. Last year we commented on the fact, that it was our painful duty to announce the death of *two* brethren in the same issue of the magazine, but the death of *three* so near together, is still more admonitory. Let all work while it is day ; and let the church pray for the Lord to thrust out more labourers into His vineyard, and not forget either the widow and the fatherless in their prayers.

WILLIAM BURDEN,

OF Trevanson, Wadebridge, died January 2nd, 1879, at half-past seven p.m. The deceased was a local preacher for about twenty-eight years ; much respected during the whole of that time by almost every one who knew him, for his purity of moral character, and self-denying labours in connection with the cause of God. As a few more particulars may be expected concerning our much respected and lamented brother, we will say no more at present.

W. BROWN.

Chapels.

KIRKLAND.—A very successful effort has just been made at this place towards clearing off the chapel debt. On Christmas day a tree laden with useful and fancy articles was exhibited, besides which there were two well filled stalls, a monster “ bran pie,” &c. The chapel was very crowded, and the sale of goods pretty brisk for several hours. At intervals sweet music was discoursed in a most creditable manner by the chapel choir. Tea was also served in the same place during the afternoon, so that altogether it was a lively, busy and happy time ; and all done to the glory of God. The proceeds of the first day’s sale amounted to £32 4s. which has since been augmented to £38 16s. 3d. A very noble sum for so small a place in such depressed times. The debt at the opening less than sixteen months since was only £80, which by last conference was reduced to £50. Since then a few pounds have been spent in cementing, still there was a balance in the treasurer’s hands at Christmas which, with the profits of the Christmas tree, will bring the sum up to over £40, and doubtless in a few months at furthest, the remainder will be raised and the chapel presented to the Lord free of debt. The trustees, society and congregation are most hearty and united in their efforts on behalf of the chapel ; hence our success. A minister is much needed on the ground to visit the people, hold regular and special religious services, and to mission other villages in the neighbourhood where the gospel is greatly needed.

R. ORCHARD.

HORRABRIDGE.—The new chapel, which has been in course of erection during the past four months, was opened on Wednesday last, under rather discouraging circumstances so far as the weather was concerned, although, taking that into consideration, the attendance was very fair. The hill leading from the railway station to the village was covered with ice, which rendered it so perilous that it was with the greatest difficulty the unfortunate pedestrian could preserve his equilibrium. The new chapel is situated on an eminence at the end of the village nearest Tavistock. It is of the Gothic style of architecture, and will cost about

£300. It is considerably larger than the old edifice, and reflects the highest credit on those to whom the execution of the work has been entrusted. The ground on which the chapel is erected belongs to Earl Fortescue, under whom it is leased. The interior of the building presents a very substantial appearance. In fact the whole structure looks firm and compact, and promises to be serviceable for a very much longer period than the one before it, which hardly lasted twenty years. The roof is an open one supported by pitch pine rafters which rest upon brackets of the same material, and in the centre is a circular ventilator. The rostrum is of pitch pine with carved devices in front, and a rail runs along at a short distance from the rostrum. At the back is a screen, also of pitch pine, to divide the school-room from the chapel, so that they can be thrown into one in case of emergency. The carving on the screen represents three large arches and relieves the otherwise plain partition. The seats are of substantial appearance, and although some of the old material has been utilized in their construction, yet a large portion of them is of entirely new pitch pine. Just inside the main entrance is a porch with a door at either end opening into the chapel. The top of the porch is of glass and considerably adds to the light admitted by the high windows on either side of the building. The school-room is in the rear, and has three windows and a separate entrance. In the evening the chapel is lighted with handsome oil lamps which are suspended from the ceiling by brass rods. The stone for the walls was kindly given by Mr. Henry Spry, of Sortridge. The dressing is of white brick. Mr. Bevan, of Lifton, was the architect; Messrs. Walters and Son, of Tavistock, did the work of the interior; and Mr. Fuge, of Horrabridge, was the mason. The memorial stones of the chapel were laid in August last, and the attendance on that occasion was considerably diminished in consequence of the unpropitious state of the weather. Since the demolition of their old chapel, the congregation have worshipped with the Wesleyans, in whose chapel the Bible Christian Ministers have also held a service on Sunday afternoon and on one evening during the week. The Rev. F. W. Bourne, of London, was expected to preach in the chapel on Wednesday morning, but he was prevented by an attack of bronchitis, and his place was ably filled by the Rev. A. Trengove, of Exeter, who delivered an excellent discourse. A luncheon was provided in the Wesleyan School-room and was fairly attended. The Rev. A. Mewton (Wesleyan) preached an appropriate sermon in the afternoon. A bazaar was afterwards held in the day-school, when the usual sale of useful and ornamental articles was proceeded with, the stalls being presided over in an efficient manner by the following ladies:—Mrs. Murley, Mrs. Sargeant, Mrs. Foot, Miss Foot, and Miss Symons. A tea was provided in the Wesleyan Chapel and a large number sat down to partake of the cheering cup.

A crowded meeting was opened in the Chapel at seven o'clock; Mr. C. Harris presided, and struck the key-note of the meeting with a brief, humorous, and telling address. He was glad to be present on the occasion. The first conversion he ever witnessed was in a Bible Christian Chapel. He loved the Bible Christians, and believed that by them the pure gospel was preached in its simplicity and power.

The Rev. J. PEARCE (United Methodist), delivered a practical and interesting address. He was glad to be present as a representative of other members of the methodist family. Whatever minor differences there might be among the various methodist branches, they were one in fundamentals. The great need of all the churches was more vitality. What we wanted was real gospel preaching, such as would convince and convert men; rather than fine sermons.

The Rev. A. TRENGOVE, of Exeter, dwelt with much force and eloquence on the theme of spiritual power. He was glad that so much attention was being given in the present day to intellectual culture. We could not have too much culture in the ministry, but spiritual power was the grand essential to success. To realize this power Christians must ascend the mount of communion and behold a transfigured Christ.

The Rev. A. MEWTON spoke briefly; suitably supplementing the remarks of the previous speakers. He hoped that with the increased advantage which the new and improved premises would afford, the society might realize an increase of spiritual prosperity. Hearty votes of thanks were tendered to all who had kindly assisted in the undertaking.—*Tavistock Gazette, December 20th.*

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.—*Maxworthy.*—The anniversary was held on Wednesday, January 1st, 1879. A sermon in the afternoon by Mr. W. B. Reed, of Holsworthy. A public tea followed, given by Mrs. Cory and Mrs. Reed. A public meeting in the evening, addressed by the Brethren Reed, Jacob, Vanstone, and the writer. The attendance was very good considering the torrents of rain. As it was when the Jews crossed over Jordan, the rivers overflowed their banks, so that scores were prevented from coming, and many could not get home the same night. In connection with the anniversary a bazaar was held to raise funds for a new chapel which is much wanted. Many of the friends were determined to succeed. The following are among the earnest workers—Mrs. Rockey, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Kneebone, Mrs. Cory, Mrs. Ellacott, Mrs. Colwill, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. C. Reed, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hutchings, Mrs. J. Cory, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Toms, Mrs. Moysse, Mrs. Bendle, Misses Rockey, M. Rockey, E. Rockey, Bray, Cory, Crabb, and others. Messrs. Rockey, Bray, Cory, Colwill, Turner, Reed, Ellacott, J. Bray, and Toms. Truly they and many others did their best to make the effort a success. Profits of the day £50. Articles to the value of many pounds are left unsold. £20 besides is also promised, and in addition there are a few pounds in hand from seat-rents. Altogether the fund amounts to about £75, when it reaches £100 we intend building.

Tresparrrett.—We had a sale of articles on Thursday, December 26th, 1878, in aid of the chapel funds. The following is the result—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
By Luncheon, prepared by				Miss Box, Collected	-	7	15	6	
Mr. & Mrs. Wicket	-	9	8	0	Miss Marshall, do.	-	3	13	10
Mrs. Marshall's table	-	4	6	0	Miss Cory, do.	-	2	11	6
Miss Box's do.	-	3	1	3	Miss Mason, do.	-	1	16	6
Mrs. Stacey's do.	-	2	17	6	Miss Baker, do.	-	1	0	0
Mrs. Nottle's do.	-	1	16	10	Miss Nottle, do.	-	1	0	0
Collections	-	2	17	1	Miss Paul, do.	-	1	0	0
Mr. Yeo, donation	-	1	0	0	Miss Bridgeman, do.	-	1	0	0
Mr. Routley, do.	-	1	0	0	Miss Routley, do.	-	0	16	6
Mr. Mason, do.	-	1	0	0	Mrs. Sewel, do.	-	0	10	6
Entrance Fees	-	2	5	0	Mrs. Ferrett, do.	-	0	10	0
Money taken at the Stalls	-	15	0	3	Sums under 10s.	-	1	11	9

Total profits after deducting expenses, £67 5s. Many friends helped in various ways besides those whose names are given above. In fact, all appeared pleased to lend a helping hand. Br. W. H. Lewes (Wesleyan minister) preached at 11 a.m.; a public meeting at night, addressed by Messrs. G. Pearce and T. C. Jacob, the writer in the chair. The trustees have decided to pay off £70 of their debt, and £10 they paid off a week ago. A step or two steps in the right direction certainly. We tender to all who helped us our best thanks.

J. BENDLE.

KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT.

DEAR BR. BOURNE.—Quarterly meeting, December 26th, 1878. The numbers on trial returned this quarter:—Luxborough, 1; Kingsbrompton, 2; Watchet, 2; Luckwell-bridge, 3; Timberscombe, 5; Roadwater, 9; Bilbrook, connected with Withycombe, 17; Brendon Hill, 21; total, 60. Praise God! If you have room, insertion in this order in your next might be a source of gratification to ministers and friends who know this circuit.—Yours truly,

JOHN HICKS.

CRAMLINGTON.

ABOUT fourteen months ago we saw the necessity of making a special financial effort in behalf of our Mission, as more furniture was needed in the minister's house, and as we had to "increase our quarter-board receipts 12½ per cent. over" the previous year's. Therefore we resolved to prepare for a bazaar, and a few liberal friends willingly and diligently worked and collected for it; and by August

they had collected a variety of useful and ornamental articles. The attendance was good, and the bazaar was successful. The following were the proceeds:—

RECEIPTS.			DISBURSEMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
By Admission -	2	15 10½	To Bills and Postage, &c.	0	12 7
Mrs. Banwell's stall -	7	17 3	Removing furniture, &c.,		
Mrs. Trevithick's do. -	5	3 11	in 1877 -	0	12 0
Miss H. Lark's do. -	5	10 4	Furniture -	10	10 4
Mrs. F. Bolt's do. -	0	16 0	Mission balance, due at		
Mr. W. Lark's do. -	1	2 1	Midsummer, 1878 -	7	15 0
Post Office -	0	5 5	Mission balance, due at		
Mr. L. Bennett's Enter-			Christmas -	5	13 5½
tainment -	0	7 4			
Refreshment Stall -	0	13 2			
Mr. J. Lark, sen., don.	0	12 0			
Total -	£25	3 4½	Total -	£25	3 4½

January 8th, 1879.

J. BANWELL.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £834 os. 3d.

HICKS MILL CIRCUIT.					
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
A Friend, donation -	0	10 0	Mr. Vincent, donation -	0	2 6
Hicks Mill collection -	0	16 0	Mr. Gray, do. -	0	10 0
Falmouth do. -	1	11 3	Penryn collection -	1	18 1
Mr. N. Fox, donation -	0	10 0	Green Bottom collection -	0	3 9
J. Barkclay, Esq., do. -	1	0 0	Mrs. Worden, Saltash, don.	0	10 6
E. Banks, Esq., do. -	0	10 0	PORTSMOUTH.		
Mr. Solomon, do. -	0	5 0	Mrs. James Ash, 2nd don.	1	1 0
Mrs. Fox, do. -	1	0 0	Mr. R. E. Craddock, don.	2	2 0
Capt. Quintrell, do. -	0	10 0	Mrs. Hosken, Burnham -	1	0 0

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' CONFERENCE, NORTHLEW CIRCUIT,

Was held at Madworthy, November 1st, 1878, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Coles, pastor. Greater interest is manifestly felt in this gathering than formerly, for the meeting was attended by a larger number of teachers and officers than on any preceding occasion. Encouraging reports were received from the inspector, and from the various schools, showing an increase in every department as will be seen from the following table.

	No. of Teachers.	No. of Scholars.	Teachers Members.	Scholars Members.	Teachers Testotals.	Scholars Testotals.	Band of Hope.
1877	87	424	56	6	37	64	57
1878	97	485	83	27	46	117	86
Increase	10	61	27	21	9	53	29

	Receipts.		Disbursements.		Surplus.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
1877	48	12 2	31	11 0½	17	1 1½
1878	66	6 11½	37	19 7½	29	7 4½
Increase	17	14 9½	6	8 7	12	6 2½

Gratitude to God for the success of the past, and a desire for the continuance of God's blessing during the ensuing year, was the expression of every heart. Animated discussions took place on special topics, and amongst other things it was resolved that "The conversion of the children being the paramount object of Sabbath schools,"—special prayer meetings should be held in each school on the first Sunday of every month; also, that "Bands of Hope" should be formed where practicable; and that the rewards issued should be exclusively of a religious character. The business being finished, the Conference adjourned to a bountifully-provided tea. At the public meeting several edifying speeches (interspersed with singing by the Madworthy choir), were delivered. The first speaker was Mr. E. Speare, (Northlew), who, speaking of "The best mode of conducting Sabbath schools," said, there should be order, punctuality, &c., religious teaching, special prayer at stated times, and attractive singing. He was followed by the Rev. J. Datson, who spoke on "The relation of Sabbath schools to the Church." He said that the same principles believed in by the church are taught in the Sabbath school, and thus it is a nursery for the church. Next came Mr. E. Rice, (Boasley), whose topic was, "Some of the most important qualifications required to make an efficient Sabbath school teacher." He thought that there should be a spirit of forbearance and patience, a well informed mind, high views of the end of Sabbath schools, regularity and punctuality, and above all eminent piety. After him, Mr W. Martin, (Bratton), instanced as "some of the best means to be employed in Sabbath schools for the conversion of the children," winning the children's love, prayer for them publicly, and with them individually, visits of the ministers to the schools, and stimulation and encouragement among the teachers. Mr. Shobrook, (Northlew), then spoke on "How to retain the senior scholars." His remarks were supplemented by the Rev. J. Coles. The last speaker was Mr. Squire, (Widdon), who in speaking on "The duty of parents in relation to Sabbath schools," expressed it as his opinion, that as the Sabbath schools did good, morally and spiritually, it was the duty of the parents to support them by contributions, by discipline at home, by gratitude for the services of the teachers, and by seconding and encouraging their efforts. After the usual votes of thanks, the Conference was brought to a close.

J. C.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

SIR,—We held our quarterly meeting on Monday, September 30th, at Mr. Cocker's, Leichfield Street. Present—Messrs. Keast, Reed, Smith, Tregagle, Harding, Knipe, W. Manhire, and F. Manhire. The following is the financial statement.

RECEIPTS.			DISBURSEMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
By Balance	-	73 6 6	To W. H. Keast's Salary	12	10 0
Collections	-	31 15 9	Do. Board and Lodgings	20	4 0
Quarterages	-	9 1 6	Rent of Church	-	10 16 0
Quarterly Tea	-	2 6 3	Gas, &c.	-	5 3 10
Interest on money in Bank	1	15 9	Loan to Addington Church		
			Building Fund	-	50 0 0
			Balance in Bank	-	19 11 11
	£118	5 9		£118	5 9

It will be seen that the actual receipts for the quarter are £44 19s. 3d., an increase of £6 14s. 9d. on the previous quarter. It will also be seen that the actual expenditure of the quarter is £48 13s. 10d., an increase of £7 9s. 10d. The £50 loaned to the new church at Addington, the trustees will be in a position to refund in a few days, with 8 per cent. interest.

The following is part of a report read in the evening meeting by the Pastor:—It is matter for sincere and deep thankfulness to our Heavenly Father that death has not been permitted to visit our ranks from the commencement of the mission to the present date! God has spared to us an unbroken regiment. Lest, however, He may shortly be about to visit us with His sickle, let us not cease to watch and to

wait in all readiness. It is also matter for great thankfulness and rejoicing that the *moral character of the church has been so preserved*. May God ever thus preserve us! Nothing so damages a church and robs her of power and of public favour as looseness of moral character. An untainted moral reputation is one of the grandest recommendations a church can have to public esteem and patronage. When the public have lost confidence in our *morality*, they will think but lightly of our *spirituality*, however loudly proclaimed. When *morals* are at a discount you will secure but a low per centage for *religion*. A church should be an example of all that is pure, honest, just, unselfish, manly and good. The past quarter has been marked by *liberality, peace, zealous labours, brotherly love, and extension*. At the last quarterly meeting we numbered 52 members, to-day we number 66, an increase of 14, and we have added five teachers and 40 scholars. Let us devoutly thank God and take courage! Our financial position is such as will justify our declaring ourselves *self-supporting at any time*, a state of things which will be not at all displeasing to the treasurer of the missionary society. The week's special evangelistic services in the German Church added at least six new members, and a few of God's people obtained the glorious blessing of full salvation. It also resulted in the origination of a weekly "Mothers' and Young Women's Meeting," (led by Mrs. Scott, an excellent Scotchwoman who has recently joined us). In the coming quarter let *each one* seek to do something for Jesus.

The quarterly meeting was exceedingly pleasant, and the business was rapidly dispatched. It was decided to have a Christmas Tree, in aid of the city Church building fund, Mr. Knipe, Secretary, and Mr. Tregear, Treasurer. It was also decided to have a tea meeting in the German Church for the same object, on Thursday, October 24th. Messrs. E. Reed, J. Smith, and W. Knipe, were nominated circuit stewards. In the evening meeting the following resolutions were most cordially adopted:—"That the hearty and unanimous thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. John Wreford Reed, for his valuable and unabated interest as leader of the choir, and we hope that during the coming quarter he may receive such support as will enable him to make this invaluable part of divine service still more efficient." That the unanimous thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. and Mrs. Cocker, for gratuitously supplying the quarterly meeting with such an excellent tea; we are quite aware of the labour and the expense such an undertaking must have incurred, but we hope that the assurance of having rendered the society considerable aid, and thereby promoting the interests of our blessed Master's cause, will far more than repay them." About fifty-five members and friends of the church accepted Mrs. Cocker's invitation to tea, who apparently thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

On Thursday last, we held the tea proposed at the quarterly meeting. Three hundred tickets had been printed, and all hands had been actively engaged in selling them. There were eight tables, and the provisions were given by Mrs. Smith, the Misses Reed, Mrs. Hodd, Mrs. Knipe, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Cocker, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Lodge, and the Bachelors, at whose table Mrs. Vincent presided. It is usual in this interesting country for the bachelors of the church to furnish a table, which is generally regarded as *the table*. In this instance the confectioner certainly did his best. But *every table* was really splendid. Our ladies believe that what is worth doing is worth doing well. The tea was well patronized, there being between 200 and 300 present. A public meeting followed, our excellent friend, Mr. Reed, in the chair, and addresses were given by the Revs. Mirams, (Congregationalist), Luxford, (Wesleyan), Dallaston, (Baptist), and Keast. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. J. W. Reed, sang suitable hymns. The profits of the day were over £20. Everything passed off most pleasantly. The bachelors' table was graced with *sixteen young ladies* at the first sitting.

ADDINGTON.

We opened our New Church at Addington on the 8th and 10th of September. On the 8th three sermons were preached; in the morning by the Rev. W. H. Keast, at 2-30, by the Rev. C. Dallaston, and at 6-30, by the Rev. J. White. The day was very wet, which interfered somewhat with the attendance. On the Tuesday, it was still *very wet*; the tea however was well attended, and at the public meeting the church was quite full. The provisions for the tea were given by Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Gun, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. Scott, and Miss Manhire. J. L. Scott, Esq., presided over the meeting, who called on the pastor to read the

report. The following is an extract:—"I have the pleasure to-night of submitting the first report of the first Bible Christian Church in the colony of New Zealand. For a great many years past there has been a steady flow of our people to this country, and the missionary executive were fully convinced of the urgent need that a mission should be opened here. Meanwhile, lack of men and of means prevented anything being done. Providence, however, eventually opened the way. About two years ago, Mr. E. Reed came to this colony, and having the interests of his beloved church fully at heart, and feeling assured that there was ample room and plenty of work for another evangelical body in this city, he soon decided to attempt the formation of a Bible Christian Church. The attempt was highly successful. The first services were held at Mr. James Tregear's, Conference Street, in the month of January, 1877, Mr. Reed preaching twice. By the next Sunday the Templar Hall had been secured. The society continuing to grow, an appeal was made to the executive for a missionary, and the Conference of 1877 appointed an agent who arrived here in November last. Our present statistics are:—minister, one; local preachers, six; members, sixty-six. A word now about this effort. A few months ago, Mr. Manhire, sen., came to us with an offer of a site for a church, and a donation of £20 towards the building fund from his son, Mr. Daniel Manhire. A committee was appointed to view the site, who recommended that the generous offer be accepted, and a church built to accommodate about one hundred people."

The following is the balance sheet—

BY RECEIPTS.			£	s.	d.			
Collections	-	-	12	3	3	Mr. W. Craig	-	0 10 6
Public Tea	-	-	7	17	0	" F. Manhire	-	0 13 8
Subscriptions:—						A Friend	-	2 5 0
Mr. D. Manhire	-	-	21	17	0	" W."	-	1 10 0
" W. Manhire	-	-	5	0	0	Mr. Bull	-	0 10 0
" W. Knipe	-	-	5	0	0	" Buxton	-	1 0 0
" J. C. Twentyman	-	-	5	0	0	" Radford	-	1 0 0
" R. Rastrick	-	-	2	0	0	" J. L. Scott	-	2 0 0
" G. Booth	-	-	2	2	0	" X."	-	1 1 0
" — R.	-	-	2	2	0	Mrs. Scott	-	1 0 0
" — S.	-	-	2	2	0	" Keast	-	0 5 0
" — M.	-	-	2	2	0	" Straw	-	0 10 0
" E. Reed	-	-	1	1	0	Rev. J. S. Smalley	-	0 10 0
" J. Smith	-	-	1	1	0	" W. H. Keast, second do-		
" J. Tregear	-	-	2	0	0	nation (to give or beg)	1	0 0
" J. T. Smith	-	-	1	0	0	Mr. C. Scawn	-	1 0 0
" — Dewsbury	-	-	1	1	0	By Loan from Christchurch		
" J. Brown	-	-	1	1	0	Society	-	50 0 0
" — Scott	-	-	1	1	0	Do. from Fire Insurance	-	100 0 0
" W. H. Keast	-	-	1	1	0	Collected in small sums	-	2 7 1
" W. Grose	-	-	1	0	0	Total receipts (up to the		
" — Smith	-	-	0	10	6	present)	-	£245 4 0
TO DISBURSEMENTS.								
Messrs. Rastrick Bros., as per contract	..	..	..	..	..	£	s.	d.
do. do. second contract	..	..	..	..	..	125	0	0
Mr. D. Manhire for Lining, &c.	..	..	..	..	..	42	0	0
Lamps, and all other Furniture	..	..	..	..	..	22	0	0
						12	9	0
Total Disbursements up to the present						£201	9	0

I wish to call the reader's attention to one or two things in connection with the above statement. The £50 borrowed from the Christchurch Society, the trustees will be able to refund almost at once. The £100 from the Insurance Society is loaned at 10 per cent., to be repaid in two years in half-yearly instalments. I may say that we should have found no difficulty in opening this church *free of debt* had we thought it wise to have appropriated our City Church Building Fund in its behalf. We deemed it unadvisable however to do so, hence the £100 debt. A word about the church. It is a very nice wooden building, 22 feet by 30 feet, and will seat about 125. I may say that its cost would have been considerably more

had there not have been a great amount of gratuitous labour. Messrs. Grose, F. Manhire, Wright, and D. Manhire, worked nobly. Too much cannot be said of the interest Mr. D. Manhire has taken in the erection of this church, for which he gave the site, and considerably over £20 towards its funds. I cannot say much about the congregations as yet. The last time I was there about seventy were present. A Sunday-school has been formed, and already quite forty names appear on the roll-book. Thus far I have acted as superintendent; soon, however, Mr. F. Manhire will relieve me of this. A class is formed, and this also I have the charge of at present; but as soon as we get a little established, Mr. W. Manhire is to be leader. I have visited almost every house in the neighbourhood, and am quite convinced the church is built in a very necessitous district. May every reader of these words who knows "how to pray," ask God's blessing upon this the first Bible Christian church in this great country!

We are getting our ranks strengthened by arrivals from "Home!"—I have been here now nearly twelve months, but the writing of *that* word caused my eyes to moisten. Mr. D. Lanyon and Mr. Peek have arrived, and we have just met with Mr. and Mrs. Chiverton. I do hope the ministers will not omit to supply credentials to such as may leave their various churches for this country, and press upon them to *seek us out*, and not rest until they *find us*. *This is most important.* If the brethren want to know how to proceed, let them write W. F. James, who *is* able to give instructions. I write in this strain because many are *now* arriving here without a line of recommendation or a single credential!

But I must pull up—eh, Mr. Editor? You will be sorry to hear that I am unable to do my work at present. I have been ill, and am now at the sea-side for a change. I am much better, thank God, and hope to be able to resume work next Sunday week. Everybody has been very kind to me. I want to get quite well, so that I may do my Master's work with "might." I love the work and am most happy when I am at it hard. My Father has sent me here to do a work for Him, and He *will* supply the strength. I do not fear. *I believe.*

W. H. KEAST.

Aldred Street, Christchurch, Canterbury, N.Z.
November 6th, 1878.

LETTER FROM MR. BETTISS.

DEAR BROTHER BOURNE,—You will be glad to hear that we have arrived safely after a splendid voyage of forty-nine days from Plymouth. I am thankful to say our health on the whole during the voyage was good. At present we are under the kind protection of Br. Hosken; next week we proceed to Ballarat for a little time while Br. Orchard goes in the Runnymede Circuit to supply for Br. Warren while he is away to open some new ground. Thus far I like the Colony, and trust that the blessing of God may rest upon us.

Melbourne has surpassed my expectation. Br. Hosken and his colleague are working in harmony, and living in the affections of their hearers. There is a fine field of labour here. I hope you still entertain the idea of visiting us after the next English Conference; and am convinced you will enjoy a visit, and think you ought to go over the ground. I shall write a little piece for the Magazine soon.—Yours truly,
Melbourne, Nov. 14th.

W. BETTISS.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Englishman's Critical and Expository Bible Cyclopedia. By the Rev. A. R. FAUSSETT, M.A. Illustrated by Six Hundred Wood Cuts. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 18s.)

THIS work is a noble monument to the author's industry, and learning, and skill.

We have not been able to do more than dip into it carefully here and there, and, as might be expected, find we are not in agreement with our author on every point,* yet we hesitate not to express the opinion that this is the best work of the kind in the same compass that has been given to the world. How it is the best because it is the *latest*, a sentence or two from the preface will clearly indicate. "The labours of the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund, have thrown fresh light on many obscure questions of sacred topography and history, and verified in the minutest details the accuracy of Holy Writ. Besides, in an age prone to scepticism, God has given remarkable confirmations of the truth of His own Word in raising up men who have been enabled to decipher the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria, and the archaic characters of the Moabite stone. Ephesus with its temple to the great Diana, Midian and its mines, Rome and its catacombs, have all contributed their quota of witness to the truth. The discoveries thus made, in so far as they elucidate the sacred volume, have been embodied in this Cyclopædia."

Ephraim and Helah: a Story of the Exodus. By EDWIN HODDER. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

THE bondage of God's ancient people, and of their wonderful deliverance, are here so graphically described, that its readers are not likely again to overlook or misapprehend the chief points in the Bible account thereof.

Stevens' History of Methodism, Vol. III. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 5s.) THIS volume completes this valuable work. In reading it we found ourselves as much absorbed as we were when we read it the first time several years ago. The "get-up" of this edition is all that can be desired, and this volume alone is embellished with no less than eleven excellent steel engravings.

Pointed Papers for the Christian Life. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., Author of "Heart Life," &c. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THESE papers answer to their title. They can hardly fail of being useful, if read; or of being read, for there is a great charm about them.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Old Testament. Vol. IV. Elliot Stock. Price 5s.

WE are glad to receive a further instalment of this useful work, which we have more than once heartily recommended to our readers.

Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions. Second Series. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 2s. 6d.)

ANYTHING from Mr. Pearse's pen will receive a loving welcome from thousands of readers. The mine has been well worked before, but this volume shows that the ore was far from being exhausted.

An Examination of the Doctrines of Conditional Immortality and Universalism. By J. R. GREGORY. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 2s. 6d.)

MR. GREGORY here shows himself to be an acute and candid critic; he has, in our view, completely demolished many of the arguments employed by modern advocates "of Conditional Immortality and Universalism."

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Visiting Book for 1879. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 2s. cloth; 3s. roan, gilt edges).

THE handiest Ministers' Pocket-book we know, and each year improvements are introduced which increase its value.

* Its strongly pronounced Calvinism is only one instance of several we might adduce.

Correspondence.

THE DEBT ON THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

20, Claremont Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol, January 14, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Every lover of our Denomination must feel deeply on account of the financial pressure that so greatly embarrasses the Missionary Committee. With fine openings on every hand for the extension of the work that comes so near to all our hearts, it is painful to contemplate the incubus of debt that represses ardour and impedes action. Something must be done. It is no good to spend our time in useless regrets that the debt is incurred. For my own part since the money has not been forthcoming, I am glad the Committee have had the moral courage and the faith in God to go forward without it, because the debt represents that amount more of work done. And I am sure the work is worth more than the money.

The whole Denomination is the better for the existence and operations of the Missionary Society, and now, are we to look on and see its energies paralysed, and its noble career arrested for the want of funds? Is a whole Denomination to be frightened out of its faith, and love, and heroism by the heavy debt that rests upon it? I venture to affirm that there is more than *one* half-dozen men in the Connexion who could pay the debt, as shown on the Report, off any day, without realizing the smallest pecuniary inconvenience by doing so.* But as the whole Connexion is blessed by the Society, and affected by its position, so let every part of it that has the ability have the privilege and the honour of delivering it from its bondage. It can be done in a day, and the vast mental resources of our worthy Treasurer at once liberated for nobler purposes than the bearing of such a body of Denominational sin and death as this debt, if allowed to continue, amounts to.

Let the amount be divided by the number of ministers in full work, and let each circuit become responsible for its proportionate part, according to the number of ministers labouring on it. At home and abroad there are 267 ministers in active service. £1448 6s. divided among them amounts to a fraction less than £5 8s. 6d. each. If it is thought desirable to except the foreign stations, then the same amount divided among the 143 brethren labouring at home, would be about £10 2s. 7d. each. And if it is still thought that some of our poorer Mission Stations at home should also be exempted, then let it be divided among the 112 brethren labouring on the self-supporting circuits and the stronger Mission stations, and the amount will be £12 18s. 8d. each. Adopting this latter apportionment, any one of the stations included in it, would add to its present circuit liabilities that amount per preacher labouring on. Let the several quarterly meetings become each responsible for its proportionate part, if necessary borrow the money and send a full remittance to the Treasurer immediately. Each station could then take its own time, and adopt its own method for paying off this additional liability. A variety of means are at the option of local bodies for raising funds that are not available by the Missionary Society, such as bazaars, Christmas trees, &c., any of which might be employed as the ministers and leading friends of any station might deem the most suitable.

The question came before our Christmas Quarterly meeting, and was most heartily approved of, the following resolution being unanimously passed:—"That respecting the debt upon the Connexional Missionary Society, this meeting is prepared to act upon the lines laid down by the Connexional Committee, or is willing to pay its proportion of the debt should all the circuits be assessed according to the number of ministers stationed on them." A few brethren have also been consulted on the subject, and they have fully concurred in the suggestion. I cannot see the least obstacle in the way of working it out, seeing each station can after (borrowing the money if necessary, and) paying the Treasurer, please itself

* If this were done at once, it would be easier the first favourable opportunity to grapple with the Connexion's pecuniary liabilities as a whole, those of the Missionary Society in particular, and put the Denomination on a sounder financial basis.—ED.

as to the time and method of raising the required amount for paying off the liability which it has thus generously taken upon itself.

Praying that the Divine blessing may accompany this or any other plan for advancing the cause of truth and holiness, through our instrumentality,

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

J. DYMOND.

Perhaps it would be well to print the circular of the Committee in the Magazine appealing for help, as it may be seen by some persons willing to help, who would not see it else.

"Permit us to bring to your notice the following statement respecting the Bible Christian Missionary Society. It was formed in 1821, confining its labours for several years to our own country. In 1831, its labours were extended to North America, when one Missionary was sent to Canada West, and another to Prince Edward Island; though the income for that year was but a little over £100. In 1850, two Missionaries were sent to South Australia; in 1855, a Mission was opened in Victoria; in 1866, one also in Queensland; and only last year one in New Zealand. The Lord has so prospered the labours of His servants, that 184 Missionaries are now supported wholly or in part from its funds, which amount to about £9,000 per year. These preach in 527 chapels, and in 154 other places, and frequently in the open air. They are assisted in their work by 836 local preachers and 4,127 teachers; and have at present under their care 16,000 members and 27,844 scholars. These results have been secured, though the loss from removals and emigrations has probably averaged 1,500 annually for several years past; and when a station becomes self-supporting, it is no longer included in the statistics; and several of the most prosperous churches and congregations of the denomination were opened and at first supported by the Missionary Society. A few years since it was found there was such a tide of emigrations and removals from Devon and Cornwall, where the great bulk of the societies is found, that it was absolutely necessary to follow our friends and open several new Missions, and at the same time render effectual help, in order to firmly establish the cause, in the building of chapels in important centres of population. These objects, no doubt, would have been accomplished without necessitating a special appeal, if the depression in trade had not occurred coincidentally with these efforts, which, moreover, has fallen with such severity on many of our friends as to lessen their ability to contribute as heretofore, and in several instances to scatter whole societies and congregations. A sum of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS is urgently needed to remove the heaviest liabilities, and to extend the work; and it is noteworthy that the openings were never so promising, and the calls never so loud and urgent, as at this moment. The maximum salary guaranteed to married agents of the society is only £80 per year and house rent; and, unless the income be materially increased, it may be necessary for them to surrender a portion of even this amount. In this time of trial, therefore, and relying upon the sympathy of Christian people generally, and of our own friends in particular, who may be able to render further assistance, they confidently make this appeal."

In behalf of the Committee,

J. C. HONEY, *President*, 35, Norfolk-terrace, Southsea, Hants.

W. B. REED, *Secretary*, Holsworthy, Devon.

F. W. BOURNE, *Treasurer*, 26, Herbert-street, New North-road, London, N.

W. J. HOCKING, *Home Secretary*, Higher Bore-street, Bodmin, Cornwall.

W. GILBERT, *Foreign Secretary*, 10, St. Michael's-terrace, Penzance.

By whom subscriptions will be thankfully received, or by any of the Itinerant preachers.

If a suggestion in another circular which has been sent to the Itinerant preachers and to the quarterly meetings was heartily and generally acted on, the Society would be substantially relieved; viz., Let every circuit supplement wherever necessary its ordinary efforts to raise needful sums for the support of the ministry for the present year, and other expenses, by some special effort, and forego all

claims on the Missionary Society, and let the whole of the funds of the Missionary Society that may be raised for the current year be appropriated towards the reduction of the debt.—ED.

Our Miscellany.

KILKHAMPTON'S OPINION OF MR. SPENCER'S PART IN THE CONTROVERSY WITH CANON THYNNE.

THE Rev. G. Duncan, of Frome, lectured on the "Evils of a State Church," in our chapel at Kilkhampston, on December 19th, 1878, and the next evening on "Disestablishment and Disendowment." The chapel was so crowded on both evenings that many had to go into the school-room. Mr. Spencer, who presided on each occasion, was heartily and deservedly complimented for the part he had taken in the controversy with which our last month's issue has made our readers acquainted. These meetings are regarded by many as the *best* possible reply to Canon Thynne. But there is a reply *better* than the *best*, viz., the gracious revival now in progress in our chapel at Kilkhampston. The meetings are crowded, and one evening no less than eight persons found the Saviour.

At the Preacher's quarterly meeting of the Kilkhampston Circuit, held December 26th, the following resolution was unanimously and heartily passed, "That the very best thanks of this meeting be given to the Rev. R. Spencer, superintendent of this circuit, for so nobly and effectually defending the reputation of the Bible Christian local preachers against the uncharitable and untruthful attack of Canon Thynne."

The Preachers' meeting of the Truro Circuit also passed a comprehensive and argumentative resolution, a copy of which has been forwarded to the Bishop and Canon Thynne.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

Osborne, Dec. 26, 1878.

THE Queen is anxious to take the earliest opportunity of expressing publicly her heartfelt thanks for the universal and most touching sympathy shown to her by all classes of her loyal and faithful subjects on the present occasion, when it has pleased God to call away from this world her dearly-beloved daughter, the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

Overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a dear child, who was a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty, it is most soothing to the Queen's feelings to see how entirely her grief is shared by her people. The Queen's deeply afflicted son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, is also anxious to make known his sincere gratitude for the kind feelings expressed towards himself and his dear children in their terrible bereavement, and his gratification at the appreciation shown by the people of England of the noble and endearing qualities of her whom all now mourn.

Seventeen years ago, at this very time, when a similar bereavement crushed the Queen's happiness, and this beloved and lamented daughter was her great comfort and support, the nation evinced the same touching sympathy, as well as when, in December, 1871, the Prince of Wales was at the point of death.

Such an exhibition of true and tender feeling will ever remain engraven on the Queen's heart, and is the more to be valued at this moment of great distress in the country, which no one more deeply deplores than the Queen herself.

WAR AND THE BIBLE.

WE have received a pithy paper from the Peace Society with this title. It is shown in detail how war transgresses the precepts and commands of Scripture. We subjoin the closing sentences, which we consider much to the point. "*Thou shalt not kill.*" It is the very object, the main business of war to kill men. It is the most terrible engine ever contrived for the wholesale destruction of mankind; incomparably more destructive to life than the Inquisition or the Slave Trade, than famine or pestilence, or any form of disease that ever swept over the earth. Survey the butcheries of the recent battle-fields in the Crimean War, the Franco-German War, and the Russo-Turkish War. Peaceful inhabitants massacred without distinction or mercy! "Often were the ditches along the line of march," says an eye-witness, "literally filled with clotted, coagulated blood as with mire; the dead bodies of peasants, put to death like dogs, were lying there horribly mangled; little naked infants of a year old or less, were found besmeared in the mud of the road, transfixed with bayonet wounds; matrons and young women dead with cruel, shameful wounds." "*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*" But can the soldier do this, and still continue his trade of human butchery? Love is said to be the fulfilling of the law, because it worketh no ill to his neighbour; but the soldier is required, as a matter of alleged duty, to do his neighbour all the ill he can! He is hired for this sole purpose; and he must do it, or die himself for neglect of duty! "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them.*" But would you like to have a gang of men burn your dwelling over your head, butcher your whole family, and then send a bullet or a bayonet through your own heart? This is the whole business of war; its grand maxim is to do unto others just what we would not have done to ourselves. Are such things only perversions of war? No; they are inseparable from any of its forms; and as well might you talk of fire without heat, as of a war without fraud, and robbery, and murder, and misery by wholesale. Do you deem it possible for the deeds of war to be done from good motives, in a Christian spirit? What! burn villages, plunder cities, butcher men, women, and children, send thousands at once into eternity, in unforgiven guilt, all from motives acceptable to a God of peace and love! *A Soldier must not keep a Conscience.*—The Duke of Wellington once said, "A military man must not draw distinctions. He must be a machine, and if he does not choose to be a machine let him leave the service. It was tiresome enough to deal with other people's consciences, but for heaven's sake let them hear nothing of the consciences of military officers!"

ROMAN CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

THE Rev. Monsignor de Haerne, of the English College of Bruges, has prepared a statistical work on the progress of Catholicism among the peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin, showing the numerical extension of the Roman Catholic Church in the British Empire and the United States of America. In 1857 the number of Roman Catholic places of worship in England was 894, administered by 1,115 priests; but in 1877 the number of places of worship had increased to 1,315, administered to by 2,088 priests. Twenty-one years ago there were only 21 religious houses for men in England, while last year the number was 73; 97 convents or other religious houses for women existed in 1857, but in 1877 they had increased to 239, while the number of colleges and seminaries had more than doubled within the same period. In the colonies of Great Britain, the development of Catholicism is thus shown: In 1855 the number of Roman Catholic sees existing in the colonies and dependencies, including British America, Australia, India, and the West Indies, was 44. In 1876, the numbers had doubled, there being then 88 archbishops and bishops exercising their functions in the same territories. Taking ten dioceses of Canada as an illustration of the colonial progress of Catholicism, it is found that so late as 1869 the number of churches in those dioceses was 779, while in 1876 the increase during seven years had been 913, the Roman Catholic clergy increasing in numbers during the same period from 768

to 1,171. For the same seven years the number of religious houses had risen from 73 to 196. The educational wants of a Catholic population comprising 1,882,000 souls were ministered to by 3,139 parochial schools, being one school to each 600 of the population, an average somewhat above the proportion in Prussia, or, indeed, any other European country. In the year 1790 the first Catholic bishopric in the United States was established at Baltimore. Fourteen years before, in 1776, the year of Independence, there were only 25,000 Catholics in the States under the spiritual guidance of 25 priests. When the first episcopal see was founded the number of clergymen was 34, who were governed by a Vicar-Apostolic, and ministered to a population of 30,000 Catholics, the total population of the States being at the time nearly three millions and a quarter. Half a century later, in 1840, the Roman Catholics numbered one million and a half of people, with 16 bishops, 482 priests, and 454 churches. In 1855 the Catholic population was about two millions, but 21 years later, in 1876, it had increased to six and a half millions of people. This large Catholic population is ruled by 56 bishops, and no less than 5,358 priests, who minister in 5,046 churches and 3,711 oratories and missionary stations. In 21 years, from 1855 to 1871, the religious houses for men had increased from 15 to 95, while from 50 the conventual establishments had risen to 225. In the year 1800 there was only one Roman Catholic female academy in the States; in 1876 there were over 400, and at the same period the colleges devoted to Roman Catholic teaching had risen from 2 to 64. Of the 56 bishops, 30 are of Irish birth or descent. Monsignor de Hearne, taking into account the large accession to the Roman Catholic population of the United States made by German immigration, thinks that the extension of Catholicism in the Republic is mainly due to the Irish population. According to Dr. Brownson, nearly 4,000,000 Irish folk had landed in the United States in 80 years, and the Catholics of Irish birth or descent at present fully number 4,000,000 people.

MR. SPURGEON AS A PREACHER.

EVERYBODY has heard of him as a preacher, millions have heard him preach. The Tabernacle on a Sunday, when Mr. Spurgeon is in the pulpit, is one of the sights of London. It is the one church in England, perhaps in the world, whose regular congregation numbers 5,000, and which has never an empty bench. The weekly sermons have even a wider congregation than the Tabernacle will hold. They are printed from week to week, and circulate wherever the English tongue prevails. They have been translated into almost every language spoken by Christians; and in some of the African missionary settlements the natives read in their own tongue the homely truths, the forcible arguments, and the quaint illustrations which have been first uttered on some earlier Sunday in the Tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon is first of all a preacher, and it is as a preacher that he is known throughout the civilized world. But he is something more than a preacher. He is one of the most tremendous workers of the day. Few people outside his congregation, or beyond those who make it their special business to inquire, can form any conception of the proportion and extension of the agencies for doing good which Mr. Spurgeon has established, controls, and principally maintains. The conclusion of a period of twenty-five years' work, marked as it has been by the splendid testimonial of the Bazaar, appears a fitting opportunity for reviewing his labours and recording the impressions of a personal visit to the institutions of which he is the life and soul.—*Daily News*.

THE DISTRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS is probably greater and more widespread at the present time than it has been for a number of years. It has fallen with peculiar severity on districts of the country in which our oldest and newest stations are situated. Its cause is doubtless to be found in the inflated prosperity and prices that prevailed a few

years ago, and the extravagant and luxuriant habits indulged in by all sections of the community, aggravated by the frequent strikes and lock-outs, the what to us appears insane foreign policy of the Government, the heavy bank and other failures, the growing competition of other countries, &c., &c. The actual facts concerning the condition of St. Just, in the far West, described by the *Daily News* correspondent, will apply with certain differences to many other places.

"By the kindness of the authorities I was enabled to secure some figures which leave no doubt as to the rapid process of depopulation going on in this once thriving parish. At the census of 1871 the inhabitants numbered 9,011, since reduced by more than a thousand by emigration either abroad or to the North of England, where, during the prosperous season of the iron trade, Cornish miners, by reason of their superior skill, found ready employment in the hematite mines. Some few tried their hands at winning coal, but, although this is but a coarse kind of work, did not succeed at it, and were glad to seek other employment. Some of the men who went north took their families with them; but it is computed that of the thousand who left St. Just for various destinations, six hundred were men, and the very flower of the population. That many of them must have been heads of families is proved by the tell-tale array of houses standing empty. The parish books show that out of 1,440 houses assessed, 350, or nearly one quarter, are now standing empty. . . Houses full and empty stand side by side, the placard 'to let' being of course disagreeably frequent. The empty houses, however, hardly reveal the extent of the mischief; for many of those still inhabited are filled by the families of absent miners. These families are by no means the worst off in St. Just, actual misery being far more frequently found in the households of the 'half-men,' many of whom are half starved. In estimating the wages earned at Dolcoath and the surrounding places, I mentioned the maximum wages in Cornwall, certainly twenty-five or thirty per cent. above the average. . . Unfortunately there are many widows among the population of St. Just. The accidents of a miner's life anywhere, disease contracted in hot climates by wandering husbands, and the combined effect of hard work and insufficient food, shorten life, and the result is a heavy average of widows, some with little children in sorry plight, others with a lad or a girl to help them. Granting, however, that woman, lad, and lass, are all three lucky enough to get work, their total earnings can hardly exceed nine shillings, a sum which, admitting that they pay no rent at all, is poor enough for the maintenance of the three workers, and probably one or two little ones. Even this wretched budget is, it must be remembered, a favourable one, for in many cases a widow has only her own earnings, three or four shillings per week, to support her and hers. I am somewhat precise in this matter, as I am informed that it has been urged in opposition to some of my statements as to the prevailing distress, that there is no increase in pauperism in some of the districts I have visited. As long as people remain able-bodied, and are able to earn a few shillings a week, they, as a rule, do not desire to become chargeable to the parish. At least this is true of the people I know best—miners, weavers, spinners, fishermen, and workers in metals. They despise parish relief, and shrink from the taunt of pauperism as they would from the plague. Hard times have rather hardened their natural independence, and have not developed that leprosy of pauperism which infects some of the agricultural counties of southern England. They are content to suffer and to wait; but is the distress they endure the less real because it is bravely met, or must people sink to the utter degradation of a workhouse before it will be admitted that they are in need of help?"

No stronger appeal can be made in behalf of the deserving poor than this statement of facts; and we trust the appeal will not be in vain.

LIFE AND ITS FAILURES.—If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.



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H. Hovey

President of the Conference, 1873.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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CALEB AN EXAMPLE OF A NOBLE SPIRIT.

“But my servant Caleb, because he hath another spirit with him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went; and his seed shall possess it.”—NUMBERS xiv. 24.

WHAT pleases God? The importance of this question cannot be over-estimated. The happiness of life, the success of its enterprises, the hopes which brighten it, and the issues of the judgment, depend upon our pleasing God. The approbation of others is a powerful motive from which no one is quite free, but like all good things it admits of abuse. But the desire to please is not a mark of moral deterioration. Reputation is capital in all departments of industry, in every profession and in all relationships; and in none more so than in Christian activity. We have fellowship only as we have confidence, and the chief of the apostles says, “Though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ,) that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men; that I might by all means save some.” 1 Cor. ix. 19-22. Here Paul was willing to do anything, to be anything, but within the limits of obedience to Christ.

But the desire to please God needs no safeguards. As a motive it is apostolic and safe. The most splendid attainments, the most brilliant achievements, the most magnificent successes will be but a

MARCH, 1879.

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sad failure if they are not related to the prompting force of apostolic zeal. "Wherefore we labour, that whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him."

What then pleases Him? How am I to know? By what examples am I to regulate my course of living, and form my character? The all-perfect life is the one only model of complete imitation. But here is a man who has favourable recognition. We have no record of battles fought, of wealth or mental force possessed, but a man of a right spirit.

I.—*The principle on which the divine estimate of man is formed.*

"Another spirit." That indefinable something that underlies all action, gives tone to words and influence to life. A kind of atmosphere which encompasses us and makes others feel, when within its circle, its pure or poisonous, elevating or depressing nature. As spring draws forth all the forms of life in their most beauteous growths, so there are persons and places, homes and books, that act you hardly know why upon all the better parts of your being, and you feel yourself trampling easily over the old nature and becoming more placid, spiritual, prayerful, generous, self-sacrificing; and rising into a nobler manhood. If asked how brought about, you would find it difficult to say. Not the sparkling wit, the polished manner of the man, not the argument nor oratory of the pulpit, not the architecture of the building, not the order of the service—but all we can say is this:—It is the spirit of the thing. We can never undervalue the words of Christ and the writings of the Apostles,—for their simplicity,—beauty,—fulness,—inexhaustible freshness, unfading youth. They have stood the intellectual tests of eighteen centuries, and, like the Hebrews in the seven-fold heated furnace, the smell of fire has not passed upon them. They rank among the finest of ancient or modern classics; they are indeed sacred classics; but the spirit of Christ has done more than simply the words of Christ. "He speaketh as one having authority," the force rather than the letter. His inner self of the man becomes manifested in two ways.

(1)—*By His way of looking at things.*

Twelve men are sent on the same mission. They go over the same ground, see the same persons and things, but they receive different impressions and bring back different reports. Why? The *men* were different,—not of the same spirit.

Men's relations to the gospel are not as a rule determined by intellectual considerations. The difficulties are not mental, but moral, and are not found in the facts and truths so much as in the person contemplating them. Christ to the men of His day presented power and wisdom and goodness, in a way which satisfied the

very highest laws of evidence; yet there were heart-forces which maintained the bitterest hostility to His divine claim. The recorded opinions of Pharisee and Sadducee do not now in any sense determine the character of Christ's life, but they do show the spirit of their own.

An artist will linger with rapt attention before a picture which awakens but a languid interest in an inartistic eye. The picture judges the men more than they the picture.

Much is said about *honest* doubt; and disbelief in the great verities of the gospel is come to be looked upon as a mark of honoured distinction. But what is honest doubt? If I am told that about the North Pole there is a continent with abundant vegetation, and new varieties of animal existence, I may be honest in doubting it; but if I express a doubt of the existence of the Paris Exhibition, I am hardly honest. True, it lies outside my experience, between me and it is an interval of sea, but I am not honest if I set myself against the evidence which is every day multiplying. So, if the doubter in the Bible, can say he has weighed every class of evidence, read Paley, Butler, Lardner, and similar authors, met every argument, overthrown the evidence, and accounted for the influence of Christianity upon men's minds and hearts otherwise than on its divinity,—then honesty may be linked to the doubt, and we readily concede the claim of sincerity. Yes, brethren, "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It is the native hostility of the heart that uses the intellectual powers as its mouthpiece. Spiritual sympathy is the prerequisite for all scripture interpretation and Christian work.

It is not a question of seeing less, but more. The Hebrews at the sea saw the Egyptians, but Moses saw more—God; they the bitter waters—he also the sweetening tree; Elisha's servant the Syrian foes encompassing Dothan, but the prophet also an inner circle of heavenly defenders. Caleb and Joshua saw as did the others—the sons of Anak, the walled cities; but they saw more—the divine face which made them bold to say, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

We are too apt to leave the divine element out of our calculations in estimating the difficulties of Christian service; and we reveal our fleshly wisdom and carnal spirit. We estimate one force, but not the other. Popery with its wily policy and vast organizations, scepticism with its sophistries, vice with its unblushing effrontery, heathenism with its vast millions. Caleb saw as others the force against them, but he said, "Their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not."

Had the eleven calculated as we too often do when the Master sent them to evangelize the world, the scheme would have looked utopian, mad, impossible; but the Pentecost proved the grand force of the power which came upon them in the conversion of three thousand souls.

(2) *By its effects upon other minds.*—The report of the ten was received with weeping and complaint against God. Latent life is uncertain; the tree proves the seed; the flower the bulb; growth makes manifest. The spirit of the home is reproductive, so the book and the companionship. Here were ten against two—and weeping, cowardice and rebellion resulted. This affords a test—what books ought I to read, what amusements to indulge in? What is the effect upon the moral tone? Does it help prayer, or give disrelish to worship? Does it call the mind off from the Bible? Does it help Christian fellowship? The fall of the quicksilver indicates gathering clouds and perhaps devastating storms, so the lowering of the taste indicates sad or disastrous results, a cloudy or a stormy future.

God discriminates our spirit, and we are to Him, to His service, what our spirit is. "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price."

II.—*How can such a spirit be produced.*

It grows out of, and is attended, by fully following the Lord. Literally he hath filled up after me. God laid down the rule, mapped in outline the way, and he filled up according to the measure of the divine requirements.

(1) *There is a partial following of God.*—When religious duty is a mere mechanical act and not a heart exercise. The observance of religious ordinances is a part, but only a small part, of Christian duty. The life of godliness will seek manifestation in forms—but the form intended to represent life may exist when the life is gone. We are not likely to slight Christian ordinances when in our best experiences; they will be the medium of devout thoughts and Christ-like sentiments.—But, alas, the sacraments may be put in the place of Christ. We follow only *partially* when we make our religious life to serve some *personal end* rather than the divine glory. Godliness is profitable unto all things, but we must not be godly for the profitableness. We follow partially when religious life is *occasional and irregular* the child of favouring influences merely—like the butterfly revelling in the summer sunshine, but

like it also in the winter stage of its existence, dormant and un-beautiful.

(2) *But there is a complete following of God.*—Where the will is surrendered, God's way and man's are the same. Whatever may be said about the doctrine of holiness, the Bible uses terms which lift religious life into grand possibilities. Abel received the testimony that he was righteous. Abraham received the command, "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect." Christ taught the prayer, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Paul prays for the sanctification of body, soul, and spirit. John says, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." God says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." And the day of Pentecost marks the realization of the Saviour's promise of power. "And they were all *filled* with the Holy Ghost." To be full of anger, love, hatred, is to be under the domination of those forces. To be filled with the world is to become altogether worldly. A piece of iron placed in the fire will become like fire, fire will go through the iron, and every particle will look like fire, feel like fire, do the work of fire; and yet the iron is iron still. Thus the passions, faculties, aims, affections, become spiritual,—"*Temples of the Holy Ghost.*" The heart glows with His inspiration, the life harmonises with His will, and the energies are vehicles through which He speaks and works. This complete consecration to God hath wrought marvels. After Carey was brought face to face with the difficult task which had so fired his soul, he writes, "Though the superstitions of the Hindoos were a million times more deeply rooted than they are, were I deserted by all and persecuted by all, yet my hope fixed on that sure word will rise superior to all obstructions, and triumph over all trials; God's cause will triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire." "Oh that I were a flame of fire," said Brainerd, "that I might be more active for God." When Judson received from home despondent letters through his seeming non-success in Burmah, he replied, "Permit us to labour on in obscurity and at the end of twenty years you may hear from us again." And when asked if he thought the prospects bright for the conversion of the heathen, said, "As bright as the promise of God." If God is to be trusted at all He should be for all things; if at any time—always. Oh, this holy consciousness is the foundation of real joy, a noble character, and great usefulness. Out of it grows faith in God, zeal, courage, and a martyr's heroism. Caleb's faith in God lifted him into the sphere of moral grandeur. And what a reward he secured. He shall possess the land; all the promises *centred in Canaan*. This was the realization of their hopes, and the end of their travels. So now, heaven awaits the faithful. "Lord, who shall

abide in Thy tabernacle?" Psalm xv. "But my servant Caleb, because he hath another spirit with him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went; and his seed shall possess it." What is *our* spirit? "Ye know not," said the Saviour to His disciples on one occasion, "what spirit ye are of." Let us guard well our hearts, and unceasingly pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"THE GOSPEL OF DIRT."

January 18th, 1877.

MY DEAR B——, Have you seen Carlyle's "Latest?" In "The Times" of yesterday, "The Chelsea Sage" gives us his opinion of Darwin and his Development Theory. Here it is:—"A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, 'tis a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, men professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to! All things from frog's spawn; the gospel of dirt, the order of the day. The older I grow,—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity,—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

I am not sure that Carlyle has done justice to Darwin's *intellect*, but he has most justly described his *teachings*. Yes, it is indeed a "gospel of dirt." The theory is altogether dirty; it is "dirt" from beginning to end. Man is nothing more than organized "dirt." He had his beginning in "dirt;" his history is nothing more than a history of "dirt;" and in "dirt" he will find his end. To me, it is perfectly astounding how any men having the slightest feeling of self-respect can adopt such a degrading theory. And yet there are men whom it is impossible to suppose are wanting in this excellent commodity, who, as Humboldt puts it, "see no difficulty whatever in man springing from Chaldean mud." They pride themselves on being disciples of this "gospel of dirt," as though it were the most ennobling creed ever presented to the human mind. For myself, I feel with Carlyle that nothing can be more degrading; every faculty I possess offers an indignant protest; my whole being looks upon it with loathing and horror. The Bible places man "*a little lower than angels*," but the "origin of species" drags him down and leaves him "*but a little higher than apes*." As a mere question of "*taste*," I prefer David to Darwin; "the Gospel of heaven" to "the gospel of dirt." But after all, on what kind

of foundation does the theory rest? Take the arguments—if they can be called such—which have been advanced in its favour, what do they amount to? I was turning over this question yesterday, after reading Carlyle, when I fell into a kind of reverie. I fancied that a believer in this “gospel of dirt,” entered the room, and standing in front of the desk at which I was sitting, asked, with a kind of half smile playing on his countenance, “the subject of my dreaming.” “Not *dreaming*,” I replied with a little ‘feeling,’ “but *thinking*.” “Well, thinking then,” he said, “though,” he added with something of a sneer in his tone, “much which is called thinking in the present day is but *dreaming in disguise*, nothing more.”

My visitor took my confidence at once.—By the way, would it not on the whole be better for us, would not life be more enjoyable, if we had a little more confidence in one another in our wide-awake moments? What a pity that confidence should be confined to dreams, as it is with many of us; that we should be all-confiding when asleep, and all-suspecting when awake.—My visitor at once took my confidence, and without any hesitation I replied, “I am turning over in my mind certain theories concerning the origin of man and his antiquity which certain philosophers have advanced. Hitherto I have been a disciple of Moses, who teaches that man was created by God; but our philosophers say ‘Nay;’ they have discovered that man was never *created*, but has been *developed*; developed some thousands of ages ago from the monkey, and that the monkey was developed some thousands of ages before that from the tadpole. The theory is that all organic life has been developed from some one or more ‘primordial atoms,’ and ere I abandon Moses for ‘the modern lights,’ I am endeavouring to ascertain what of these theories is founded in *fact*, and what belongs to *conjecture*. That which is proved,” I continued, “I shall feel bound to accept, however opposed to my preconceived opinions; but what is only assumed can only have with me the weight of assumptions, notwithstanding the great names associated therewith. If I am to cast aside ‘the Gospel according to *Genesis*,’ and take to the Gospel according to ‘*the Origin of Species*,’ I am anxious that the step shall be no ‘*leap in the dark*.’”

“Just so,” he replied. “No philosopher can ask more for his theories than that. That is just what we contend for; we contend that Christian Theologians close their eyes to what is proved, and blindly follow the Mosaic account of the Creation. They become indignant when we point them to the teachings of Science, as though it would be worse than condescension on their part to listen to her teachings. They set themselves against the most clearly ascertained facts, facts with which the merest novice in science is most familiar; all this they do to bolster up the claims of a book to be infallible, claims which, notwithstanding their desperate efforts to uphold, are fast falling before the growing intelligence of the age. Yes,” he continued, taking up my open Bible in his hands; “and they heap every kind of damnation on the heads of those who refuse to join them in their blind adoration of this collection of old wives’ fables.”

There is no saying how far he would have gone in this direction had I not stopped him with the remark, "that declamation hardly came within the province of the *philosopher*; that it was his pre-eminently to *search out the facts and reason* therefrom."

"But why," he asked, "should I be bound to receive a dogma because it is held by the credulous multitude?" "You are not," I replied, "any more than I am, bound to accept a theory because it is held by the sceptical few. But," I added, "let us come to facts. Let me ask you, first of all, if throughout the whole range of history you can find any fact which gives the slightest countenance to the theory in question? On the contrary, is not the entire absence of any such facts strong presumptive evidence against you? So far as our own experience is concerned, and I presume you will not attempt to dispute *that*, we do not find the slightest tendency on the part of our species to cross the dividing line and pass into another and an entirely different species. While this is *our* experience, for all that we know to the contrary, this has been the experience of *all* the generations of men who have preceded us."

"But is it not a fact," he asked, "that many plants and animals have been greatly improved by cultivation and training; why should we not suppose that in past ages they might have been cultivated and trained into a higher order of plants and animals? I am willing to grant you that *we* do not witness any such transmutations at present, but why? Because, as it has been said, 'the time and sphere of our observation are too limited to allow of such taking place.'"

"It is true," I proceeded to say, "that a variety of plants and animals have been *improved* by cultivation and training, but where is the evidence to show that one species has ever developed into another? For instance, you may improve the potato, but where is the cultivation which can develop it into a peach, or the currant bush into a fig tree? You may improve the species, but you cannot cause one species to produce another and a higher. And the same may be said of animals, the dog may be improved by training, but it will ever remain a dog, you will never get it to develop into an elephant, and the ape can never be developed into a man. The question is not, *why* you should *not* suppose that such transmutations have occurred, but *why* you *should* suppose that anything of the sort has taken place. As to your other point (*viz.*), that the reason why we do not witness such transmutations in the present day, is, 'because the time and sphere are too limited to allow of their taking place'—not to notice your strange logic, of which a moment's reflection must give you to see the absurdity—I observe, if any such transmutations took place in prehistoric ages then Nature is almost certain to have some records of the same on the vast geological pages which she has written. But where, I ask, are those records? Amid the vast and varied 'remains' which geologists have explored, have any of the *transitional links* been discovered? Such connecting links must have been not a few, because such transmutations must at one time and another have taken place on a large scale. Is it not strange, therefore, if such transmutations

ever took place, that Nature, *so faithful a scribe in other matters*, should have failed to make any record of the same; should have failed to do so, not merely in a case here and there, but in *every* case? Too bad! that dame Nature, just when she ought to have been wide-awake, having all her wits about her, should have been found *napping*."

"It is true," said my visitor, "that such transitional forms have not been discovered, and for this reason, as Mr. Darwin has said, 'Nature has guarded against the frequent discovery of her transitional or linking forms.'"
 "Come! come!" I said, for it was with no little difficulty that my 'risibilities' were kept in check at the ingeniousness of the reply, "When and where did Mr. Darwin learn that, as a rule, Nature is unwilling to open her treasures to the inquiring mind? I should have thought that the history of every scientific discovery would have taught him the *contrary*. What ground, therefore, has Mr. Darwin for saying that in this particular case, Nature has taken special pains to hide the facts from man, to hide them so completely, that not only has there been no *frequent* discovery, but no *single* discovery of such transitional links. Would not an unprejudiced mind conclude that the reason why such links have in no single instance been discovered, is that they have *never* existed?"

"Nay," he answered, "in the absence of any positive proof to the contrary, it would be rash to say that it has *not* been so."

"To this," I quietly replied, "it would not only be rash, but, in my judgment, something very much worse to say that it *has* been so in the absence of any evidence to prove it."

I had hardly finished the sentence when he said, "But you are bound to admit that geology teaches *progressive development* in the past history of the world." "I grant," I replied, "that geology teaches that in each case the one species *preceded* the other, but not that it *produced* the other. Your development theory is not that the one species or race *preceded* the other, but that it *produced* the other, and that I contend is what geology does *not* teach, but quite the contrary; for if your theory be true, then we should, most certainly, have found that the earlier fossils were, both in size and organization, very much *inferior* to the fossils of a later date. But the very opposite is the case; we find giants where we should have found dwarfs, and creatures of a high organization instead of a low one. And further," I continued, "do not the geological records indicate the *sudden* appearance from time to time of species, distinct from all the species by which they were preceded, and in no way connected with them? What do you make of that? Does Mr. Darwin meet the point? Does he not rather beg the whole question in the gratuitous statement, 'that Nature has guarded against the discovery of her connecting links?'"

Instead of answering my question, he called my attention to Professor Huxley's statement, that "the differences between the highest type of man and the lowest, are as great as the differences between the highest type of monkey and the lowest type of man." I said "that I was not unacquainted with the Professor's statement,

and was not a little surprised that, in the interests of truth, he had not *drawn the line of distinction between the differences*. The differences existing between the highest type of man and the lowest, being *specific* and not *generic*; differences, therefore, which may be overcome, and which *have* been overcome many times in the history of civilization. While the differences existing between the lowest type of man and the highest type of monkey, being *generic*, can never be surmounted; they are differences which, in the nature of things, must ever exist. The lines which separate man from the ape are broad and distinct, and no professor can possibly explain them away, so that the highest type of ape is *immeasurably beneath* the lowest type of man. In fact, so far as I can see, your whole theory rests on nothing more substantial than mere conjectures. Mr. Darwin's book is full of suppositions, facts there are none.

"And now," I continued, "say honestly, what is the object of all this? Though it may not be avowed, is not the object to rid the world of the *supernatural*? To relieve the universe of the *necessity of a God*? But do you get rid of the supernatural? On the contrary, your theory of development introduces it at every step. The supernatural I understand to be that which is contrary to the established laws of the universe. Now, so far as we know, it is an established law that like produces like, but according to your theory, like has produced unlike, so that instead of getting rid of the supernatural, you *multiply it* a hundred-fold.

As to doing away with the *necessity* of a God, you most certainly fail in that, for granting you your theory for the sake of argument, you have to account for the minute "germs," from which you say all things have been developed. Did the "germs" create themselves? Depend upon it, my friend, you will have to *introduce a God somewhere and some-when*. You may go back as far as you please, I am not very particular as to that, but however far back you go you will find an Intelligent Mind at work, the Author and Ruler of all things, and it is a dream, nothing more than a dream"—before I had finished the sentence, a loud noise aroused me, but I was going to say, "That it was nothing more than a dream to suppose that such a dreamy theory was going to rid the universe of its God."

My thoughts on the antiquity of man, for which certain philosophers contend, I must reserve for another letter when I can find time to write it.

With Christian love,

Yours most truly,

B. W. KRAL.

TYERMAN'S LIFE OF WHITEFIELD.*

THE *Life of Whitefield*, by the Rev. L. Tyerman, which has recently appeared, is a work of twelve hundred pages. It is contained in two volumes, and is adorned with two portraits of the great preacher, one of which represents him at the age of twenty-four years, and the other at the age of fifty-four.

There is much in these volumes which is familiar; there is also much that is new; and it seems to be no empty boast of Mr. Tyerman that he has spared "neither time, toil, nor money" in gathering his materials. He has brought to light some interesting documents. The work is clearly written, though without any claim to high literary excellence. Its main fault is, that it is too voluminous. The happy arts of omission and condensation might have been carried to a further extent, and the value of the work would have been thereby increased. Pages are filled with financial statements about the Orphan House in Georgia which have no interest to the reader. There are entirely too many quotations from worthless and forgotten pamphlets concerning Whitefield. A few quotations are proper; but only a few.

These, however, are minor criticisms. We owe the author a debt of gratitude that he has given to us so satisfactory an account of the greatest of modern evangelists. And we trust that we shall perform some slight service to our readers if, with the aid of the additional materials before us, we give a sketch of one whose mighty eloquence stirred scores of thousands in the last century, and the result of whose labours are felt in England and America even at the present time.

George Whitefield was born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, England, in the year 1714. All that we know of his early years is the account which he has given of himself. This curious piece of biography was written when he was but twenty-five years of age. It was written with great frankness, and contains some expressions which laid him open to severe criticisms. He felt the justice of some of these criticisms, for in after years he revised this juvenile performance and struck out many passages. "Joseph," he said, quoting from Matthew Henry's Commentary, "had more honesty than he had policy, or he would never have told his dreams."

Mr. Tyerman publishes this account in full as it was originally written. In this he has done a wise thing; for we wish to see Whitefield as he was; we wish to see alike his weakness and his strength. "Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to the court painter; "if you leave out the wrinkles, I shall not give you a shilling." It was thus that Whitefield painted himself.

* This article first appeared in the *American Methodist Quarterly Review*. It has been deservedly reproduced in the first number of the new series of the *Christian Ambassador*, which is to be known henceforth as the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review* and *Christian Ambassador*, which we have much pleasure in recommending for several reasons. It will be sufficient to speak of the variety and excellence of its contents, its attractive form, and its marvellous cheapness, its price being only 2s. per number.

In the year 1732 he went to Oxford, and was entered, at the age of seventeen, as a student of Pembroke College. This year was an eventful one in his life. He became deeply interested in "Law's Serious Call to a Devout Life." The next year he became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley and their companions. Then he passed through a great spiritual struggle, which brought him to a bed of sickness; he had "fightings without and fears within;" he fasted, and prayed, and wept, and passed sleepless nights. At last the clouds broke, the light dawned, the storm rolled away, and he enjoyed sweet rest and peace. He was "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

He was ordained by Bishop Benson in the year 1736, when only twenty-one years of age. At this time he seems to have had no idea of the greatness which he was afterward to attain. He was, indeed, eager to preach, and yet he shrank from entering upon the solemn work of the ministry while he was so young. "I have prayed a thousand times," he said, "till the sweat has dropped from my face like rain, that God, of his infinite mercy, would not let me enter the Church before He called me. I am unfit to preach in Thy great name. Send me not, Lord; send me not yet." And yet the singular history of the first sermon which he wrote ought to have encouraged him. He sent this sermon to a neighbouring clergyman as a proof of his unfitness for the work of preaching. Two weeks later the clergyman returned it with his thanks and a guinea, and said that he had divided it, and preached a part of it to his congregation in the morning, and the other part in the evening.

The first sermon of Whitefield was preached at Gloucester in the presence of the friends of his childhood. Curiosity drew a large congregation. The sermon was on "The Necessity and Benefit of Religious Society"—certainly an important subject—and contains a bold denunciation of worldly assemblies: Such an impression was made by its delivery that an unfriendly critic made haste to convey to the Bishop the astonishing news that it "drove fifteen people mad."

And now Whitefield entered upon that wonderful ministry of thirty-four years, during which he preached more than eighteen thousand sermons to great congregations in Great Britain and America. The churches could not hold the multitudes which flocked to hear him, and he often spoke in the open air. He swayed all classes by his mighty power as a pulpit orator. Traditions of his eloquence remain, and are hard to credit, though well authenticated. At Bristol the people, in their eagerness to hear the "boy parson," climbed on the roof and clung to the rails of the organ-loft. In London they rose before dawn, and hastened to the early morning service; and Kennington Common would be filled with a great crowd of hearers. In Scotland large congregations were moved as never before or since. At Cambuslang, during a sermon, "thousands," it is said, "were bathed in tears, some wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out and mourning over a pierced Saviour." At Cheltenham,

where the church doors were closed against Whitefield, he stood on a tombstone, and preached with such energy and pathos that the people wept aloud, and he had to pause until the people could restrain their feelings so as to hear him.

The same remarkable power attended his ministry in America as in England. At Charleston the reformation extended from morals to manners. Jewellers and dancing masters cried out that their crafts were in danger. In Philadelphia, which then had a population of ten thousand, it seemed as though all the people were becoming religious, and psalm singing could be heard in every house. In Boston, "the capital of New England, and the biggest city in America," he preached his farewell sermon on the Common to twenty-three thousand hearers. "In this town," says a letter-writer of the day, "whoever goes to lessen Mr. Whitefield's reputation is in danger of losing his own."

The best evidence of Whitefield's power is the effect which it had upon what writers used to call "the polite world." It is not so strange that he moved the religious class by his earnest utterances of truth, or that his gestures, vehemence, resounding voice, humour, and tears should rivet the attention of a London mob, of Kingswood colliers, of Charleston negroes, or of Boston mechanics. Evangelists since his day have shown something of his power in these respects. But it is a marvellous proof of his unrivalled oratory that he should win the admiration of worldly wits, of selfish statesmen, of scoffing sceptics—of all of that brilliant throng of eminent men and of beautiful women which filled the Gothic Chapel at Bath, or the stately rooms of the London mansion of the Countess of Huntingdon. Chesterfield said that Whitefield's eloquence was unrivalled, and the infidel writer, Bolingbroke, that it was the most commanding that he had ever heard. Hume and Franklin, who were not in sympathy with his doctrines, sounded his praises. Among the number of celebrated hearers was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, a woman whose beauty, wit, and social position made her influence scarcely less than that of the Queen of England, and whose violent temper increased with age. "God knows," she says in one of her letters, "that we all need mending, and none more than myself."

Nor were the effects of this "prince of preachers," as Toplady calls him, as transient as a cloud. They were profound and permanent. In that great revival which the graceful pen of Stevens has so well recorded, Whitefield was, under God, a prominent agent. It was his voice which rebuked sin in high places and in low places, which roused a sleeping Church to action, and bade sinners everywhere repent. The number of converts under his ministry is unknown. It was estimated that forty thousand persons were converted in New England alone, and New England was but a small part of the field of his labours. Many of his converts entered the ministry, and thus widely extended his influence. Among these was Thomas Oliver, who was "a brand plucked from the burning," and whose noble hymn, "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending," will live as long as the English language.

There were also Robinson, who was in his day a great Baptist preacher in Cambridge; and Burder, whose "Village Sermons" have been widely read; and Thomas Rankin, one of Wesley's most useful preachers; and John Fawcett, who preached among the Yorkshire hills for fifty-four years, and wrote that sweet hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds;" and Dr. Samuel Cooper, who was in his day the popular preacher of Boston, and who in Old Brattle-street Church, before a great congregation, pronounced a great eulogy on his spiritual father.

We have no room to trace in detail the wonderful career of Whitefield. His sermons never lacked hearers. At first he met in some places with opposition, and was greeted with curses and stones. In numerous pamphlets cruel and indecent slanders were circulated against him. All that malice, and jealousy, and envy, and falsehood could do was done to put him down; but he lived and conquered by the truth which he preached until his progress was peaceful and triumphant. Nor did his popularity cease until, worn out, not with age, but with excessive toil, he preached his last sermon—a sermon of two hours in length—and fell in death as falls a warrior on the field of battle, with his armour on.

Beyond question, he was one of the greatest of orators. Art had done something for him, but nature had done much more. His personal appearance was not remarkable. He was somewhat above the middle size, of fair complexion, of regular features, and had a slight defect in one of his eyes, which led the low comedian, Foote, to ridicule him under the name of Dr. Squintum. As he stood on his "pulpit throne," robed in a black gown, and his head covered with the long flowing wig which was then in fashion, he looked like many an ordinary preacher of that day. But when he began to speak attention was arrested. His voice was so loud that it could be heard at times a distance of a mile, and its tones were clear and musical. Garrick, who was no mean judge of elocution, said that he could move an audience to smiles or tears by his varied pronunciations of the word Mesopotamia. "I would give a hundred guineas," he declared, "if I could say 'Oh!' like Mr. Whitefield." Many times the great preacher would give with startling effect the cry of Jeremiah, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" and when he would exclaim, "Hark! hark!" the vast congregation would be hushed in silence. On one occasion he preached from his favourite text, "Ye must be born again," and closed a most affecting sermon by uttering, in a way which made an indelible impression, a quotation from Solomon's Song, which, it would seem, was not calculated to produce any effect whatever, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon this garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."

His dramatic power was very great. He was profuse in his gestures, intensely animated, and in his vehement passages would stamp his foot, and his voice would ring out like a trumpet. His humour was not equal to his pathos. He could give a quaint and humorous expression and tell a pleasant anecdote; but, after all,

his strength lay in his intense feeling, which rose to sublime passion, and in his subduing tenderness. Sometimes he would pause, overcome by his own appeal to sinners, and burst into tears. In his descriptive power he equalled, we firmly believe, any man who ever lived. Through his kindled imagination he could make pictures realities, and the hearers could see the judge put on his black cap as he was about to condemn the prisoner, and the wrecked ship sinking beneath the waves, and the blind beggar groping his way on the edge of an awful precipice. Chesterfield cried out with horror as he saw the beggar,—“Heavens! he is gone!” and the sailors saw the wreck and cried, “Man the life-boat!”

Often he would weave into his sermon an anecdote. When he was a boy one of his companions said to him, “George, one day you may become a preacher.” “If I do,” was the reply, “I will not tell stories, as old Cole does,” alluding to a preacher of that day. But he soon found in the actual work of the ministry the value of well-told anecdotes. He was quick to see the value of any little incident which came under his observation, and would reproduce it with telling effect. His genius turned common things into gold, and turned gold into diamonds. When in Boston, Whitefield was told of a little boy who had heard him preach, and soon after was taken sick, and on his dying bed whispered feebly, “I am going to see Mr. Whitefield’s God.” He told the incident at the close of a powerful exhortation, and then, turning from the parents to the children, he said in tones which brought tears to nearly all eyes, “Little children, if your parents will not come to Christ; do you come and go to heaven without them.”

His dramatic power, which was the gift of nature, was carefully cultivated, and his intense feeling and devotion to truth saved him from running into affectation, which is the vice of many a trained speaker. It is said that he studied privately the rules of speaking, and that the delivery of a sermon would improve up to its fortieth repetition. Before his conversion he read a great deal of dramatic literature, of which he was very fond, and, like Charles Wesley and other bright schoolboys of that day, took a prominent part in amateur performances. The knowledge which he thus gained was sanctified, and did good service in the holiest of callings.

Whitefield was often very happy in the choice of subjects for his sermons, and thus he arrested attention at the outset. He did not, however, like some of his imitators, choose eccentric subjects, such as Jehudi’s penknife and Paul’s cloak, and set the hearers wondering what he was going to make out, or marvel at his legerdemain in bringing flowers and fruit out of empty boxes. On board the ship which bore him to Georgia he preached, when but twenty-three years of age, to the officers and sailors on the sins of profanity and drunkenness. In Newgate prison he told the prisoners of the “penitent thief.” At Bath, where the people gathered to drink at the hot wells, he bade thirsty souls to “Come and drink of the waters of life freely,” and at Alnwick, while the races were in progress, his text was, “So run that ye may obtain.” But the best and boldest thing he did was to stand before the faculty and students of

Harvard University, who had been influenced by what he believed to be the defective theology of Tillotson and Samuel Clark, and preach a frank and manly sermon from these words: "We are not as many, who corrupt the Word of God." "God gave me," he says, "great freedom and boldness of speech."

Sometimes, but rarely, he preached on topics of the hour. He preached a thanksgiving sermon on the great victory at Rossbach, won by Frederick the Great over the French; a victory which stirred the blood of the German race from the Alps to the Baltic, and which, in its results, was one of the most important in modern times. He preached on the glorious victory won by Wolfe on the heights of Quebec, which broke for ever the power of France in North America. But generally he kept closely to the great themes of the Gospel. His second sermon was from the text, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature;" his third from the text, "Ye are justified;" and the fourth from the text, "Ye are glorified." From place to place he journeyed for thirty-four years, proclaiming the ruin of man, the love of God, salvation through Jesus, repentance, faith, heaven, and hell; and he spoke earnestly, as a man should speak who believes these doctrines, with every fibre of his being. He felt that men ought to hear these doctrines, for there was in them power to move the world; and he determined to make men hear them. In his exhortations he would in turn address different classes of hearers. At Charleston he spoke to those of different ages—to the old, the middle-aged, and the young; and then to the different races—to the whites, the Indians, and the negroes. Sometimes he would make an appeal to individuals. On one occasion it is related he saw a young man in a tree who had climbed up there to ridicule him. Whitefield bade the young man imitate Zacchæus, and come down and receive Jesus. The word was backed with power. He heard, came down, believed, and soon after went forth to preach the Gospel.

The courage which Whitefield displayed in his sermons was remarkable. By nature he was timid, and shrank from danger. He saw an assassin in a drunken rowdy who suddenly struck him. When about to speak to a rough crowd he trembled so that his wife pulled his gown to arrest his attention, and said, "George, play the man for your God." His courage was not physical, but that higher kind which endures—moral courage. When he was fairly roused he would hurl thunderbolts without fear of consequences. If he could have kept back the truth, he never acted as though he wanted to. At the close of life he might have said to those to whom he preached, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." We have read many passages from his sermons which glow with indignation against sin, like the language of the old Hebrew prophets: "Woe unto you," he cried to the fashionable and wealthy sinners who were found at every service in Tottenham Court Chapel; "woe unto you, who, not content with sinning yourself, turn factors for hell, and make a trade of tempting others to sin. Woe unto you, who sell your consciences and pawn your souls for a little worldly wealth or honour. Woe

unto you, who climb up to high places in Church or State by corruption, bribery, extortion, cringing, flattery, or bowing down to and soothing the vices of those by whom you expect to rise. Woe unto you! I tremble for you. How can you escape the damnation of hell?"

This may seem like coarse language to modern ears; but it struck the mark. Where sin is bold the preaching should be bolder still. Popular sermons of the present day are somewhat instructive, and the thoughts are clothed in graceful sentences; but we miss that tremendous earnestness which sweeps all before it like a flood; that peculiar energy which dares to say all that is in the mind and heart; that great boldness of speech which made Chatham and Whitefield rule their hearers with an almost unquestioned sway.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CHURCHMANSHIP OF JOHN WESLEY, AND THE RELATIONS OF WESLEYAN METHODISM TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THIS is the title of a little book just issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office, its author being a no less distinguished person than the President of the Wesleyan Conference. He tells us that "one of the very noteworthy facts of the present age is the perseverance with which attempts are made, on the part of the Church by law established in England, to bring back the Wesleyan Methodists into communion with that Church. If, indeed, there was any possibility of such an attempt succeeding, nothing would be more natural than that it should be made. But the peculiarity of this case is, that there is no such possibility; that the reasons which prove the impossibility are clear, and absolutely decisive; that these reasons have been again and again set forth by the literary and connexional organs of Wesleyan Methodism, and by individual writers of eminence and authority; and that the overtures and attempts on the part of the Established Church appear to have been made without any encouragement whatever from the expressed sentiments of any known Wesleyan, whether in speaking or in writing. It is yet more remarkable that in the letters, the pamphlets, and the discussions in Convocation, relating to this subject, the question is never raised as to how the Wesleyans have received former overtures, or whether their authorities have ever pronounced upon this subject of reunion with the Church of England. It seems as if this were a point not worth inquiring about. *The Wesleyan Magazine*, the *London Quarterly Review*, the *Watchman* newspaper, have repeatedly, during the last twenty years, discussed the subject in detail with complete frankness, with an explicitness and fulness which could leave no doubt on any point; but all this is ignored. The venerable Thomas Jackson, a Methodist of the elder school, was not less explicit nearly forty years ago in his pamphlet, *Why*

are you a Wesleyan Methodist? than the Rev. W. Arthur was twenty years ago in the pages of the quarterly journal to which I have just referred, in denying, with ample reasons assigned, that there can be for the Church of England any place for repentance in regard to its rejection of Methodism from its borders, or for Methodism itself any possibility of organic union with the Church of England. And yet it would seem as if almost every Churchman regarded it as a thing of course, that, if the Church to which he belongs can but show the way to attach Methodism to itself as a privileged dependency, Methodism will only be too happy to be absorbed. The leading ministers, it seems to be imagined, would feel it to be a wonderful elevation and consolation to themselves, if episcopal hands could be laid on their heads; the ministerial commonalty would be content to abdicate their pastoral character, and subside into preaching laymen—constituting a kind of subdiaconate—provided only that the hope of attaining to ordination might rise before them in the distance; the people, like sequacious sheep, would *en masse* humbly follow their preachers into the Anglican fold; trustees would make no question or scruple about the deeds by which the chapels are secured to the Wesleyan Connexion, and for the ministrations of Wesleyan itinerant preachers; the Methodism of England would be more than content, for the sake of union with the ancient and established Church of this English realm, the territorial and endowed and decorated Church of the Queen and Parliament, to sever itself from union and communion with the Methodism of all countries besides, and thus to mar the integrity of the greatest sisterhood of evangelical churches which the world has known; nay, would be ready to isolate itself, as the Church of England is isolated from the entire family of Reformed Christian Churches of every nation; and Parliament would be forward to dispose of all legal difficulties, and to ease the way to the recombination and absorption desired.

“All this, I repeat, is very surprising, and, on the whole, by no means flattering to the self-respect of the Wesleyan Connexion. It is as though a fashionable gentleman of noble family and extensive property had again and again sought the hand of a lady of middle rank and of country breeding, but of good looks and good property, and notwithstanding repeated and most decisive refusals, still persisted in his overtures with bland assumption, as if no denial had been given to his suit, or rather continued to write letters of inquiry as to the time, the place, and all other arrangements for the marriage, as though his rejection by the lady were a thing inconceivable, as if her refusal of such a personage as himself had been a mere ignorant mistake which could never be allowed to stand.

“I recommend Churchmen in general, who feel any interest in this subject, for their own sakes to procure Mr. Jackson and Mr. Arthur's excellent publications. . . . I may also be allowed to quote here, for the sake of Churchmen, my own deliberate testimony, printed in 1866, in a volume entitled *Essays for the Times*. ‘I have no hesitation,’ I then said, ‘in saying that there is not the remotest possibility of the Wesleyan Methodist Church ever being absorbed

in the Church of England. And I doubt whether out of the many hundreds of Wesleyan ministers, and of the hundreds of thousands of Wesleyan communicants, there are altogether a score of persons who would not smile with supreme amusement if such a proposal were presented to them."

This is sufficiently plain speaking, but Dr. Rigg is naturally desirous that neither himself nor others should be "supposed to be indifferent to the question of Christian union." He then asks, "*Why* do Churchmen perpetually single out Wesleyan Methodism from among the denominations as the one to be absorbed? Its mass and unity, no doubt, attract their admiration." But this fact only renders the work more difficult. Reference is also made to another fact, "that Methodists have never professed themselves Dissenters;" but while the reasons "for the intermediate position occupied by Methodism are sufficiently plain," "there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that there is, or ever has been, at least in the present generation, any party within Methodism, whether of ministers or among the people, who have felt the slightest concern as to union with the Church of England. Such a union has been regarded as simply out of the question. There has never been, within my knowledge, the faintest movement in its favour." It is, however, justly supposed "that that which most powerfully influences clergymen in their advances upon the Methodist church is the consideration that John Wesley, till his death, considered himself as belonging to the Church of which he was ordained a minister, and wished and urged his people, as far as possible, to attend her services, and take part in her communion. It is hence inferred that Methodists ought to be members of the Church of England, if they duly revere their founder's memory and precepts, and that there can be no insuperable difficulty in effecting their return. The inference, indeed, is eminently fallacious;" and one object Dr. Rigg has in view in the present publication is "to dispose effectually of the assumptions and illusions of clergymen on this subject."

The evidence supplied in the following chapter, which is devoted to the consideration of "Wesley's Churchmanship in his 'Earlier Life,'" justifies the conclusions of its last paragraph: "It seems evident, accordingly, that however extreme may have been Wesley's High Churchmanship at Oxford, he held no high Anglo-Catholic tenets as to the sacraments during his after-life. It is even doubtful whether, on the subject of the Eucharist at least, he had at any time held doctrine which would now be regarded as high. At Oxford he was full of devotional ritualism; he had a great reverence also for Primitive symbolism and for ancient tradition generally, and accordingly at one time would have the sacramental wine mixed with water. He insisted strongly on baptism, as he did on every rubrical requirement, however minute or punctilious. As a legal and obedient Churchman, he conceived himself bound by his ordination vows to make a conscience of all these matters. He laid great stress on 'constant communion,' and on full and close

preparation for such communion, including confession to the minister. But he did not even in Oxford believe in any such doctrine as that of the supernatural bodily presence of the Lord Jesus in the consecrated elements, as now taught by advanced High Churchmen.

But a sentence or two in this chapter came upon us with a great surprise. Dr. Rigg says, "To this day Wesleyan Methodism remains destitute of any explicit doctrine on the subject of baptismal grace. *There are still, I believe, a few Wesleyan ministers who receive the doctrine of baptismal regeneration.* There are probably many more who believe in what Wesley and his father spoke of as a 'principle of grace' imparted to the soul of the infant in baptism; but there can be no doubt that the prevalent conviction within the 'Connexion' is strongly against the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. I imagine that the variety and general balance of opinion on this subject in modern Methodism are not very different from what existed in early Methodism after the Connexion was fully and widely organised." It would indeed be surprising and nothing short of a calamity if the "prevalent conviction" in the Wesleyan Methodist community was not "strongly against the doctrine of baptismal regeneration," but the sentence we have italicised makes almost too large a demand on our faith. When we think of the distinctive Methodist teaching on such subjects as Justification and the New Birth, we are amazed that there are even a *few Wesleyan ministers who receive the doctrine of baptismal regeneration!* If the authority had been any other than the President, we should have felt justified in denouncing the statement as a libel. It is not a little singular that in the current number of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* there is a sermon, by the celebrated William Jay, preached on behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society more than thirty years ago, in which the following passage occurs:—

"Yes, Paganism is a lie. And there are other lies. Mohammedanism is a lie. Pharisaicalism is a lie. Popery is a lie. Puseyism is a lie. 'Baptismal Regeneration' is a lie. 'Apostolical Succession' is a lie. Antimonianism is a lie. What a blessing it would be if all these lies could be driven back to the place from whence they came."

Surely, but what about the position of the few Wesleyan ministers who believe the "lie" which William Jay denounces in the accredited organ of the Wesleyan Conference. But let us return. There can be no doubt that "Wesley's inner and essential ultra-High-Churchmanship belongs to the period" preceding his conversion, May 24th, 1738. "After this period he may have been in a certain sense a High Churchman—it is certain he was never a Low Churchman in the modern sense, he was indeed rather broad than low—but his High Churchmanship in after-life, and through the space of half a century, included neither high sacramentarian doctrine nor servile veneration for rubrics, nor any belief in either the virtue or the reality of what is commonly called "the apostolical succession."

"The High Churchman," Wesleyan writers argue, "makes salvation to be directly dependent on sacramental grace and apostolical

succession.* Whereas the evangelical believer, the man who has received the doctrine of salvation by faith, as it was taught by Peter Böhler, and as it is understood by the Reformed Churches in general, learns from St. Paul, that 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.' Hence, according to his conviction, the Christian salvation—justification, regeneration, and sanctification—must be realized by means of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' Truth and life are for him indissolubly associated. He cannot forget the words of the Word Himself, 'Sanctify them through Thy Truth; Thy word is Truth;' and again, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;' nor the words of St. Paul when he speaks of himself and his fellow-workers as 'by manifestation of the truth commending themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' It is the truth in the sacraments, according to his view, which fills them with blessing to those who receive them with faith; they are 'signs and seals,' eloquent symbols and most sacred pledges; but they are not, in and of themselves saturated with grace and life; they are not the only organs and vehicles through which grace flows to the members of Christ's mystical body, nor is their efficacy, irrespective of any divine truth, apprehended and embraced by the mind and heart of the believer.

"Wesleyans admit that, up to 1738, Wesley had been a High Church Ritualist, but they insist that all his life afterwards he taught the evangelical doctrine of salvation by faith; that he very soon, and once for all, discarded the fable, as he called it, 'of apostolical succession,' and that he presently gave up all that is now understood to belong to the system, whether theological or ecclesiastical, of High Church Anglo-Catholicism. 'The grave clothes of ritualistic superstition,' they say, 'still hung about him for awhile, even after he had come forth from the sepulchre, and had, in his heart and soul, been set loose and free; and he only cast them off gradually. But the new principle he had embraced led,' as they affirm, 'before long to his complete emancipation from the principles and prejudices of High Church ecclesiasticism.'"

The evidence adduced by Dr. Rigg of this, appears to us to be singularly convincing and complete. There hardly seems to be room for difference of opinion on the point. But our readers must go to his book to know what it is. It is contained in a small compass, but yet we cannot find room for it here. But who could cut himself off from the High Church theory more effectually than did John Wesley, who held, after the year 1745, "that the office of presbyter or priest and that of bishop being originally and essentially one, he, as a presbyter, had the abstract and essential right to ordain presbyters, in a new sphere—a sphere of his own creation, so to speak—if by his so doing, neither he nor they whom he ordained became intruders into other communions, or trespassers within other jurisdictions."

We must just give our readers a *sample* of the evidence by which

* Note, but *not* by Dr. Rigg. What do the few Wesleyan ministers who believe the dogma of Baptismal Regeneration do?

Dr. Rigg supports his contention. In the minutes of Conference, of 1745 and 1747, there are other answers to cognate questions quite as startling as the few we now adduce.

Q.—Can he be a spiritual governor of the Church who is not a believer or member of it?

A.—It seems not: though he may be a governor in outward things by a power derived from the King.

Q.—What are properly the laws of the Church of England?

A.—The rubrics; and to those we submit as the ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake.

Q.—But is not the will of our governors a law?

A.—No; not of any governor, temporal or spiritual. Therefore, if any bishop wills that I should not preach the gospel, his will is no law to me.

Q.—But what if he produce a law against your preaching?

A.—I am to obey God rather than man.

Q.—Does a church in the New Testament always mean a single congregation?

A.—We believe it does. We do not recollect any instance to the contrary.

Q.—What instance or ground is there then in the New Testament for a *National Church*?

A.—We know none at all. We apprehend it to be a merely political institution.

Q.—Must there not be numberless accidental varieties in the government of various churches?

A.—There must, in the nature of things. For as God variously dispenses His gifts of nature, providence, and grace, both the offices themselves and the officers in each ought to be varied from time to time.

Q.—But why is it that there is no determinate plan of church government appointed in Scripture?

A.—Without doubt, because the wisdom of God had a regard to this necessary variety.

Q.—Was there any thought of uniformity in the government of all churches until the time of Constantine?

A.—It is certain there was not, and would not have been then had men consulted the Word of God only.

"Looking at the whole evidence," Dr. Rigg says, in a chapter entitled, *Relations of Wesley, as a Methodist, and of Primitive Methodism, with the Church of England*, "it appears to be undeniable that, so far as it respects the separate development of Methodism, Wesley not only pointed but paved the way to all that has since been done, and that the utmost divergence of Methodism from the Church of England at this day is but the prolongation of a line the beginning of which was traced by Wesley's own hand. It is idle to attempt to purge Wesley of the sin of schism in order to cast the guilt upon his followers. There is, indeed, neither sin nor, properly understood, schism in the case, unless it be that the sin of persecution and proscription may be chargeable on some of the ministers and people of the Church of England. But at any rate Wesley himself led his people into the course which they have since consistently pursued."

In the last chapter on "The position of Wesleyan Methodism in regard to the Church of England since the death of Wesley," some strong opinions are expressed. Here is one instance: "The genius of Methodism, as now fully organised into a church, and that of Anglican Episcopacy are mutually repellant and exclusive."

Again: "It would be impossible for the Church of England to

admit all Methodist ministers, merely as such, to take full pastoral rank and authority in the administration of the sacraments. To do so would be to renounce the dogma of sacerdotal succession, and to admit that the validity of orders has no relation to episcopal authority. And, on the other hand, it is certain that neither the Methodist people nor their ministers would endure a word of re-ordination, or consent to the relinquishment of the right of sacramental administration."

And once again: "Besides it is just as likely that Methodism should absorb Anglican Episcopacy as that Anglican Episcopacy should absorb Methodism."

And lastly, "But surely, in all reason and modesty, the Church of England should heal her own breaches before her Congresses give sittings to consider how to effect the inclusion and reconciliation of Nonconformists within her own pale. There are three parties within the Church of England—High, Broad, and Low. If the High are to reconcile Nonconformists with themselves, Nonconformists must embrace Apostolical Succession and sacramental efficacy—in fact, embrace that which, in its essentials, is Popery. If the Nonconformists are to be reconciled on the principles of the Low-Church, they must contrive to harmonise evangelical Calvinism or Arminianism, as the case may be, with the Prayer-book, if not also with the fabulous hypothesis of Apostolical Succession, which, fascinating dream as it is to most Churchmen, is held by some even among the Low-Church clergy. If, again, Nonconformists are to be reconciled on the principles of the Broad-Church, they must make up their minds to accept a latitude of faith and construction in matters of religion which tends to dissolve all definite theology and all distinctions between faith and unbelief, between the Church and the world, which does away with all church discipline, and with all real and earnest Christian fellowship."

Such are some of the reasons why Wesleyan Methodists, as well as others, must "abide in their lot" till "the end of the days."

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. WESTLAKE.

THE subject of this memoir was born at Ashwater, Devonshire, in the year 1814. During several years he lived in sin, but the only information about him in those years, that I have received, is that his conduct was not conspicuously immoral. In 1847, having previously married, he came to reside at Beer Town, in the Callington circuit. That year is a very important one in the history of this village. In it Mr. Williams and Mr. Trevethan, with their wives, families, and employes, came to Beer-barton, a large farm

adjoining the village. They were faithful members of the Bible Christian Connexion, and consequently they formed themselves into a little society and met in class in the house in which the two families lived together. Soon their characters attracted attention, and their influence to operate so that many of the villagers began to give special attention to their new neighbours. These neighbours were not ordinary persons. They had what is deplorably lacking in many of our churches to-day, I mean good sense and zeal sufficient to adapt themselves to the needs of the people. For awhile they had no accession to the number of the society, but they could not rest and see sinners perishing around them. They arranged for preaching services in their own house, but deeming these insufficient, they went into the houses in the village and held prayer-meetings. In one of these prayer-meetings Br. Westlake felt that he was a sinner—aye, felt it so that he groaned in agony and, like the Psalmist, roared for the disquietude of his heart. His penitence was deep and thorough. He struggled and wept and groaned and mightily cried, "Lord, have mercy upon me and make me like Mr. Williams." Mighty was Mr. Williams in those days, and so was Mrs. Trevethan. Many persons tell how they used to plead irresistibly with sinners, and how much good has resulted from the efforts of the Barton farmers and their wives and families. Soon they had the joy of seeing Br. Westlake believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoicing in the God of his salvation. From that time he continued in the Church of Christ and evinced a desire to further its interests.

He was not intellectually great, nor were his educational attainments high. His apprehension was not quick, nor his perception keen; but he was sincere, honest, zealous and frank; and although he sometimes erred in judgment, the goodness of his heart and the soundness and integrity of his character, won for him the respectful attention and affectionate regard of numerous friends. In his home he was a good husband and a true friend, a Christian light and a source of comfort, making the home a place of happiness to all who shared it. He was ever ready to welcome ministers of the gospel, and often eagerly inquired whether they had recently seen or heard of revivals. He also conscientiously contributed to the funds of the circuit, and in other ways helping on Christian work. For more than twenty-seven years he was a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages, and an earnest temperance reformer. He liked to be with the children of God in prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and other assemblies. He regarded meeting with Christians, as every Christian should regard it, as an inestimable privilege and an incumbent duty.

It has been remarked by several of his neighbours that usually when time for chapel service came, he left his work to attend to sacred things, but that he might not inconvenience his customers, he, after leaving the chapel, returned to his forge and worked in the night, or else rose at four o'clock the next morning to complete what he had left unfinished the evening before, thus strikingly illustrating the important text, "As to business, be not slothful; be

fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." He could not preach, but he sometimes in his own chapel gave his experience in lieu of a sermon, when a preacher had disappointed, and he often earnestly prayed that divine power might be given to preachers. In fact he was a good man who earnestly tried to learn and do his duty.

About a fortnight before he died, a disease, of which there had been premonitory symptoms, suddenly developed, and threatened to speedily cause death. Then—there—in the very shadow of death—our dear brother examined himself and tried his faith.

Subsequently when speaking to me of the trial, he said:—"My faith was never so tried before, but my Father was very good to me. It was all right. I was ready to die." When he spoke to me he hoped to recover; soon that hope was destroyed, but his faith wavered not. He trusted for the grace of God, and in the course of his illness frequently repeated the verse:—

"Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore;"

especially the last two lines.

On the morning of the day he died, when asked how he was, he said to his wife, "I'm preparing for home, my dear, meet me in heaven." This was his first intimation that he thought he should soon die. Later, he said, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." When his physical strength was rapidly declining he very affectionately repeated,—

"I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear."

While in health he had often expressed a desire to die triumphantly. This desire was graciously granted. A few hours before his death he sang—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

and shouted, "Glory be to God, praise the Lord, praise the Lord."

When he was dying some person asked, Is all right? He immediately pointed upward and said, "My Saviour on the cross," and, "See there the pearly gates are opening." When told that a friend was about to leave, he looked at him, and with intense feeling said, "Be ye also ready." Then he shouted, "Praise the Lord," and, at last, said, "Tell Mr. Trevethan I'm safe on the Rock,"—and died.

From the time of his conversion to the time of his death it was

generally evident that the life of Christ was in him. True he could not express it in eloquent oration, polished essay, or popular sermon, but it was *evident*, constraining him to the Sunday morning prayer-meeting, philanthropically firing him in the temperance meeting, attracting to him men who like to speak of the Christian religion, beaming from his eyes and filling his words as he warmly spoke of the goodness of God to and the grace of God within him. It shone in his life while he was in health; it shone still more brightly when he suffered disease. It gloriously illumined the sublime though simple testimony which he bore to the goodness of God to him in the greatest trial, and it enabled him, in anticipation of victory over death and a triumphal entry into glory, to shout the shout of triumph and sing the song of victory as he went grandly into conflict with the great "last enemy."

J. CREWES.

MRS. CATHERINE BICKLE.

"THERE are two or three scenes most beautiful and interesting in nature. The setting sun going down in a clear sky, in all his magnificence and glory. He then appears larger; and the whole horizon is lit up with his declining beams, and setting grandeur. The field ripe for the sickle. The golden waving corn, with its teeming abundance, inviting the active hand of the reaper. The ship in full sail within sight of her destined port. The sea crossed, the toils and perils of the voyage over, and friends on shore, ready to hail the crew and passengers to their native shores."

How beautifully these remarks are illustrated in the departure of many of God's aged and faithful pilgrims, whose end is often like the setting sun behind the western hills, without a cloud to shroud it; or a shock of ripe corn ready for the heavenly garner; or the gallant vessel nearing the shore of celestial blessedness, "where dashing billows never move, and tempests never roar." In Mrs. Bickle's departure we have another illustration of this.

CATHERINE BICKLE, whose maiden name was Watkins, was the daughter of John and Catherine Watkins, of the Manor House, Northlew. Her daughter, Mrs. Price, writes: "My dear mother possessed naturally a most gentle disposition, combined with great intellectual power. Although born at a time, when in districts far removed from the busy life of cities, education even for the higher classes was regarded as a luxury, she made the most diligent use of every advantage placed within her reach, and when she had reached middle life, with the standard works of many authors, both ancient and modern, she was familiar. Nor until prostrated by physical weakness did her intellect, even when she had reached a great age, lose any of its vigour. In the year 1823 she left the happy home of her childhood to enter upon the sacred duties of married life." About this time she became acquainted with our people, then known as "Bryanites." "Mrs. Bickle and her husband were introduced to Mr. James Thorne, and a close friendship, based

on Christian love, soon sprang up between the two families; a friendship which we believe was never marred by time nor change, and which now doubtless has its highest fulfilment where (to use her own oft quoted words) 'Friendship beams in every eye, and bliss immortal grows.' There is no record of her conversion, but the reality of it is believed by all who knew her. It is supposed to have taken place shortly after her marriage. Having found the pearl of great price, she not only joined herself to the Lord, but also united with His people.

"Shortly after Mrs. Bickle and her husband became Nonconformists, they gave a piece of land for a chapel and burying ground, and very soon, with the help of a few friends, the neat little chapel now standing at Widdon was erected, in which they and their family worshipped for many years. Their house was always open to the ministers of Jesus, without exception. The children can well remember how on one day they would be setting on the knee of the much loved evangelical clergyman of the parish, on another drinking in the gentle loving words of some venerable Nonconformist leader, and then again helping to make at home some poorer brother who knew just enough of Christ to make him long to tell others of his joy.

"Perhaps Mrs. Bickle's greatest trial during all those years was the death of her son Edward, a fine talented young man, who died at the Institution at Shebbear, in February, 1848, and was brought home to be laid in the little graveyard close to the place of his birth. The fond mother's heart seemed never on earth after that, and often she was heard to say, 'My dear boy is safe with Jesus; and he will meet and welcome me when I go.' But life had many sorrows and much suffering in store for her yet. During the years which followed, she lost her husband, her only sister and brother, her eldest son, and many other much loved friends. She was for some years afflicted with deafness and blindness, and had to endure much suffering besides, yet through all she preserved a wonderful amount of patience and cheerfulness; and was not known for one moment to doubt the love and goodness of that God whom it was her glory to trust. She took a slight cold towards the end of May last, and, her feebleness increasing, she lost the power of speaking much. During the last night she could only repeat now and then a few words of a hymn. All earthly things had faded from her, except the consciousness that some of her friends were with her. In the morning, without a word or much apparent suffering, but with a bright glad smile, she passed away. No more sorrow or suffering now. The eyes, so long dimmed on earth, behold the King in His beauty, and the weary soul is resting in the happy presence of her Saviour, her Refuge, the Everlasting God; and underneath her are the everlasting arms."

Br. Bartlett writes: "In my first pastorate in the Northlew Circuit, thirty-six years ago, Mrs. Bickle must have been in her prime. She had a large family. There was at that time a lovely society at Widdon, where she resided. How long before that she had been a Christian I cannot say. I often visited the family, and sometimes

lodged under their hospitable roof. I found Mrs. Bickle to be a truly pious lady. There was regularity in her attendance at the house of God. There was punctuality at the family altar. There were several pious servants living in the house—all meeting in the same class. She must have had a capital education; a more intelligent person I think I never met with. To hear her recite passages from Homer, Milton, Cowper, and others was truly interesting and edifying.—To come back to the circuit twenty-eight years afterwards, and have three years' intercourse with so excellent a friend, was no common privilege. *Now* I found her out of business, her husband taken to his reward, her children scattered abroad, but her love for books as great as ever. Her memory was remarkably tenacious; her Christian experience rich and mellow, always ready for prayer, and resting alone on the blood of the atonement for salvation."

Br. S. L. Thorne says: "I regarded the late Mrs. Bickle as a Christian lady possessed of 'a meek and quiet spirit.' She was warmly attached to God's cause. When residing at Kimber Farm, she kindly entertained 'the messengers of the churches,' and was much interested in the prosperity of the society at Widdon. Her tact and intelligence were beyond the average. She admired the English classics, and could quote by the page from our chief poets. She highly prized her Bible, and delighted in prayer. She was a tender mother, and the welfare of her children lay near her heart."

Br. Grose also says: "I occasionally visited the late Mrs. Bickle during the whole of my four years' pastorate. Being too feeble to go to God's house the visits of the ministers were highly appreciated by her. The more frequent the visits the better she was pleased. I always found her ready for prayer and spiritual conversation; like the Shunammite, she 'was a great woman.' She possessed a vigorous intellect, and a tenacious memory. She was exceedingly fond of reading, and consequently had greater knowledge of God's word, and things in general, than most persons in similar circumstances; with great preachers, poets, and politicians, she was familiar. It was interesting to hear her when almost blind quote from poetical authors, whose works she had read many years before. But her intense love to God, and her strong faith in His Son, made her truly great. The prosperity of the church and the salvation of souls always gave her great joy. I have not a single doubt that she has entered into endless rest, and received a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

"Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God."

Her funeral was somewhat private; otherwise a large number would have been in attendance to pay their last respect to one they so highly esteemed. She was buried in the chapel-yard at Widdon. During prayer and singing before leaving the house, and an address in the chapel, many of us felt much of the divine

presence. Her death was improved by the writer in her own place of worship, from Job xiv. 14, 15. Some of her children are walking in the same path as their dear mother, and the prayer of the writer is that the rest may soon follow, so that they may be one unbroken family throughout eternity.

J. COLES.

MR. JOHN LITTLEJOHNS.

It is deeply interesting to trace the life of the pious. Oftentimes the reading of the biographies of the good, produces the happiest effect on the mind of the reader. A few facts concerning the life and death of Mr. John Littlejohns of Jacobstow, Cornwall, will, I trust, be encouraging and helpful to others. He was born at Ashwater, Devonshire, October 9th, 1826. When a boy he was steady and thoughtful. Converted when only twelve years of age, he was strongly attached to the Sunday-school, and for years was a most active teacher. In 1849 he was married to Miss Catherine Jeffrey, who now mourns his loss, as do their eight children, some of whom are striving, by living to God, to meet their father in the promised land. On leaving Ashwater, in 1860, he came to live in this, the Week St. Mary, circuit. Shortly afterwards, in connection with a few others, he commenced a Sunday-school at Canworthy Water, in which he took a deep interest until his death. In 1862 his name was placed on the local preachers' plan, and for years owing to the fewness of the preachers, he took a great number of appointments, often preaching three times on the Sunday. Towards the close of 1877, while following his occupation, he met with an accident, which after three weeks of suffering and great weakness, terminated in death. As a husband he was affectionate and kind; as a father, tender and loving, anxious for the conversion of his children. None are quite perfect, and our brother was a little hasty in temper, which caused him much grief, and he would earnestly pray that he might have grace to conquer and overcome his besetting sin. In his business he had severe and heavy trials, which caused him to weep and pray that he might have patience as Job, meekness as Moses, and love as John, that in every way he might prove himself to be a Christian.

I was only acquainted with him a few months. I visited him several times during the last three weeks of his life, and always found him calmly resting on the Rock of Ages. On my last visit, I saw that he was going home. He had given his family, and everything, into the hands of God, and felt all was right. He was visited by several of the friends who found him in the same composed and happy frame of mind.

His daughter writes: "About ten days before his death, father feeling a change coming over him, and knowing that it would soon be decided one way or the other, said to his eldest son, 'My dear boy, can you give me up?' He answered, 'Yes, my dear father, I can for God, it is only for a few years at most.' This moment will

never be forgotten by the family; father and son shouting and praising God together. My brother, fearing that father would get exhausted, asked him to take it a little more calmly, but he replied, 'I must praise the Lord.' Then speaking to another of his children, he said, 'I want you to promise to meet me in heaven.' Having received this promise, he had 'a strong desire to depart and be with Christ.'"

One of the bereaved ones has since sought and found Christ to the joy of her soul. His daughter having asked him a few days before his death "if he wished to go and leave them;" he answered, "Yes, if it be God's will, but if not, I should like to stay with you a little longer." On one of his neighbours coming in who he knew was not prepared for death, he took him by the hand, and asked him to meet him in heaven, and would not let him go until the promise was given. That friend has since set out on the heavenly way. When it was evident that death was near, having first spoke a few words to all in the room, he exclaimed, "Do you see that light?" his face beaming with delight. Again he said, "Do you see that light?" Taking an old friend's hand in his, he held it up in token of victory and fell asleep in Jesus without a sigh or groan. "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."

On the following Friday his mortal remains were deposited in their last resting place in Bethel Chapel graveyard, until the resurrection morn. His useful life and triumphant death were discoursed on in Bethel and Canworthy Water Chapels to deeply affected congregations. May his prayers, tears, and desires, be speedily answered in the conversion of his children, and at last may the whole family meet in heaven.

J. BENDLE.

SAMUEL DUFF

Was brought to God in the year 1821, through the instrumentality of Mary Ann Werry. He was a member of the first Society formed in this island in connection with our community, and continued a consistent member to the day of his death. In the year 1842 or 43, he married Harriet Mary Hurle, who had previously laboured on these Islands. This union was dissolved by her death, and on February 17th, 1849, she passed away to her reward in the skies. She left besides her husband, four daughters to mourn their loss. The father struggled on with his difficulties and trials, and had the pleasure of seeing his daughters grow up to womanhood. But how mysterious are the ways of Providence. How unexpectedly and suddenly sometimes are our much loved ones snatched from us. On June 4th, 1867, at the age of twenty-three years, the eldest daughter died, and in a very short time, two of her sisters followed her to the spirit world. In less than two years, three loving sisters were laid side by side in the silent grave; and now the husband and father is gone to join the dear departed ones in the skies, leaving only one sorrowing daughter. Our brother could only attend the

public means of grace, the class and prayer-meetings a few times since I came to the Island, but he did so as long as his strength would permit. He spoke of his strong confidence in God, and his implicit trust in Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour. He was calm and peaceful to the last, and felt assured that he was "going to be with Christ which is far better." He fell asleep in Jesus, on Monday, December 23rd, 1878, in the eightieth year of his age. His end was peace.

R. WESTINGTON.

MRS. ROSETTA STEVENS.

DIED at St. Mary's, on January 4th, 1879, Mrs. Rosetta Stevens, whose maiden name was Odgers, aged 58 years. When young she was seriously inclined, attended the means of grace, and met in class, for some time seeking the Lord. About the year 1850, during the ministry of Br. R. Rodd, a gracious revival was realised, and many souls were hopefully converted. In that revival Mrs. Stevens was enabled to lay hold of Christ by simple faith, and received a clear witness of her acceptance. From that time she has been a consistent Christian, walking in the fear of the Lord. She attended the means of grace, and regularly met in class when she could. For some years she has suffered much, at times confined to her bed, and at other times to the house. For some months previous to her death she suffered excruciating pains, but her prospects brightened as she drew nearer eternity. Every doubt was removed, and she joyfully told her husband and children that all was well. She passed across the river rejoicing.

"O may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

R. W.

MRS. BAKER.

DIED at Whiteley Farm, Week St. Mary, December 16th, 1878, Mrs. Baker, aged 76, who for more than fifty years was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

J. B.

MR. RICHARD CHAPMAN.

DIED in peace at Treneglos, Cornwall, December 23rd, 1878, Mr. Richard Chapman, aged 73. In his death the cause has lost a good supporter. His house has been a home for the servants of God for many years.

J. B.

MRS. VICKERY,

RELICT of Mr. Richard Vickery (one of our old preachers, who died rather suddenly at Torpoint, near Devonport, more than a quarter of a century ago), was found dead in her bed on Sunday night, Jan. 19. Mr. Angwin says that he was with her at a meeting on Saturday evening, when she seemed to be in apparent health. It seems to be very sad to be all "alone with God" in such a moment, but it is much more sad, doubtless, to survivors than it is to the dying. May we all be ready when the call comes !

Chapels.

CARDIFF.

MEMORIAL STONE SERVICES, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1879

BELIEVING in taking time by the *forelock*, arrangements for the Memorial Stone Services were laid before our local chapel committee, Oct. 3, 1878. Believing also in George Herbert's advice:—

"Set thy behaviour low, thy projects high,"—

the following resolution was heartily passed:—

"That H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P., be invited to lay the chief memorial stone of our new chapel. Being assured the honourable gentleman would, by acceding to our wishes, confer a distinguished honour upon us, and give a valuable impetus to our great work for the spiritual welfare of a dense population, we beg to press the invitation most earnestly."

So soon as it was ascertained when the stones could be laid, we wrote Mr. Vivian, giving a brief resumé of our work in the station, the progress made, our present position, need, prospects, &c., pressing into the letter as much fervour and point as possible, interspersing it with strokes of quiet humour, and entreating him to accept the invitation. The reply was all that could be desired. After expressing regret at being engaged for the date mentioned, the honourable member said—"If the first Wednesday in February will suit, I will keep it open, and shall be happy to place myself at your service to do anything to assist in your great and good work."

Having a great desire to get a good representation of various Denominations on the occasion, the committee also passed this resolution:—

"That we express devout gratitude for the practical sympathy of the various Protestant Christian Denominations of Cardiff with our effort to spread the gospel among the rapidly growing population of Splotland. This sympathy has largely helped to secure the success achieved since the opening of the mission, November, 1874. The school-room used for services and Sunday-school over two years, is far too small for our work in the neighbourhood, and the proposed chapel is greatly needed. Being eager to work in harmony with all evangelical Christians, and to further promote Christian unity, we resolve to invite a gentleman from each principal section of the church represented in the town to lay a memorial stone in the new chapel, and request the pastor to convey our invitation to such persons as he may think proper."

On getting Mr. Vivian's reply and fixing the date, this resolution was submitted to leading gentlemen of various sections. It was kindly received and after awhile, representatives of eight Denominations (beyond our own) were engaged to lay memorial stones. Mr. R. Harris, the superintendent, was appointed to lay a stone for the Sunday-school, and cards were given the teachers and scholars to collect offerings to place thereon. The pastor was also invited to lay a stone for the church, congregation, and his personal friends, and the latter were favoured with a fine opportunity for giving golden expressions of their attachment. Thus *ten* memorial stones were arranged for.

The long-looked-for day began with fine weather. At the family altar special prayer was offered for the continuance thereof, coupled with the assurance that should heavy rain ensue God would prosper the day. *Heavy rain did ensue, and God did prosper the day.*

The mayor and pastor met Mr. Vivian at the station at 12-39. The pastor had never seen him before, but his manner was so kind that he felt at home with him immediately. The luncheon was attended by the chief Nonconformists of Cardiff, with a few generous members of the Church of England. The room being tastefully decorated, the tables furnished with *choice viands*, and surrounded by yet *choicer guests*, the scene appeared very imposing. Luncheon over, the mayor proposed the health of the Queen, and the company drank to it in *good French coffee*. His worship offered a few pertinent remarks, and called for a statement from the pastor, who, among other things said,—“The contrast between this gathering and the first service I conducted in Cardiff—a service attended by only seven persons—is so striking that I am almost overwhelmed with deep emotion. During the four years and two months the mission has existed, this school-room has been erected, a chapel built at Llantrissant to seat 220, and another at Tonyrefail with accommodation for 180. The members have increased from 23 to 140, (after accounting for nearly 100 removals, &c.), the hearers from 45 to 500, Sunday-schools from one with 20 scholars to four with 310 children. Want of space here compels us to meet a Bible Class in a private house. And though among working-class people, with but one person to give £10, and two £5 each, over £1,400 has been raised. Some may criticise the arrangements of to-day, but the deep and sacred purpose which has prompted me has been a desire to build a chapel which shall be a grand expression of Protestant unity.”

Mr. Vivian, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, said: “Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen,—I think my friend Mr. James must have by some power looked into my mind. Confession is not, I believe, practised among the Bible Christians, and I have not indeed yet had an opportunity of confessing to him. (A laugh.) But he has divined, somehow, what was passing in my mind, upon this auspicious occasion, and why I am among you. I desire by my presence here to-day, and by the part I am going to take in the ceremony, to exhibit a specimen of the unity of the Christian Church. It is in strict accordance with my own deepest feelings. The annual Congress of the Church of England is about to meet at Swansea. Now it is supposed, or imagined, that Swansea has been fixed upon, because they know the extent to which Nonconformity prevails in Wales. They desire, I hope, to estimate the value of Christian work which is

being done in our midst. At any rate, I think that ought to be one of their main objects. The heads of the great Established Church of this country, the deepest thinkers, the most learned men, of that establishment will assemble together in October in Swansea; and I hope they will devote a Sunday, not to high worship, not in St. Mary's, or St. James's, but I hope they will spread themselves about among the Nonconformist places of worship. (Loud applause.) I suggested as much to a bishop, (laughter) and I now suggest it publicly. I would ask them not only to attend in what may be called the Metropolitan District, but let them go to our remote valleys, without the knowledge that their presence will be expected, and let them see the congregations who will assemble, and let them hear the prayers which will be offered up. My firm conviction is that they will be able conscientiously to join in every prayer which is being offered up. (Applause.) And I also believe, they would hear no doctrine which was not strictly in accordance with apostolic teaching. . . . Let them ask what separates them from the great body of Christians called Nonconformists? This is a matter which has deeply interested me throughout my life, and I am altogether unable to see that I could define the saving truths—of course I know there are minute distinctions—which separates the church to which I belong, from the churches to which you individually belong. (Applause.) I believe that the difference chiefly lies in church government. If this is so, is mere church government such a barrier to stand in the way between communities of professing Protestant Christians? I most certainly altogether fail to see that this is the true Christian spirit. Depend upon it the barriers which really separate us, are the mere fiction of man's invention, the barriers I mean which separate the sacerdotalists of the Church of England from the great body of Nonconformists—and cannot hold water for a single instant when tested by the articles of our faith. (Loud applause.) The names of those who are to-day to lay the foundation stones embrace every one of the leading Denominations of Nonconformists, and I am, to a certain extent, a representative of that portion of the Christian Church, which is known as the Established Church of England. (Applause.) What we like to have is simple, plain, apostolic teaching, and that I am sure will prevail in the building of which we are to lay the memorial stones this day. I feel confident that within these walls, however long they may last, nothing but true Apostolic Christianity as rendered by our Saviour, will ever find a place, or ever be uttered. (Applause.) And therefore I say from the bottom of my heart, that I take part with the greatest satisfaction in the ceremony about to be performed, and that I join with you in the most earnest prayer for the success of the good work.

The Mayor moved, "That we present our most hearty thanks to H. Hussey Vivian Esq., M.P., for his great kindness in cordially accepting an invitation to lay the chief memorial stone of the chapel, and for his address at the luncheon. We pray that he may be long spared to continue his parliamentary and philanthropic labours, and the Divine blessing may richly attend him throughout his future career."

Lewis Williams, Esq. (a leading Wesleyan), in seconding the resolution said: "I know of no district where the erection of places of worship is more urgently required than in this immediate locality, where there are 25,000 people, with provision in the way of church and chapel accommodation for only 3,000, whereas the provision should really be for 12,000 or 13,000. The Bible Christians are going to undertake a work to which I wish every success, for the district is blighted with the greatest curse of Europe—sacerdotalism."

Mr. Vivian responded, and the company then adjourned to the site of the new building. Though the rain was falling in torrents, at least 300 or 400 had assembled. Rev. J. Smith (Wesleyan) led in prayer, and the ceremony of laying the stones proceeded. Mr. Vivian returned hearty thanks for the silver trowel presented him, and addressed a few appropriate sentences to the company. Having to return to Swansea by the 3.27 train, he immediately proceeded with the Mayor to the station amid the acclamations of the people. The following list may interest our friends:—

Church of England stone, laid by H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P.	£	s.	d.
Calvinistic Methodist stone, laid by (Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones for)	20	0	0
Gwilym Williams, Esq., J.P., who could not attend	10	0	0

CHAPELS.

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£ s. d.

Wesleyan stone, laid by (Mr. Elliott, Junr. for) Alderman Elliott, who was ill	..	..	5	10	0
Congregationalist stone, laid by Councillor Dr. Edgar Jones	..	..	5	0	0
Primitive Methodist stone, laid by J. Ramsdale, Esq.	..	..	10	0	0
(Mr. R. gives £20 besides)					
Baptist stone, laid by J. W. Thomas, Esq., F.G.S.	..	..	21	0	0
Presbyterian stone, laid by J. Gunn, Esq.	..	..	10	0	0
United Methodist Free Church stone, laid by (Rev. J. Elsom for) R. Cory, Esq., Sen.	..	..	2	2	0
Sunday-school stone, laid by Mr. W. Harris	..	..	12	0	0
For Church, Congregation, and personal friends, W. F. James, from personal friends, with mite from self	..	..	14	0	0

£109 12 0

A good sum, which would, no doubt, have been greatly increased if the weather had afforded friends fair opportunity for placing offerings upon the stones.

At 3.30 a public meeting was held in Star-street Congregational chapel, to give gentlemen who laid stones opportunity for speaking. Councillor G. A. Stone presided, and said,—“It is really astonishing to hear of the success which has attended this cause. . . as it ought to be borne in mind, that work of this kind is very difficult for Mr. James, who came here a stranger. But it seems to me that Mr. James has learned a great deal from the ritualists. He is energetic; he is very kind; and he is particularly obliging to the ladies. Now if we want success we must commence with the ladies, for whither they go, the gentlemen are sure to follow.” Very entertaining, certainly, but not more profitable than this short sentence, “I will give £10.”

Pastor James referred to the professions, &c., of the gentlemen who laid stones. An M.P. to help make laws for the nation. A J.P. to bring us to task if we violate them. An Analyst to test the properties of our food. An Alderman and Councillor to manage municipal matters. A Doctor to attend in sickness. An Insurance Manager to arrange about provision for future contingencies. A Ship builder to construct vessels to convey us abroad. A Minister to give spiritual instruction. A Superintendent of Sunday-school to train our children aright, and when the toils of life are over, the Chairman (an undertaker) will take care that our “mortal part” is duly conveyed to its last resting place.

Mr. Ramsdale spoke with great heartiness, and urged the importance of strenuous effort to raise funds while the chapel was building, and intimated, that though he had given £30, the pastor might sing,—“Still there’s more to follow.”

Mr. Thomas asserted the utility of competition in commerce, art, and church work, and bade the cause God speed.

Mr. Gunn hoped the building would soon be paid for, and said that he was rejoiced to find that a new place of worship was to be built within which old Bible truths were to be preached in all sincerity and simplicity.

Rev. J. Elsom spoke for Mr. Cory, and though complaining of wet and cold, delivered himself with telling effect.

About 300 persons took tea.

The public meeting in the evening was attended by a splendid congregation. The Mayor (who presided) displayed great heartiness. He spoke very highly of Mr. Vivian’s address. So many memorial stones were laid that day, that he suggested the name should be the “Memorial Church,” as a means of carrying to future ages the part which so many Christians had taken in its erection. He gave a cheque for £5.

Mr. James endeavoured to show the necessity for the work begun, because of limited sanctuary accommodation, and the prevalence of ritualism—incipient popery—in the district, and asserted that to place the church on a good footing £1,500 must be raised.

Mr. Oliver, of Newport, spoke on the progress of the Denomination, and the name it bears. The speech bristled with telling points, which elicited frequent and hearty applause.

Mr. Winks, pastor of the principal Baptist Church, spoke fraternally and well. He said the day had witnessed a fuller and more impressive expression of Christ.

ian unity than had ever appeared in the town before, and gave some wholesome advice.

Mr. Edgcombe delivered a short but pithy address. Great regret was felt at the absence of Dr. Keen through ill health, but the meeting was interesting and hearty throughout. Votes of thanks to ladies, choir, Star-street church, and the mayor were passed, after being spoken to by Messrs. Smallridge, Pascoe, and Elsom. A suitable hymn was sung, and with the Benediction closed the memorial stone services of the first Bible Christian Chapel in Cardiff. The afternoon and evening collections were good, and the proceeds of the day over £160.

The contract for the chapel and minister's house is £2,050. We reckon the Chapel will cost over £1,500, which, with the outlay for boundary-wall, railing gates, paving, drainage, architect's commission, and £100 debt on the school-room, will be extended to little short of £2,000. Hence the necessity of raising £1,500, or enough to pay for the chapel, pure and simple. Toward that sum we have secured by local effort, since Conference, in cash and promises, nearly £500. So much more being urgently required, "we must upward, still and onward." A tremendous task is begun, and surely God will enable us to master it. A finer opening can hardly be conceived. A golden opportunity is given to do a glorious work for Christ, a dense population, and the Denomination. If the chapel be free, I feel confident we shall get a vigorous, self-supporting church at once. And such a church here will be of immense benefit, not only for the town and station, but for our cause in South Wales generally. I shall therefore be excused for pushing in an appeal *edgewise*. (I must be careful, or Mrs. Terrett and Mr. Higman will be down on me like a sledge-hammer.) Just allow me, then, to whisper to the well-to-do friends of the Connexion. "Beloved, send over and help us." Though water may lay between us and many of you, be assured any post-office-orders or cheques you may forward will quickly and safely arrive. We plead for the honour of our beloved Denomination, for multitudes of perishing souls around, and the glory of the loving Saviour, who will make your cheerful offerings bright with His commendation for ever. Sanctuaries are often opened free of debt by our friends across the Atlantic. Let us—you and ourselves—unite to prove their noble example produces the desired effect by rearing the chapel here without a burden of debt. Surely it *can* be done. Shall we declare that, God helping us, it *shall* be? O! answer in the affirmative, and prove the sincerity of your answer by sending liberal contributions quickly. Let the chapel be free and a strong church formed in it, and if spared you may hear of James the *less* exclaiming from its platform, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Not depart to heaven at once, but to another sphere, that a successor whose shoes he is unworthy to loose, may teach the way of the Lord more perfectly."

W. F. JAMES.

17, Broadway, Cardiff.

ZION CHAPEL, TONYREFAIL, was opened on Christmas day, and the opening services were continued the three following Sundays. The chapel presents a very chaste appearance internally and externally. Terribly severe weather made much against the attendance. The sermons were preached by Mr. Smallridge, Mr. Barker (of Cardiff); Mr. Pritchard, (Welsh Baptist Minister); a Calvinistic Methodist Minister; Mr. Powell, (Primitive Methodist); and Mr. Lillington, (Pontypool). Good influences were at times enjoyed, and indications of saving power appeared. The outlay will be somewhat less than £500. A full and particular account of money raised cannot well be reported yet, as many promises remain partially or wholly unfulfilled. There is ample room for donations, which will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. Smallridge, Glyn Terrace, Llantrissant, Glamorganshire.

MILLOM, CUMBERLAND.—The annual special effort of this chapel is always looked forward to with interest, but this year in an unusual degree, because a bazaar was to be held in connection with it, to help meet the increased expenditure incurred last August in improving the chapel. Circumstances appeared against us, but we were determined, if a failure, the fault should not be ours. On the last Sabbath in the year 1878, three good sermons were preached by Br.

Orchard, of Dalton. The following Wednesday (New Year's-Day), the bazaar was opened in the school-room at 2.30 p.m. by T. H. Taylor, Esq., of Ulverstone, whose catholic sentiments, and his expressions of approval of our local preachers' labours, and the temperance principles of the Denomination, elicited hearty applause. Having declared the bazaar opened, he at once made some purchases, thereby setting an example to others. The weather was all that could be desired. The school-room presented a most animated appearance. It was thronged with visitors till ten o'clock at night, and the ladies who presided at the stalls did their work remarkably well. It seemed as though everybody came to us, and all saw God was for us. The stalls were presided over by Mrs. Hender, Mrs. T. James, Mrs. W. Nicholl, Miss Rice, Miss M. J. Russell, Miss E. Mitchell, and Miss Tomlinson. The brethren N. Clemens, J. Russell, and R. Nicholas also rendered valuable aid. We had live and dead stock for sale, fowls in a hamper, larks in a cage, and a canary and a cage bought in Baltimore a short time before, and freely given to us. We sold them as early as possible for their sakes, and our own too. During the day numerous carols and anthems were well rendered by the choir in the chapel, to which a large number repaired. A public tea was provided there at 4.30, and as times were so bad, and money so scarce, we only provided for 50, but we actually entertained 130; and a large number were compelled to leave the chapel for want of accommodation and provision. The following served tea, viz., Mrs. W. James, Mrs. Clemens, Mrs. Jose, and Mrs. J. Penrose; Mr. W. James, Mrs. J. Matthews, and Mrs. Bond also worked hard at the provision table. Many other names might be mentioned in connection with the foregoing, who worked most assiduously to secure success. There was not a single hitch in the day's proceedings. This result of united and zealous efforts has far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. A tea was given towards the object on the 26th December last, by Miss Rice, which was highly appreciated. Cash as well as goods were solicited by us for New Year's-Day effort, and for the sake of space alone, I will give the total result.

	£	s.	d.
By Sale of Goods	33	10	6
Subscriptions	21	0	0
Sunday Collections and New Year's Tea ..	4	2	2
Admission money	2	15	3
Miss Rice's Tea	2	14	0
	£64	1	11
Disbursements	1	11	3
Net profit	£62	10	8

This result is to us truly marvellous, and for it we desire to thank God, and take courage.

February 11th.

JAMES HENDER.

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT. Week St. Mary.—The anniversary of this chapel was held on Monday, January 6th. A Christmas Tree was exhibited in the Board Schoolroom, presided over by the ladies of the committee, who worked nobly and successfully in disposing of the articles. Tea was served in the chapel by Mrs. Prower, Mrs. T. Prower, and Mrs. Helmar, and was exceedingly well patronised. In the evening a service of song, illustrative of "Jessica's First Prayer," was admirably given by the choir, led by Mr. J. Balhatchett. The Brethren J. Bendle, T. C. Jacob, A. Fry, and R. Mason also took part in the meeting. The attendance was very good. Profits of the day £23.

Bennacott.—The anniversary of this chapel—which is feeble with age and is not likely to survive many more anniversaries—was held on Thursday, January 31. A capital bazaar, in which over £30 worth of goods were exposed for sale, was held in Mrs. Gubbin's barn, presided over by Miss Reed, Miss E. Reed, the Misses Skinner and others, who did good service in getting up and selling the articles. Tea was provided at Mrs. Cowling's, and served by Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Skinner, Miss Werren, and Miss Neal. Messrs. E. Werren, W. Perry, Heard, Davey, Rundle, and T. Rowe were among the workers. Receipts £22, which,

with a donation of £30, received through Mrs. Jones, from Mr. Bailey, of Plymouth, will make our receipts in aid of the new chapel £52. Over £11 worth of articles remain unsold. Great praise is due to Mrs. Gubbins and Mr. Cowling (Free Methodists) for their kindness in throwing open their premises for our convenience.

Our Missionary meetings have now drawn to a close. The Brethren Murley, Morris, and Ninnis, appointed by the Pastors' meeting to assist us, have come and gone, carrying with them the respect and good wishes of those whom they have addressed. Our receipts have been affected by bazaars, &c., in aid of new chapels and the lessening of old debts, but the total will be a little in advance of the amount received last year, viz., £85.

T. C. JACOB.

Missionary Meetings.

BROUGHAM ROAD, SOUTHSEA.—The annual Missionary services were held on Sunday, February 16th, and following day. Mr. F. W. Bourne preached morning and evening, and in the afternoon a children's service was held, addressed by Mr. Genders, Baptist. On Monday the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Bourne, Scorey (Baptist), R. P. Tabb, G. Craddock, and the Circuit Ministers; Mr. A. V. Hosking in the chair. The services were deeply interesting and successful; two lads professing conversion on Sunday evening. The monetary results were most encouraging, the collections amounting to £18 19s. 7d., and the Sunday-school effort to £21 5s. 3d. Papers, asking subscriptions, had been placed in the pews on Sunday evening, brought promises of several pounds; so that the total will be about £56, an increase of £16 on the last year. This, considering that the Conference Missionary meeting was liberally supported, and the Quarterly meeting has given up the whole of the grant, displays a heartiness in our Missionary cause worthy of commendation and imitation.

J. C. H.

Rebivals.

CHICHESTER.

SPECIAL services have been held at different places in this circuit lately with some success. At Nutbourne, during a fortnight just before Christmas, five persons were led to seek and find the Lord. We commenced a series of special meetings at Chichester on Sunday, Jan. 18th. The people came out well, and a powerful influence was realized. At the close of the first week, three young men having professed conversion, it was decided to continue the services a week longer, and the result was that three others found peace with God. A woman, who came up from Nutbourne to a social tea-meeting on the Friday before these services commenced, became awakened, and on returning home—a distance of five miles—being unable to rest, she gave herself earnestly to prayer, and that night was made abundantly happy. A young person, about fourteen years of age, residing at Selsey, whose parents and others of the family are members of our society at Chichester, wrote to an elder sister as follows:—

"Dear Lizzie,—I am happy at last I think. This morning when I went up stairs. . . I knelt down by my little bed, and asked Jesus to make me a good girl, and take all my sins away; and then I believed He had. I have been so happy all day, and I have tried to do all my work for Him, and you can't think how fast I did it. I got on so fast I had time to clean my kitchen before dinner. So I am a little pilgrim, I hope, now; only I don't love Jesus enough. Pray for me that I may be kept in the straight path.

"From little JANEY."

These incidents afford us much encouragement, and we trust they are only the first-fruits of a yet richer harvest.

J. HONEY.

[WE have heard from two or three sources that there is a powerful revival on-17th, that there was a good work in progress at Truro, nine persons having been ward at High Ham, in the Somerton circuit; and as long ago as January converted on the previous Sunday night, five on the Monday, and four on the Tuesday.—ED.]

Since the above was in type, Br. ANDREWS writes :—"High Ham, Feb. 14th, 1879. Dear Brother, I have been at High Ham for the last three weeks, and I am thankful to inform you that about sixty-five souls have found peace with God, and the good work still goes on. Young and old are asking, What must we do to be saved? Some of the most hardened have been broken down, and are now rejoicing in Christ. The revival influence is sweeping through the parish. One man our friends have been praying for for the last fortnight, but he resisted up till last night. When I spoke to him then he said, 'What shall I do?' and fell on his knees before his God, which caused joy in heaven and on earth."

MR. ROUNSEFELL'S VOYAGE.

(Concluded from page 40.)

[This further communication will explain the apparently incomplete account in January.—ED.]

FRIDAY, great exultation among the passengers. Land in sight about 8 a.m., and also a ship taking an opposite course. We had neither sighted land nor sail since our last view of St. Helena, and it seemed strange though pleasing to see something between sea and the sky. About sunset we reached the Port Philip heads, which admitted us into a broad and far extended bay. As twilight is short we were soon surrounded by the shades of night, which were deepened by a thickly clouded sky. A hail storm, fierce and bitterly cold, came from over the land, which caused me to say to a friend, "This cannot be the coast of that warm and pleasant southern world, but surely we are back again to some strange English port." About 10 p.m. we were anchored in the bay, and a boat came out from Melbourne to take those on shore that were prepared to leave. We had hoped for a little quiet when at anchor, but the bustle and noise increased, and we had but little rest.

Saturday we reached the much-desired quay, and about 8 a.m. Br. Hosken and Mrs. Spicer, the daughter of Mr. Andrews, of Devonport circuit, were on board, and after a few words of kindly greeting and a little preparation, we were off to Melbourne by train, and in a short time we were in its streets, amid its numerous vehicles and its crowds on foot. The buildings are equal to any that I had seen in England; the streets are broad and cross each other at right angles, with plots of trees and grass here and there, adding much to the beauty of the scenery and to the health of the population. The arrangement of the streets made me think of Babylon, and the trees, shrubs, and gardens, of Nineveh, although no doubt Melbourne differed in many respects from those famous cities of the ancient world. I had the pleasure of meeting Br. Teague, who came 70 miles to spend a few hours with one of his colleagues in an English circuit, and this added much to the enjoyment of the day. I preached on Sunday in our chapel near Br. Hosken's residence; the congregation was good and the Spirit of the Holy One was in our midst to bless.

On Monday, at 2.30, we left for Sydney in the "City of Melbourne," which we reached on Wednesday about 4 p.m. Fine all the way; our fare was much better than in the "Durham," but our accommodation was much more inconvenient. Sydney is very much like an English town, which made us feel somewhat at home in a place so far away from the scenes of our childhood and youth.

On Friday, about 4 p.m., we started for Brisbane, and as we were coming to the ship a storm arose without a moment's notice; the dust, in dense clouds, swept by and whirled about us so that we could not see across the street. One thing was in our favour; the storm, which some call a "Southern Buster," and others a "Brick Fielder," was behind us. A woman with a bundle was coming against

it, she fell on the ground and covering her face in her hands pressed close against the bundle that she had thrown amongst the dust. This sudden burst agitated the sea, and we had a little plunging and rolling at the commencement of our last trip, but worse than the tumult of the sea was the tumult of a drinking, smoking, and profane people, which increased as we neared our desired port. Our last evening on board was that of October 6th. We anchored in Moreton Bay, and on the following morning, a little after sunrise, we pursued our course up the Brisbane river. The scenery was good and varied; the banks were clothed with trees, with a few wooden buildings here and there. Early in the morning we were at the Brisbane pier. Br. Haggar was awaiting our arrival; and in a little time Br. Woolcock was welcoming us to his home to take our morning meal. In Br. Haggar I noticed no change, and Br. Woolcock was less worn than might be expected from 13 years of pioneer colonial mission life. There is a new house building for us in as beautiful a situation as any in the whole district, to consist of six rooms, besides which there is to be a detached kitchen, that the heat of the fires for cooking, &c., may not add to the heat of the house. Mr. and Mrs. White, with their baby, have gone to lodge at Br. Woolcock's, that we may occupy their house till we can take possession of our future home; so you see I am come among a people that can show true kindness akin to that which I always felt sure of among my loved ones in the now far-off North. From the time that we left the tropics the air was cold or cool till we reached Sydney, since that it has been beautifully warm. The thermometer has not been up to 90 yet in the shade. The summer, I hear, sets in early in November, but at present it is very beautiful, genial, and pleasant.

ANNIVERSARY AND RECEPTION SERVICES AT THE OVAL.

On Sunday, October 13th, three sermons were preached; at 11 a.m. by Br. Woolcock, and at 3 and 7 p.m. by Br. Rounsefell. On Tuesday evening the annual tea was provided, and a large number of friends from different parts of the circuit, and a few visitors from the neighbouring churches, were present. At 8 p.m., a public meeting was held. Br. Woolcock was voted to the chair, who spoke of his unabated willingness to labour, and his great interest in the Bible Christian cause in Queensland. The first resolution of thankfulness, congratulation, and welcome was moved by Mr. R. Raymont, the senior circuit steward and oldest member of the church, and seconded by Mr. J. Vallance, one of our local preachers from the Tavistock circuit, and supported by the Rev. W. Wilson (Wesleyan). The second resolution, which embodied thanks to the Missionary Committee and Conference for sending out Br. Rounsefell, and a resolve to enlarge the field of labour in the colony, was moved by Mr. C. Gregory, of Brookfield, seconded by Br. Haggar, and supported by Mr. D. Mc Naught. Br. Rounsefell then spoke of his thoughts respecting the colony during the last eleven years, and of his hopes to be able to meet the need that had been expressed by Br. Woolcock in his communications to the committee and Conference. The meeting was characterized by kindly feelings, and good hopes of continued success in the great work of bringing souls to Christ, and the building up of the Church of God, which was very encouraging to one whose desire is to keep the vineyard of God in a good state of spiritual culture and to break up the fallow ground, with a hope of reaping the golden grain in future days.

Correspondence.

THE MISSIONARY DEBT.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—You will remember that I have before now expressed to you my desire that something should be done to liquidate the Missionary Debt. I am glad, therefore, to learn from Br. Dymond's letter in the February Magazine that efforts are being made in that direction. The importance of such a step should prove an incitement to immediate action. If it be true—and who will dispute it?—that many persons in the Denomination are fully equal to the task of

lifting away the incubus of debt which embarrasses and cripples the Missionary Society in all its ramifications, and prevents its entrance upon other promising enterprises, there are thousands among us who can materially assist in the accomplishment of that praiseworthy and urgent work. And, with our manifold advantages, and considerably improved condition, where is that grand old fire of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which inflamed the souls of our fathers and mothers, and prompted them to the endurance of untold hardships and privations, and to accomplish those exploits of chivalry and deeds of love and mercy which nursed and fostered the Connexion in its infantile weakness, and that, too, amid malicious misrepresentation, scathing calumnies, and ruthless storms of persecution? Does it still live among us? Can we, then, quietly hear repeated appeals from the Missionary Committee for relief from this paralyzing debt without yearning to render the needed help? Our manifold losses through members removing beyond the precincts of our Denomination, evoked thousands of fervent prayers that God would open the doors of these spheres of Christian toil, and enable us to follow them. And who will say that such prayers were wrong? And now, when God has been graciously pleased to answer our prayers, to open doors of usefulness before us, and, by His blessing upon our labours, has made some of our recently opened mission fields bud and blossom with very great promise, shall the Missionary Society be trammelled and crippled in its glorious work by £1,400 debt, from which, by little extra faith, effort, and liberality it might be completely liberated? Were we ever better prepared to do it? Were the presence and providence of God ever more visibly with us? Have we not to-day thousands of as true hearts as ever throbbed in human breasts? Shall we ever be the poorer or the worse for rendering this much-needed help to the cause of God? Not while time's tooth spares the grand old Bible, and a faithful, covenant-keeping God occupies the throne of the universe.

The history of the Missionary Society and its work, during the last eight years, is enough to inflame any truly Christian soul with gratitude and enthusiasm. If we omit the debt upon the Society at the Conference of 1870, and the interest which it has paid upon that debt since that date, its income since 1870 has been more than equal to its expenditure; and it has raised more money than it has been able to appropriate to Mission work, because it has been compelled to pay £535 as interest on borrowed money, and yet the debt is only £75 11s. 4d. more than it was eight years ago!

But what has the Society done during these eight years? Eternity alone will fully reveal that. Much that has been done has been recorded only in heaven, and cannot be known now. Still, enough has been done to evoke ceaseless praise to God. Besides sustaining the interests and improving the condition of previously existing chapels, it has erected 84 new ones. If, with our present membership, we enumerate those who have been removed from us by death and other causes, God has made it the honoured instrument of leading 6,000 souls to the knowledge and practice of religion. No fewer than 14,000 children and young people have received instruction in its Sunday-schools from 1,600 teachers. At home and in the colonies it has opened 43 new stations, and sent 14 Missionaries and their families to our colonial fields, at a cost of about £1,300. And, for the extension of Mission work alone, it has raised in eight years not less than £100,000! An agency of this nature and magnitude cannot be too liberally supported.

Although we have a circuit debt of £25, which we have arranged to liquidate by June next, I have laid the requirements of the Missionary Society before some our friends, and am free to say that, provided a general effort be made to remove the debt at once, or by June next, we shall be prepared to put our shoulder to the debt and assist in its entire removal.

BENJ. NOTT.

[We have heard that Tiverton consents to surrender all its grant above the Missionary money raised on the station. The Pastor and friends have arranged to hold a bazaar to make up the deficiency (cannot this example be extensively imitated?), and that Portsmouth has given up its grant, and the Missionary meetings in several places are in advance.—ED.]

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged			.. £848 os. 4d.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Mr. John Nancekieveil, Langtree, Shebbear Circuit ..	100	0 0	Chulmleigh Collection ..	1	1 0
Mr. O. K. Hobbs, College ..	0	10 0	Copplestone do. ..	0	14 6
RINGSASH CIRCUIT—			Morchar do. ..	1	0 0
Ringsash Collection ..	1	9 3	Mrs. Clark, donation ..	0	1 0
Miss R. Carter's Book,			A lady visitor at the College	0	10 0
1st return ..	0	10 0	ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT—		
Stable Green Collection,			Rev. G. W. Angwin, don.	1	0 0
Sunday ..	0	11 4	Rev. W. Jeffrey do. ..	1	0 0
Burrington do. ..	0	11 2	Mrs. and Mr. Golley do...	0	10 0
Kingsnympton do. ..	0	17 0	Mr. W. John Nicholls do.	0	5 0

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You will rejoice to hear that our aged and valued friend, Mr. John Nancekieveil, of Langtree, has given to the College Extension Fund the £100 he promised last year. We believe one reason why he gave it so soon was that others should follow his example. We sincerely hope they will; and we are abundantly grateful to our good brother for his wise thought and timely action. He will be verily blessed himself.

We have also received some contributions, in articles, toward the Monster Connexion Bazaar, which we shall hold at some convenient time, to reduce the debt on the College. We hope our lady friends will do their very best in the way of preparation for this bazaar, as the Countess of Portsmouth has kindly offered to do some work for it, and it is likely to be held under her patronage. We hope the supply of goods will be rich in abundance; friends from all parts are invited to send us as many articles as they can. Some of our friends who reside abroad are invited to send us some choice specimens of goods that will be generally attractive. We hope the bazaar will be a lasting credit to the Connexion. Will the ministers and friends do us the kindness to collect the various promises which are by this time fallen due? Each pastor had a list of promises, but we can supply another if need be. All money should be sent to the secretary that he may forward it to the treasurer, and report a list in the Magazine. We should be glad to get the loan of sums free of interest; it would be safely kept, and promptly repaid when required. We trust that very soon many substantial donations will be sent us.

We are, dear brethren and friends, yours faithfully,

W. HIGMAN, Secretary,
C. HOBBS, Treasurer.

BEDMINSTER NEW CHAPEL.

Church House, Bedminster Bristol, Feb. 14th, 1879.

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—I now send you my second report. Would to God that I could adduce some argument powerful enough to lead the dear friends throughout the length and breadth of our beloved Denomination into deep and solemn thought as to its *pressing* needs at this time. I verily believe, Mr. Editor, that this is the main point to be gained, viz., their most serious and careful attention; this done, if each one responded *conscientiously*, I feel persuaded that the Missionary, College, Jubilee, and other debts (which seem almost to impede the progress of the work of our adorable Lord and Master) would soon be a thing of the past. God help us, one and all, to do our duty, so that when we hear the rumbling of the wheels of the chariot of death, we may be able to give a good account of our stewardship, and meet our Master with joy.

Yours very truly,

S. M. TERRETT.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged ..	327	7	6	Mrs. Edgcombe ..	0	10	0
An old Friend ..	2	0	0	Mrs. Moxley ..	1	1	0
A Friend in the Weare Circuit	2	2	0	Mr. E. Moxley ..	1	1	0
Mr. Marsh ..	0	11	0	A Friend (Bristol)	5	0	0
Mr. Gannaway ..	0	10	0	Do. do. ..	15	0	0
Mr. J. D. Rule, London	5	5	0	Mr. George Jeffries	1	1	0
Mr. R. M. Saville ..	1	1	0	Mr. Downing, Jersey	1	1	0
A Friend (Bristol)	5	0	0	A Friend (Bristol)	50	0	0
Do. do. ..	5	0	0	Mr. Sibree ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Maggs ..	1	1	0				
Mr. Jas. Ash ..	2	2	0				
Mr. J. C. Honey ..	0	10	0				
					£428	4	6

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM BROCK.

(1) *The letter remains, but the hand that wrote it has vanished.* So said I to myself as I finished re-reading a letter received from our deceased Br. Brock four months ago to-day. The writing and composition brought him in living vividness before my mental vision, just as he was when last I sighted the failing frame and the fading life. In it pulsates the same vigorous hopefulness of the worst being past, and the unborn days and weeks bringing him soundness of throat and strength of body, that used to buoy him up when resident at New Brompton. But it always seemed to me a "hoping against hope;" appearances and symptoms and tendencies forbidding the hope of ultimate recovery. From the first, I was seized by an unaccountable impression that his sickness was unto death; and despite all my efforts to think and hope to the contrary, I could never rid myself of it. Of course I was careful not to hint anything of the kind to him, lest I should discourage him, his excessive weakness produced excessive sensitiveness.

(2) There was at that time a strong clinging to life, not, I believe, for *life itself*, but for the *work of life* in which he had been engaged, which absorbed all his energies and attention, and in which, undoubtedly, he has died a martyr for his zeal, laborious toiling, and unresting perseverance long after physical inability was his lot. Br. Brock loved his Saviour intensely, and I don't think I shall be far wrong if I say, with a corresponding fervour he loved his work. His was an unreserved consecration to live and labour for Christ, so that preaching was a pleasure, and toiling for souls a master-passion.

(3) His *piety* was beautifully simple and transparently real. There was no fussiness about it, no glaring show of moral superiority, no pharisaic parade of it anywhere or at anytime; the current was deep, hence still: genuine, hence serene and calm as the heaven of God. You could *see* he was a Christian, though he wore no label, nor uttered a word to that effect. Goodness appeared on his countenance, in his person and deportment, but like Moses, he "wist not that his face shone." Truthfully we may inscribe on his tombstone, "He was a good man, and feared God above many." It is no marvel he is gone; he was *ripe*, and God often plucks the ripest first.

(4) *Modesty* mantled Br. Brock. His was not the glare of the "sun-flower," but the humility and unobtrusive beauty of the "violet." No one ever saw him pressing to the front rank, ambitious of the "highest seats in the synagogue," but invariably holding to the rear, hiding in the back-ground. To play the "first fiddle" was an unmanifested and unfelt ambition by him,

he would be anything or nothing, so that Christ might be glorified and good done. In every particular this was a distinguishing trait, a prominent excellence. In person, attire, and address; in the home, the pulpit, and the street; as a man, a minister, and a Christian, he was uniformly unassuming; and everywhere commanded the esteem and love of all.

(5) To this modesty he coupled the "*charity* which covers a multitude of faults." He had always the word of helpfulness and commendation for his brethren in the ministry; seldom or never the word of depreciation, disparagement, fault-finding, or censure. He dealt neither in the oil of flattery nor the vinegar of censoriousness and unkindly criticism, but rather in the *honey* of a good and encouraging word whenever he deemed it deserving. The reputation and character of his brethren apparently were as dear to him as his own; distinctly recognising the great fact (too often unrecognised) that all Christians are members of one family, brothers and sisters in one "household of faith," the sacredness of individual character was felt to be of transcendent value and importance, the sacredness of the whole being dependent on the sacredness of the parts.

(6) His *preaching*, like his piety, had the right ring. It was never my privilege to hear him but once, and that some years ago, so that I speak more from report than actual knowledge of him in this particular. The old truths flowed forth from his lips in language simple and plain, unadorned by flourishes of rhetoric, or flights of poetic fancy. The staple texts for soul-saving work, for edifying the church, and comforting believers, etc., were his favourite texts, and from them he gave intelligent, interesting, and faithful discourses; and numbers will bless the memory of Br. W. Brock for some timely admonition, some "word in season," some persuasive appeal which brought decision for Christ, or some consoling truth which helped them on the way to heaven. His trumpet never gave an uncertain sound. In very deed he aimed at "warning every man and teaching every man," "that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Brother Brock was a preacher whose soul was in his work, because his work was in his soul; whose words, earnest and forceful, were calculated to tell well in time as also well in eternity.

(7) Consumption of the throat without question was the cause of death. Latterly he suffered intensely. Being unable to take food or even liquid, the gnawings of hunger were united to a parching thirst. When told that the doctor said he would not see the new year, his reply was, "*Welcome news.*" Death had no terrors, he was waiting for his "change." Some time after wanting greatly to drink but not able to, he said, "They shall hunger no more, nor THIRST."

Peacefully he sleeps in Jesus. The voice is hushed that for thirteen years proclaimed Christ from different pulpits and platforms in the Connexion: the brother "beloved" is gone,—his toils ended and rest won; his sufferings for the King by the way over, and glory inherited: he is crowned, robed, sceptred, glorified—a king and priest for ever.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past:
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

J. O. KEEN.

[This came to hand too late to be inserted in its proper place, but we could not allow so hearty a tribute to the memory of a good brother to stand over till another month.—ED.]

Brief Notices of Books.

The Lay Preacher. A Miscellany of Helps for the Study, Pulpit, Platform, and Desk. Edited by the Rev. F. WAGSTAFF. Third series, Vol. III. F. E. Longley.

MORE varied in its contents and fresher in its tone than any previous volume.

Dr. Clermont. A Methodist Tale. By A. E. BLEBY. F. E. Longley.

A TALE that teaches many an important lesson, and reveals an intimate acquaintance with Methodist principles and customs.

Nothing but Leaves. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

THIS is a touching and beautiful story, and clearly illustrates how, through the severe discipline of a loving Father, rich clusters of golden fruit appear where before there was "Nothing but leaves."

I Know; or the Verities of the Bible. By Mrs. (WEBB) PEPLOR, Authoress of "Naomi," &c. S. W. Partridge and Co.

TRUE knowledge is the knowledge of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, which is life eternal. But as this little book clearly explains, men must know themselves as sinners before they will seek this knowledge of God. *Conversion* is regarded as its inward effect, and *obedience* the test and proof of its genuineness; two subsequent chapters are devoted to the knowledge of believers that they will be kept by God's power, (final perseverance in fact; and of the final perseverance of the *saints* there can be no doubt, and happy are they who do not confound sinful presumption with holy assurance) and of the glory that shall be revealed, the *reality* of their future glorious resurrection-life being aptly and strongly insisted on. The authoress refers in the preface to the tales which she wrote in her younger days, which were a real pleasure to ourselves, and doubtless, to many of our readers long, long ago; but while she declares that she cannot give up any of the short time of service that may yet remain to her, to works of imagination, she supplies a singular proof that her imagination is still active in dedicating her book to "the memory of the grand old Patriarch Job."

The Path of the Just. A Memoir of DANIEL BAYLISS. By the Rev. GEORGE POOLE, B.A., Vicar of Burntwood, Lichfield. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 2s.)

A PLEASING tribute to the memory of a good man, whose filial piety, fraternal love, and Christian character, it must have been as pleasurable to trace as it is profitable to read.

Life of Ned Wright. By G. H. PIKE. Hodder and Stoughton. Twenty-second Thousand. (Price 1s. 6d.)

THIS is a marvellous story of divine grace, and it is not surprising to find it has so large and ready a sale.

Graham's Temperance Guide, Hand-book and Almanack (with Diary) for 1879. Edited by the Rev. F. WAGSTAFF. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of J. B. Gough. London: Tweedie. (Price 6d. paper covers, cloth 1s.)

Quite a mass of useful information, clearly arranged.

The Daily Prayer Book, for the use of Families, with additional Prayers for Special Occasions. By various contributors. Edited by JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Sixth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

MANY heads of Christian families who dispense with forms of prayer, will find this volume helpful and suggestive, to others it will be a still greater boon.

Who should clear the way? By Mrs. BAYLEY. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 2d.)

A THRILLING appeal to the State, and to the Church as by law established, to effect some change in the licensing laws of our country that the plague of drunkenness may be stayed; but it is an appeal which no church and no individual Christian ought to disregard.

The Story of a Peninsular Veteran. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 2s. 6d.) LARGELY filled with "descriptions of battles, sieges, and military incidents." It is a good book of its kind, but we have no great liking for such reading.

An Expositor's Note Book. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Sixth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 8s. 6d.)

THIS book has a special value for ministers, but it will be perused with interest by unprofessional readers also, if of a thoughtful and devout spirit, and interested in biblical exposition and research. An extract which we hope to make next month, of particular interest at this moment, will whet the appetite of our readers for more of the same kind. A book in its *sixth* edition that does not appeal to the mass of the reading public, is a convincing proof of its rare merits.

The Expositor. Vol. VIII. Edited by the Rev. S. COX. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 7s. 6d.)

WE cannot endorse all the views advocated in this periodical, but it is so able, fresh, and suggestive, that one cannot but wish for the editor and its contributors every success.

Knowing and Doing. Eight Stories, founded on Bible Precepts. By Mrs. HENRY H. B. PAULL. With five full-page Illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

A CAPITAL book for young people. The stories are sensible and spirited. The precepts illustrated are, "Overcome evil with good," "Not slothful in business," "Patient in tribulation," "In honour preferring one another," "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," "Endure grief, suffering wrongfully," "Be not wise in your own conceit," and "Casting all your care upon Him." The fifth story of the series we especially prize, as it illustrates a precept commonly overlooked even by many excellent Christian people, and chiefly perhaps in consequence of its not being learnt in early life.

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ALL of these interesting books are published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, and form a welcome addition to the daily increasing literature specially provided for the young.

Our Miscellany.

THE DISASTER IN ZULULAND.

THE disaster to the British forces in Zululand has been confirmed with melancholy exactitude of detail by Lord Chelmsford's dispatch to the Secretary for War. In some particulars the defeat appears to be even more serious than there was at first reason to suppose. The column which has suffered the loss of nearly half its fighting strength of Europeans in the calamitous engagement of the 22nd ult. is that to which the head-quarters of the General Commanding-in-Chief were attached, and the immediate effect of the blow has been that Lord Chelmsford with the main body of his forces has been compelled to retire behind the river Tugela. It can hardly be doubted that Colonel Pearson's column, which was operating along the coast, and which, it was inaccurately assumed, would have had to bear the brunt of the fighting, as well as Colonel Wood's column, which was moving upon the side of the Transvaal, will also have to retreat to a position of safety. It

is important that no unnecessary panic should be aroused, though we should not attempt to extenuate the real perils of the situation. Lord Chelmsford, notwithstanding the losses he has suffered, retires with a body of more than 3,000 men, under the direct command of Colonel Glyn, and if, as seems certain from the list of the missing, Colonel Glyn's column had been joined by Colonel Durnford's the numbers must be taken as nearly double. It is true that out of these 6,000 men only a small proportion are Europeans, and it is not the least lamentable part of the recent disaster that it fell most severely on the Imperial troops, who could be ill spared. Nevertheless, Cetywayo will hardly venture to attack a British force of such strength when concentrated for defence, and if Colonel Pearson only withdraws into the territory of Natal the colonists may, on one condition, await without disquietude the arrival of the reinforcements which the Cabinet on Tuesday determined to send instantly to the seat of war. Six battalions of English infantry, with a corresponding force of cavalry, artillery, and engineers, have received orders to leave England at once, and other troops, on their way to India, will probably be intercepted. These, numbering in all, perhaps, some 7,000 or 8,000 men, would be more than sufficient to repair the losses of the 22nd ult., if they could be immediately placed at the disposal of Lord Chelmsford. Unluckily, as we had occasion to point out more than once of late, we have no direct telegraphic communication with any of the South African colonies, and already nearly three weeks have elapsed since the check which compelled the British commander to retreat before his barbarian enemy. The troops now ordered to the Cape cannot be, we suppose, brought into the field against the Zulus for at least another month. In the meantime, the colony lies exposed not only to the inroads of the exulting Zulus,—which, after all, may probably be repelled without any extraordinary efforts,—but to the graver dangers of an insurrection among the natives who have hitherto been loyal and peaceful subjects of the Natal Government. Possibly the shock of the British defeat may be felt even in the Cape Colony, and may rouse the colonial population from their selfish and short-sighted apathy. If the Connaught Rangers had not been occupied in keeping the Queen's peace in Caffraria, that famous regiment might have strengthened Lord Chelmsford's army, and the colonists of the Cape might have been left to bear for themselves the burden which, even in the neighbours' extremity, they will not touch with one of their fingers.—*Times*.

[So far as we can judge, the policy of Sir Bartle Frere is wholly indefensible, but the calamity that has overtaken our troops must be sincerely regretted by every patriot, as much in the interests of the Zulus as of our own country.—ED.]

LIBERAL POLITICS.

At a Liberal demonstration at Newport, Isle of Wight, on Tuesday, Jan. 28th, Mr. Lark said he was not one who thought that ministers of religion had no business to meddle with politics. In becoming a minister of religion he did not cease to be a citizen (hear, hear). He claimed it as a right to have his opinions upon political questions, and further he claimed it as a right to give expression to those opinions on every suitable occasion. He was not there as a political Christian, but as a Christian politician (cheers). He believed in party politics. He was there that evening as a Liberal by birth—and by the way he believed that every man who came into this world was a Liberal born (hear, hear, and a laugh). Then he was a Liberal by conviction. He did not believe in the policy of the present government because it was opposed to the best interests of the country (cheers), and it would be a good day for England when an end was put to all this Beaconsfield mine-springing, all this unsettlement, all this agitation, all this series of surprises (cheers), and the government were able to give us a guarantee on this point. Not a guarantee of mere words, for that would not satisfy us. The best guarantee they could give us was their resignation (cheers). In forcible words he counselled Liberals to be united, and not to isolate themselves from their party on what were known as "test-questions." He was as staunch a teetotaler as any in the room, but was he therefore to say that he would not vote for anyone who would not pledge himself to support the Permissive Bill? No. In politics he was a Liberal

first, and a teetotaler afterwards (cheers). He was there as a Nonconformist minister, but were they to ask him to support only a candidate, be he Liberal or Tory, who would vote for disestablishment, he should say most certainly "No." In politics he was a Liberal first and a Nonconformist afterwards (cheers.) In this spirit he besought Liberals generally to act, and the eventual triumph of their principles would be assured (cheers).

RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

I.—Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers.

II.—Never neglect daily private Bible-reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules.

III.—Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. v. 13--16.)

IV.—If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. (Col. iii. 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong. (Rom. xiv. 23.)

V.—Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, that therefore you may. (2 Cor. x. 12.) You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John x. 27.)

VI.—Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true? and if *both* cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart a liar.

(*The late Brownlow North, from "Records and Recollections," by Rev. Kenneth-Moody Stuart, M.A.*)

THE MODERN JINGO DEFINED.

WE all know the character which has made the name of an English gentleman famous and respected throughout the world. Quiet in the consciousness of his own strength, self-possessed in the sense of his own dignity, he does not think it necessary to establish a reputation for courage by quarrelling with his neighbours. He makes no display of his grandeur to dazzle the vulgar. Simple, unaffected, and straightforward, he is content that he should be judged by his own work, and not by the standard of the opinion of others. He commands the respect and esteem of those with whom he deals by the quality of his conduct, not by the loudness of his self-assertion. That was once the solid and trustworthy disposition which formed the material of English public life, and gave a healthy tone to the ancient traditions of English statesmanship. But there is a very different character with which we are unfortunately also familiar—the fussy, pushing, blatant, brawling, babbling fellow; self-asserting, because distrustful of his own merit; always on the watch to catch the applause of others; always in a fever to know whether Lord this will take notice of him, or whether Lady that will send him an invitation; terribly afraid lest his neighbour should have a larger house or a bigger place or a finer equipage than himself; trying to persuade himself of his own greatness, bellowing to convince the world of his valour, addicted to cheap ornament and stucco decoration; at home stingy in domestic comfort and family benevolence, abroad profuse in tawdry display and lavish in gaudy ostentation, so proud to cut a dash that his ambition is to have some silly yokel exclaim, "What a smart fellow he is." We all know the man. We have suffered under him. He is boastful, quarrelsome, elbowing his way through the world to give himself a value which he knows he does not deserve. He is the common nuisance of mankind and the laughing-stock of his neighbours, and by a sort of elective affinity the Bulgarian of society becomes the Jingo of private life.—*Sir W. Harcourt at Oxford.*



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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WHAT IS PATRIOTISM ?

AT such a juncture as the present, when the press and the platform are hurling forth anathemas against those who are assumed to be guilty of a lack of national feeling, no question can be more pertinent than that propounded by our heading. For, as in respect to other qualities upon which men are apt to build vaingloriously, and plume themselves unnecessarily, there may very easily exist a false and a true, a pure and an impure kind of patriotic feeling. Let us endeavour to separate the one from the other ; let us divide the spurious from the real, and make an attempt at defining in what the highest and most loyal regard for one's native land consists. And should we, in so doing, find it imperative to scatter to the winds much of the pestilent philosophy which is now current as true coin of the realm, and which really has no foundation either in law, morality, or religion, so much the worse for that boasting, bragging insolence which dares to sit in judgment upon the large section of our fellow-countrymen which refuses to succumb to its malign influences, or subscribe to its unwarrantable dogmas.

It will be well, perhaps, in order to arrive at a just estimate of the *genuine*, if we take the sum and substance of the *false* into account before so doing ; for as contrasts relieve one another, so may we expect to bring out more forcibly the noblest kind of patriotism by a brief reference to the lowest and most selfish form of it, as it is now being preached and practised so noisily by some who should know better. Patriotism, then, if we accept as gospel

APRIL, 1879.

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the diatribes of our "public instructors," consists in an absolute devotion to the land of our birth ; a devotion so entire, so utterly slavish, that it refuses to admit any wrong possible in the national dealings, or to recognise any blots or deformities in the national character ; in fact, a prostration of all we are and *have* at the feet of a grim Moloch, who may even cause us to pass through fires of shame, remorse and sorrow, but whom we must still love, reverence and unquestioningly obey in all mandates. It is very unpatriotic, according to these authorities, for us to meddle in any way with the foreign action of our rulers, or to suggest above a breath that they may be guilty of unwisdom or folly ! Doubly and trebly unpatriotic is it to demur openly to the course or policy pursued during great crises of the nation's history ; times when the fiery trials through which we pass bring out forcibly the character and principles of those in power. Treason is embodied in the very thought that our country can be anything else than superlatively pure, just, and generous in all its dealings with the rest of the world. And that subject who should presume to say or think that our interests should *sometimes*, at least, be waived for the general benefit of the great community of mankind throughout the world, may be very well, (say our instructors in patriotism,) set down as either a fool or a fanatic, or perchance a mixture of both !

This, reader, is a fair specimen of what is foolishly held by thousands to be the very essence of patriotism, and the cases we have imagined do not exaggerate the estimate which such thinkers have formed of the hideousness of what they are pleased to call "unpatriotic sentiments." To them, a patriot is a subject who is content to lull to sleep all his better feelings, and administer an opiate to his conscience in order that his country may be all in all,—her blunders condoned, her wickedness denied, her follies glossed over or buried in forgetfulness. To be a patriot, is to subvert every right instinct of liberty and progress, and to allow a passion as ignoble as it is selfish and narrow-minded, to have full sway over all that might otherwise prompt to a righteous and healthy indignation. Let us, then, protest against such a grotesque parody on the grand idea of patriotism, such a travesty of that jealous, holy regard for our country's best name and truest glory which the Bible enjoins, and commands us to entertain at all times.

It should be a matter of profound regret to all thoughtful men and women, all who are something better than mere automatons among their fellows, that the newspapers of the day which have devoted their vast influence to such a doctrine as we have outlined, should possess so far-reaching and gigantic an agency for influencing the minds of thousands unable clearly to see the error so insidiously

and craftily taught, coming as it does in the guise of a right and proper regard for the community of which we all form a part. No words of ours can be too grave or too severe in rebuking the presumptuous ignorance, and gross folly of agents who can so tamper with a heavy responsibility; so idly and wantonly abuse a mighty privilege. To educate, to elevate, to expand the minds of the people, is a great and glorious function of the press; but to spread the poison of this new-fangled patriotism; to catch a cheer from the brutal selfishness lying dormant in every heart; to tickle the vanity and flatter the prejudices of our race—surely such fantastic tricks will not ultimately redound to the praise or honour of journalism in the period through which we are passing. Better far would be an enforced silence, than such a clamour of stupidity and wickedness as is evinced by the tone adopted, and the kind of patriotism extolled. If those who assume to lead and guide can do it no better than at present, what must ensue but a gradual lowering of the public morality, and a certain debasement of the people's ideas ?

The true notion of patriotism is of a very different cast altogether from that to which we have alluded. A genuine patriot is indeed a splendid subject for study, and it warms the heart with generous impulses to see a man who may well and truly be said to merit such an appellation. Let us not deceive ourselves, however, by shams any longer; but clearly and unmistakably discern what is true patriotism, and then we shall be possessed of a test for separating the false pretender from the brave hero, true as steel to his country, but recognising his allegiance to a higher law—the law of right and justice,—and therefore, frequently compelled to condemn the actions of his nation, though sorely regretting the fact. Let us boldly aver if we are to be patriots such as the Book of God delineates so graphically and forcibly, that our particular land of nativity is not “the world;” let us be ready to allow that times may come in our history when the path of *right* and the path of *interest* shall clash, and when this is so, *right* must be supreme as an arbitrator over every other consideration; or our nation drops from its pinnacle, and its leaders lose our respect and esteem; while we personally seem to share the degrading shame attaching to such actions. What a farce is that exhibited by this latest novelty—modern patriotism! What a mock heroism is that of men who indite valiant articles in their comfortable studies, bragging of the prowess and victory of our arms, while themselves are too feeble-spirited to discern right from wrong, or to lift a weapon in defence of eternal truth! Readers, it is not the defence of ironclads or armies that is imperatively needed; it is the defence which can only proceed from

a strict, impartial desire to adhere to the just and the true course of *duty*; to refuse to truckle to the powerful, or to tyrannise over the weak and downtrodden; to uphold equity in the teeth of a threatening world, if need be; but nevertheless to be willing to yield our own selfish ends for the universal welfare of other peoples, as surely meriting justice as our own favoured land. This spirit alone will make our country worthy and deserving of our highest admiration; this alone can make us patriots, such as all honest subjects ought to fervently wish to be.

We have asked, what is patriotism? Surely the reply is not difficult if we reflect calmly about the matter, and candidly admit truths which none but the braggart can deny. Sweeping away the flimsy cobwebs of mock-heroic swashbucklers, and considering the subject in the light of reason and religion, what difficulty is there in clearly defining this desirable attribute? Does it not consist mainly in a strong desire to see our dear native land blessed with the richest blessings of the Creator; to see its poor cared for as befits a Christian's creed; its rich and noble devoting themselves to the welfare of their humbler brethren: to mark with a glow of thankfulness the heroes who battle hard in the cause of progress and liberty, successful in spreading the teachings of the mother country in other and distant climes? Is it not patriotism of the purest kind to long for the growth and development of our kingdom, and all that concerns its affairs, not *only* in prosperity, but in benevolence and goodness intrinsically? Surely this is a higher notion of the quality we are discussing than those to which we have adverted? Patriotism consists not only in ardent wishes for our country's best interests however, but also in an earnest personal effort in the same direction. The task which is accomplished by millions, would never be completed were each separate item to refuse to move; and thus, *we*, each of us, all of us, must effect that which our utmost endeavours can in the elevation and advancement of the nation. Can we help, then, feeling sorrowful, when we find our country embarked upon doubtful enterprises, and involved in chimerical schemes which can neither redound to her credit or benefit? Above all, are we to suppress the shame and indignation that rise when her ancient name is employed, and her vast wealth bestowed in furtherance of cruelty disguised as necessity, and conquest cloaked under the duplicity of self-defence? He would be but an imitation, or a substitute for the glorious character of a patriot who felt otherwise, and undeserving of the honour and dignity of the title. Patriotism consists not in blindly adopting all that our temporary rulers may dictate, but in a sensitive regard for the strict honour and best character of our dealings; in a tender

susceptibility to the name we bear, and in experiencing deep regret and painful shame when we see our country's fair escutcheon—once famous for the soul-shaking motto of "purity, truth, and justice,"—stained with the paltry, ignoble device of "self-interest" so frequently as to obliterate these time-honoured characters ! Be sure, readers, that patriotism can only be deserving of the name in so far as it exhibits indomitable and unsparing utterance of *truth*, whether adverse or otherwise to our national policy. If our vaunted Christianity is to be dragged through the mire and basely travestied, while we slay thousands of benighted savages under the pretence of "self-preservation," and whitewash these deeds in the language of officialism ; then assuredly *they* are no "patriots" who can applaud and encourage the subterfuge ! We cannot of course, individually direct the action of our country abroad, but neither are we called upon by any law of God or man either to accept or tamely acquiesce in its diplomatic deeds or language, and those who teach otherwise would chain us in abject slavery to our land ; a thing neither warranted by principle or affection. The truest and best loyalty to a friend is that which unsparingly, though gently exposes his errors ; the highest form of allegiance is that which is conscious of imperfections, and seeks to remedy or restrain evils which cannot ultimately be glossed over or ignored. The firmest and best of patriots is he who loves his country dearly, but who feels that he owes a solemn fealty to a higher authority, and pays it without fear or favour—to the dignity of truth, and the majesty of eternal, unchangeable Right ! Let us all strive so to be patriotic, and then we shall clearly comprehend what true patriotism is distinguished by ; being able to make short work of the subtle but paltry sophistry of this modern school, from whose perilous dogmatism let us shrink with disgust and contempt !

Dear old England ! With all thy faults, and they are manifold, we love thee still ! Yet hast thou a weighty responsibility in the tribunal of nations ; and from thy hand will much be required ! Great is thy power ; tremendous are thy instruments—O may they be employed for noble ends, and not sink to the low office of tools in the clutches of ambitious or unscrupulous fanatics ! Is this favoured land of ours to stand forth in the unrevealed Future as a pioneer of the invincible army which ultimately is to banish wars, and destroy the cruel rivalry of bloodshed ? We long to pierce the hidden veil of that Future, and know. Sometimes, when our hearts burn with true patriotism, on reading the record of her glorious deeds in the Past, we thrill with hope, but again we come upon pages that mar the prospect ; and the open leaves of the Present sadly remind us that many a stern

conflict with the selfishness and unchristian sentiments of some of our countrymen will have to be waged, ere the word of England can become the synonym for justice and unswerving purity! What a splendid path in which to tread! To stem the flood of despotism which ever dogs the heels of Power; to hold out the hand of encouragement to the struggling and rising peoples who are emerging into the clear light of civilization; to boldly challenge the peace-breakers among the nations, rather than bully the weak and ignorant races who by force of circumstance alone are in conflict with us; to strain every nerve in the glorious cause of liberty and progress, and show by example that we believe in that Christianity of which we so loudly boast! Can we think that the Ruler of nations would desert us in such a cause? O people of little faith, wherefore do we doubt? Ye Patriots, who thus long to see our people strong with the best strength, and supreme by the surest method, join us in a fervent desire that one day our dream may be realised!

E. CLIFFORD.

TYERMAN'S LIFE OF WHITEFIELD.

(Continued from page 113.)

ONE element of Whitefield's popularity was his entire freedom from bigotry, and this fact opened many a door to him which was closed to others. In this respect he was in advance of his age. John Wesley, who knew him well, says of him: "He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes." This is high, but not unmerited, praise, as many passages in the sermons show. Preaching on one occasion, he exclaimed, "I ask men not what they are, so that they love Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. Christianity will never flourish until we are all of one heart and one mind. This may be esteemed as enthusiasm and madness." His conduct gave proof that he believed what he preached. He was ever the friend of Dissenters and Quakers. He welcomed Doddridge to his pulpit, and Doddridge went and preached there, much to the horror of Isaac Watts. "What more particularly endears Bunyan to my heart," he says, "is this—he was of a catholic spirit. The want of water, adult baptism, with this man of God was no bar to outward Christian communion." Though he had personal and doctrinal differences with John and Charles Wesley, yet he was generous enough to provide a comfortable vault under his chapel where all three could be laid after death. He told his church members of his plan. "We will lie together. You will not let them enter your chapel while they are alive. They can do you no harm when they are dead." Such a spirit, free from the slightest trace of bigotry,

won him the hearts of those who fought bitterly against each other about church government, and about "the solemn league and covenant."

Tyerman remarks, as, indeed, all the other writers do, that Whitefield's sermons are below his fame. There is nothing wonderful in this. The utterances of many great orators, when they are printed, do not justify the reputation of their authors. We miss the voice, and the gesture, and the feeling. Probably the best of Whitefield's sermons have not come down to us. Eighty-one of them have been printed. Of these eighteen were printed from shorthand notes without his revision, and were preached during the last seven years of his life, and forty-six of the remainder were given to the press before he was twenty-five years of age. It would be unjust to judge him by these. And yet in the sermons of his youth, and in the imperfect report of those of his later years, we see many passages of manly eloquence. The ideas are clearly brought out, the words are good Saxon, and the style is forcible. Here, for instance, is an extract from one of his youthful sermons, and we venture to say that if it were found in Milton's prose works it would receive high praise. It is better in a literary point of view than much which Milton wrote :—

Lastly, often meditate on the joys of heaven. Think, think with what unspeakable glory those happy souls are now encircled, who, when on earth, were called to deny themselves, and were not disobedient to the call. Hark! methinks I hear them chanting their everlasting hallelujahs, and spending an eternal day in echoing triumphant songs of joy. And do you not long, my brethren, to join this heavenly choir? Do not your hearts burn within you? As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, do not your souls so long after the blessed company of these sons of God? Behold, then, a heavenly ladder reached down to you by which you may climb to this holy hill. If any man will come after them, let him deny himself and follow them. By this we, even we, may be lifted up into the same blissful regions, there to enjoy an eternal rest with the people of God, and join them in singing doxologies and songs of praise to the everlasting, blessed, all glorious, most adorable Trinity for ever and ever.

It would be easy to quote similar passages in his sermons, which with all their faults, are worth reading. His warnings to sinners to "flee from the wrath to come" are most impressive. Some of his illustrations are very beautiful, and modern preachers would do well to remember them. Once, when he was preaching from the text, "Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires," he says :—

When I was, some years ago, at Shields, I went into a glass-house and saw a workman take a piece of glass and put it into three furnaces in succession. I asked, "Why do you put it into so many fires?" He answered, "O sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third; that will make it transparent." O, thought I, does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be made perfect? Then, O my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent!

One of the best sermons was the last which he preached, and has a startling comparison. "Works, works! a man get to heaven by works. I would as soon think of climbing to the moon on a rope of sand!" It has also one of those abrupt and happy transitions which show, we hardly know which, the instinct or the art of a great

orator: "I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and by aid from heaven has given light to many. It is now about to set for—no! it is about to rise to the zenith of immortal glory."

There are many quaint expressions in both his sermons and letters, which come partly from reading his favourite work, Matthew Henry's *Commentary*. That famous commentary, it may be said in passing, is a work not so much of learning as of power. Robert Hall, like Whitefield, used to study it daily, and we cannot read a page of it without being well rewarded. Though John Wesley did not fancy Henry's quaint sayings, and purposely refrained from putting them into his "Notes," yet they will always charm the average reader. Whitefield reflected Henry's style when he used such expressions as "Paul could stand a whipping but not a weeping farewell," and, speaking of baptismal controversies, "It is a strange thing how bigots can set the world on fire by throwing water at each other."

Tyerman thinks (i. 98) that it was imprudent in Whitefield to attack in his sermons the class of godless ministers which was then in the Church. He admits that there were "ample grounds" for such an attack, but it resulted in no good; it was not politic, and exposed the preacher to retaliatory criticisms. From this opinion we differ. Whitefield was just the man to sharply rebuke those worthless clergymen who cared little for their flocks—except for their fleece—and ran, somewhat disguised, to the horse-races, the dancing-halls, the card-rooms, the taverns, and the theatres. In New England the "half-way covenant" brought in a host of unconverted ministers. Whitefield did good when he rebuked these false prophets, and the Church feels the effect of his labours to-day. The leading man in New England was Governor Belcher, and he earnestly exhorted the great preacher to "go on in stirring up the ministers, for," said he, "judgment must begin at the house of God." And in his righteous denunciation he was sustained by the most spiritually-minded preachers both in Great Britain and in America.

The industry and the power of endurance which he showed for many years was marvellous. In one place he preached nine times, and expounded nearly eighteen times in a single week. In four days in mid-winter he preached twelve sermons in the open air and three in the chapels. At Alnwick he preached three sermons a day during the week of the races. His preaching was constant, and was not interrupted by a month's vacation every year, spent among the mountains or by the sea-shore. As a result he was, according to John Wesley, an old man before his time, and he had to put himself on what he called "short allowance," that is, he had to deny himself, and preach only once a day, except on Sunday, when he preached thrice. Well might such a man write, "I scarce know what it is to have an idle moment."

That which sustained him was the fact that his work was his delight. He rejoiced in the act of preaching to the thousands which gathered in the open fields, as the sailor rejoices when the gale blows, or the soldier when he plunges into the smoke of battle. The love of preaching rose to a sublime passion. It is pleasant to

notice the exultant spirit of the man, as it found expression in his numerous letters. "Field preaching is my place," he writes. "In this I am carried on eagle's wings." "I am never better than when I am on the full stretch for God." "I want a thousand tongues to praise him." "Mounts are the best pulpits and the heavens the best sounding boards. O for a power to equal my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of God." He asserts that he does not repent of being "a poor, despised cast-out, and now almost worn-out itinerant." It makes him very happy to be "ranging and hunting in the American woods after poor sinners." He declared that he thought every day lost that was not spent in field preaching, and exclaims, "O that death may find me either praying or preaching!" He rose from the sick bed, and stood in the pulpit as pale as death, and preached to the people with earnestness and prayer. A man with such a spirit was sure to make his influence deeply felt. To such an one the glowing exhortation which Howell Harris gave was needless, "Go on and blaze abroad the fame of Jesus till you take your flight to bow with the innumerable company before His unutterable glory."

We had intended to say something of Whitefield's work in founding, and in sustaining while he lived, the Orphan House in Georgia; and also of his controversies with Wesley. But these are not matters of abiding interest, and our space is limited. The orphanage was burned and was not rebuilt, and the controversy with Wesley is not now of the slightest importance. Neither does the present generation care about the war of the pamphlets which Whitefield unwillingly gave rise to, and which Tyerman records with much minuteness. Some of these pamphlets are eulogistic, some of them are critical, and many of them are grossly abusive; but all of them put together have not the slightest effect in determining Whitefield's place in history. Posterity has given its verdict about the man, and from that verdict there is no appeal.

His last sermon was preached in the open fields at Exeter, New Hampshire, before a great multitude. He arose wearily, his voice was hoarse, and he seemed to be exhausted. But soon his voice rang out as of old; he spoke with unusual earnestness, and held the people spell-bound by his oratory. He then left for Newburyport, where he was to preach on the following day. While at supper the people flocked in front of the house to hear a few words from him. "Brother," he said to one who was near by, "You must speak to the people. I cannot say a word." He took a candle and hastened to his room, but before he reached it the "ruling spirit, strong in death," made him pause, and, turning to the crowd, he gave his last exhortation. He spoke with tenderness, and he kept on speaking "until the candle which he held in his hand burned away, and went out in its socket." That candle was a type of his own life, which consumed itself in giving light. The same night he died. He had more than once expressed a wish to die suddenly, and that wish was realised. His work and his life ended together, and no doubt "sudden death" was to him "sudden glory."

The news of his death awoke grief in England and in America,

and many tributes were paid to his memory. John Wesley, who had known him for thirty-seven years, preached a memorial sermon to an "immense multitude" in Tottenham Court Road Chapel; and Cowper, in his poem on "Hope," described him as a man of blameless life and of flaming zeal. Weeping thousands followed the remains where he died to the church where they were deposited.

In the year 1749, when Whitefield was but thirty-four years of age, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, a statesman of great ability, prophesied thus in a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon:—"Mocked and reviled as Mr. Whitefield is by all ranks of society, still I contend that the day will come when England will be just, and own his greatness as a reformer and his goodness as a minister of the most high God." That day has come, and we hope the day will also come when England will pay to the memory of the greatest of modern evangelists a fitting tribute—a memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey.

THE DEVIL IN CHURCH.*

"And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit, and he cried out, saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee, who Thou art, the Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.' And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him."—MARK i. 23—26.

It is important, on some accounts, that the reader of the New Testament should know that the devils of whom we read as possessing men's bodies are not to be confounded with *the* Devil of whom we read as tempting men's souls. The terms applied to him are never used in the plural number of spiritual beings. It is a pity that the word "demons" is not employed in the Gospels to distinguish from him the wicked beings that were permitted to have such strange and hurtful power over men. It has been a great question among those who believe in the reality of these possessions, who these demons were? I shall not attempt to answer it. It is enough for my purpose that they were so Satanic in character and work, that to cast them out was to "cast out Satan;" that they are spoken of as spirits, as wicked spirits, as only seeking to injure and destroy those in whom they dwelt; and as dreading and deprecating the power of Christ; as doing the work and obeying the rule of the Devil proper. One of the most striking cases of demoniacal possession is in the text.

The New Testament gives us a fearful picture of the operations of demoniacal agency. Reading the Gospels, it almost seems as if the unseen, evil world had been let loose; as if the imprisoned demons had been let out for a holiday. A great, if not the greatest

* This remarkable discourse by the late A. J. Morris, is contained in a volume published after his death, and which has been long out of print.—Ed.

part of Christ's miracles consisted in the expulsion of demons. We find them in all kinds of subjects, modes, effects, and places. All things and beings seem perfectly indifferent to them. They were careless in whom they acted; good and bad, men and women, boys and girls, and even pigs, were their embodiments and victims. They were careless as to number, sometimes appearing alone, sometimes in company; now it is "a devil," now "devils;" now "seven," and now "a legion." All evils were alike to them, inflicting evil indiscriminately on mind and body; weakening, confusing, infuriating the one, and destroying or injuring the organs and functions of the other. And we find them in all kinds of places, sacred and profane, solitary and public, on the shore and on the plain, in streets and houses, and, in the text, *in a synagogue*. I think we may find the last scene exceedingly instructive and impressive, although Olshausen, the best of expositors, in his Commentary, says of it, "a narrative we pass over as containing nothing remarkable."

I.—A DEVIL IN CHURCH.

For "*synagogue*" means *church*. Both words signify "assembly;" though both came, in course of time, by natural causes, to be applied to the buildings in which they met. In the New Testament, therefore, "*synagogue*" always designates the building. These assemblies, originating we know not when, and for which no formal provision was made under the law, representing the natural and moral, as distinguished from the arbitrary and ceremonial, were the real models of Christian Churches. Not the Temple and its services, but the synagogue and its general constitution and conduct and objects, were the types of the congregations established by the Apostles; a fact which, better than any, lays the axe to the root of ritualism and sacerdotalism. A synagogue was essentially, and for the time, a Church.

And this synagogue was a *Christian Church*; for the occasion, it was a Church. What is the essence of a Church? The teaching, the truth dispensed in it. Not the truth professed, much less the error; not the doctrines, however sound, that lie hid, or as good as hid, in Articles and Homilies, and decisions of Courts; but the things constituting the matter and basis of the actual and regular teaching of the people, set before them as the material of their religious nourishment, their light, and strength, and comfort, as beings made to live the life and share the immortality of God; not the Prayer book, even, if there be one, for that is a form, and a form of expression rather than instruction; but the living ministry, that which comes day after day from the lips, and souls, and lives of men, and which, to a great extent, forms the religious views, and guides the hearts and consciences of congregations. The clergy have often called themselves, and acted as, the Church. In a high and solemn sense, as having power over the mind to mould it, and as, when true, the organs and embodiments of the truth, they are the Church, much more importantly than in any way of official power or grace. "Like people, like priest." In this synagogue, and on this Sabbath, *Christ was the Preacher*; for "He entered into

the synagogue and taught; and they were astonished at His doctrine."

In this synagogue was a *devil*. We find devils in strange places in the Bible. It is commonly believed that "the old serpent, the devil," was in the garden of Eden, that the "murderer from the beginning," who "abode not in the truth," there plied his bloody trade of falsehood. Yes, even in Paradise he appeared upon the scene; perhaps abashed at first at the innocence of our first parents, and, as Milton says, looking "stupidly good;" but succeeding by deceiving Eve, in laying the foundation of his kingdom of darkness, and gaining "the power of death." We find Satan "among the sons of God, when they came to present themselves before the Lord," in the Book of Job. We find, in the vision of Micaiah, a "spirit" coming forth and standing before the Lord, and offering to persuade Ahab to go up to Ramoth-Gilead to be killed. And in the text a demon attends a lunatic to church.

The narrative suggests one thought, one which all the other references I have made suggest; and one indeed which all that is said in the Bible of "the devil and his messengers" suggest,—their *infinite impudence*. Place and presence, scene and service, are nothing to them. Before the saints and the Saviour they are unabashed. If the arch-fiend tempted Christ, no wonder that his subordinates rebuked Him; if he attacked the Son of God directly to seduce Him, no wonder they attacked men in His presence to destroy them.

Devils go *where men are*, and wherever they are. They love to fish where fish are plentiful, though not regardless of private opportunities of work. As thieves love a crowd because there are most purses, devils love a crowd because there are most souls; and thieves would as soon have the crowd in the church as in the theatre.

It is hard to say whether this man *took the devil to church*, or *the devil took him*. Many have found one there, but this man was possessed before he went thither. I have no doubt there are more devils in churches than anywhere else, than on race-courses and in theatres. The devil is needed most there. He leaves men alone who are doing his work for him, tempting themselves, destroying themselves; and sends his finest forces where their pursuits and works are most opposed to his. He would keep men from churches if he could, except such as are "the synagogues of Satan," where he himself prescribes the ritual and dictates the doctrine, and inspires the preacher; but he accommodates men. He has no objection to accompany his subjects to church, if they wish to go. He can act the religious devil as well as the "unclean," and both together, the "angel of light" as well as of darkness.

But wherever he is, *he has but one purpose*. He is true to his character of "murderer," enemy of God and man. This poor man he maddened and polluted, and, even when exorcised, he convulsed him; and though perhaps (but perhaps *not*) that work of his is stopped, he worketh still in the churches of the living God; he is there ever vigilant and active to inflict a greater madness, and to seek a far worse death; to cloud man's spirit, if not his mind; "to

catch away that which is sown in his heart"; to make him a fool indeed, a fool to the heavenly wisdom which says, "Whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord; but he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death."

In this view, how melancholy it is to think of the multitudes who every Sunday go to church (I include all places of worship), if not at the instigation, yet under the influence of evil spirits, all more or less mad. A *self-righteous* devil accompanies to "puff them up with pride," that they may "fall into his condemnation"; and they flatter themselves unctuously with the thought that God is somewhat to be congratulated for having worshippers so extremely proper. A *critical* devil attends others, whose object is not to receive good, but to detect evil; to quarrel with the faults of the doctrine, or the folly of the preacher. Some go, with satanic encouragement, to exhibit themselves, and some to observe others. These to spend a lazy hour, and those to meditate their worldly schemes, to "buy and sell in the temple"; while others, "having an unclean spirit," go to feed their lusts, "almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation." Thus "the lusts of the flesh and of the mind," "the lust of the eye and the pride of life," may all find scope and stimulus, under the ministry of "the god of this world," in "the church of the living God."

II.—THE DEVIL'S CREED.

"Jesus of Nazareth, art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God." No small or poor creed that. It takes in very exalted conceptions of the person, and mission, and destiny of Christ, the sanctity and speciality of His character and coming. It is very questionable whether at any time before Christ's death any of His followers advanced beyond them, and pretty certain that at that time none had advanced so far. This was not the only occasion on which demons acknowledged Christ as the Messiah, the Son and Servant of the Most High, the vindicator of His claims, and the destroyer of His enemies, and with a readiness and frankness peculiar to themselves. "Unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and cried, saying, 'Thou art the Son of God.'" The evil spirits were the first to recognize His dignity.

This demon was *orthodox*. He was, as far as he went, "sound in the faith." According to the then opportunities of knowledge, he had clear and full conceptions of Jesus of Nazareth, and His work. "The devils believe and tremble." We talk much of heresy, but there is not a devil in hell that is not orthodox. "The devils believe and tremble." That is more than many a man does who believes all the creed of Pope Pius, or all the Thirty-nine Articles (nicknamed the "forty stripes, save one"), or the whole of the Assembly's Catechism, or the Declaration of Faith and Order of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The question, *what* we believe, important as it is, is much less important than how, why, and with what results we believe. A faith, though an exact copy of the thoughts of God, that is ours without our choice, with-

out our spiritual sympathy, without any regulating and purifying power over our hearts and ways, is nothing. Such indeed is not a faith, but a creed, which may exist apart from faith, and may be a grievous obstacle to it, which may attend and encourage any amount of doing of lies, and "error" of the "ways." And yet there are cathedral properties where brothels may be founded, but not chapels; and yet there are clergymen who unblushingly avow that they prefer immoral men to dissenters; and yet in all sects there are those who would think less of a sinner than a misbeliever, and shrink more from a new theological opinion than an old atheistical vice. Orthodox devils!

Don't lay any stress on your having correct notions. I don't inquire what you have, but I repeat, it matters nothing if you are without "the faith which worketh by love." Wherever you got them, they have no more virtue *in you* than the accurate impressions of your bodily senses. Devils excelled apostles in Christ's days on earth, and I doubt not that now the miserable children of perdition could beat pastor or presbyter, priest or pope, in any theological examination.

And what this demon believer, this demon *confessed*. It was no secret creed, no hidden knowledge. He avowed Christ when Christ was little known. He made what we should call a *public profession* of his faith. Many of you are not doing it. You have a better faith than his, but you are silent. He confessed Christ, though a foe; you do not, though a friend. He confessed Christ, from fear; you do not, from love. He confessed Christ, though expecting only His wrath; you do not, though hoping in His mercy. How will you stand before Him who hath declared that He will, in the day of doom, be ashamed of all who are now ashamed of Him and His words?

His confession *was rejected*. "Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him." Christ often commanded both men and devils not to proclaim Him. Luke iv. 41:—"He suffered the devils not to speak, for they knew that He was Christ." It was a prudential course. But we can imagine a feeling of horror and loathing at the words of this "unclean spirit," this filthy fiend proclaiming Him as "the Holy One of God." At any rate, He forbade his speech, and ordered his departure. "Keep thy faith, and loose thy victim." Submission, not profession. And to how many might we say to-day, "Hold your peace, and loose your sins. I want not your fine words, give up your lusts; cease from evil: and while you are maddening yourselves and others, your orthodoxy is the worst of lies, your confession the worst of blasphemies."

(To be continued.)

FIVE MINUTES.

LITTLE can be said, much may be done, in five minutes. In five minutes you may fire a city, scuttle a ship, or ruin a soul. The error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life. Get that thought well into your hearts, and my work is done in one minute instead of five.

Many a young man in a moment of weakness, or of strong temptation, has wrought a ruin that a lifetime, through a thousand years, can never rebuild. One crime, one sin, one error, yes, one neglect of duty, and the deed is done, perhaps for ever.

In a moment of hunger, Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; millions of boys sell their's for less. A breach of trust, an act of dishonesty, a profane word, and the soul is defiled with a stain that five oceans cannot wash away.

Tempted to sin, remember that in five minutes you may destroy your good name, fill your soul with undying remorse, and bring, with sorrow, your father's grey hairs to the grave. But if you can do so much evil, so you may do a mighty sum of good in five minutes.

You may decide to live for usefulness and honour. Everything hangs on that choice, and it may be made in five minutes as well as in five years.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves: take care of the minutes and the hours are safe. I made a little book in this way: in the breakfast-room were pen and ink, and paper, and if, when the hour for breakfast came, all was not ready, I wrote a few words or lines, as time allowed. The book was finished, and it had been published scarcely a week before I heard it had saved a soul: it has saved many since. It did not cost me one minute that would have been used for anything else. It was the five minutes before breakfast that made the book that saved the souls.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the solid land."

John Bradford said: "I count that hour lost on which I have done no good by my pen or tongue." Seneca taught that "time is the only treasure of which it is a virtue to be covetous." Never waste five minutes of your own time; never rob others by compelling them to wait for you. Five minutes in the morning, and as many in the evening, will make you the master of a new language in two or three years. Before you are of middle age you may speak all the modern tongues, if you will but improve the spare minutes of the years now flying by.

Time once passed can never be recalled. Gold lost may be found. Fortune wasted may be regained. Health gone may return with medicine and care. But time lost, is lost for ever. Minutes are more than jewels: they are "the stuff that life is made of:"

they are diamond stepping-stones to wisdom, usefulness, and wealth; the ladder to heaven. Never undervalue five minutes: even if you are invited to speak and limited to five minutes, take them, do the best you can with them, use them, and

“Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.”

It will not take five minutes to do a good deed, and one every day will make a life of honour and usefulness, with glory beyond.—
Dr. S. I. Prime, in the Evangelical Magazine.

AN IMPORTANT LESSON FOR THE PRESENT TIMES FROM AN OLD PARABLE.

THE true political lesson of Jotham's parable is surely this: that the highest places in the State should be given only to the best men; that the bramble should never be permitted to usurp the place of the olive or the vine, and that the vine and the olive should not shrink from the duties which their very sweetness and fatness impose upon them. When men of noble character, and great parts, and refined culture withdraw from public life—as, for instance, we are told they do in America—and leave the administration of public affairs to the ignorant, and greedy, and unscrupulous; or when, as often happens in England, men who are worthless as brambles, simply because they have a long purse or a long pedigree (and brambles are at least as old as the Curse), are thrust into seats of honour and responsibility—then we may predict, with Jotham, that a fire will break forth from them in which much that we love will be consumed. If Gideon will not rule, and Abimelech will; or if we are base enough to prefer a base Abimelech before a noble Gideon, we may be very sure that evil will come of it and not good; we shall not gather grapes off briars, nor figs off thistles; we may confidently look for thorns and flames in lieu of wine and honey.

This, I apprehend, is the true political moral of the parable. It is a most religious moral; for it teaches us in what spirit our political duties should be discharged, that they should be discharged in the fear of God; it warns us that so often as we help to put a bad man into a good place, we so far forth conspire against the best interests of our country, and are traitors to the common weal.

But it is not this moral which briefly commends Jotham's parable to our thoughts. It contains a lesson still more pertinent to the time; it warns us against one of the most special and pressing dangers of the Church. There is, perhaps, no danger more threatening to the efficiency and peace of the Christian Church in these realms than the growing tendency of men of culture and refinement to decline from its communion and service. The best men,

those most fitted to guide and instruct the Church, are too often either outside the pale, or if within it, are content to seek their own growth in knowledge or grace, rather than to teach in the pulpit and the school, or to visit the poor and sick, or to conduct any of the enterprises by which the Church seeks to save and serve the world. They try, they tell us, to be good and do good, to live out the Christian law in their homes and in their business; some of them try also to hold communion with the wise of past ages, to grow by study, and thought, and prayer, into more perfect men; but they do not care, they think it no part of their duty to expose themselves to collision with ignorant and vulgar minds, to busy themselves in the toils of active service, to quit the seclusion of the home and study for the laborious repetitions of school and Church work. All *that*, they hold, would be for them a waste of time which they can occupy to better purpose. In brief, it is with us as in the days of Jotham: the Olive says, "My veins run oil; shall I leave my fatness to run up and down for the other trees?" And the Fig says, "My veins run honey; shall I leave my sweetness to run up and down for the other trees?" And the Vine says, "My veins run wine; shall I leave my good cheer to run up and down for the other trees, and, above all, for these miserable brambles, who will turn upon me with all their thorns?"

Now we must admit that it is the peculiar and strong temptation of the wise and happy, of men of culture and refinement, to pursue their own clear lofty aims, and leave the world around them to take its own way. All who have stood on the Mount of Vision and Contemplation are disposed to abide there, and to leave the publicans, and harlots, and demoniacs below to get on as best they can. And therefore we need not be surprised to find that men refined by culture addict themselves to study, and shrink from vulgar and monotonous toils. If *we* were Olives, perhaps we should think more of our own "fatness," especially if we could plead that by this we "honoured God and man," than of running up and down to serve the other trees. So, also, if we were Fig-trees, and could allege not only our own "sweetness," but also our own "good fruit," or if we were Vines, and could plead "the wine which cheereth God and men," we might easily persuade ourselves that it was our duty to neglect our duty to the other trees, and to go on hoarding up the fatness, or the sweetness, or the brightness, which was not without its use. It would be easy to do that, only too easy.

But "every tree for itself, and the forest will do very well," means, when translated into the higher region, "Every man for himself, and let the Church get on as it can." *Can* the Church get on on these terms? Nay, God has not appointed us to live single and disunited lives, but a common life. We are a fellowship, a communion; each needs help, and should give help. Those who, on plea of refinement and self-culture, excuse themselves from active participation in the common work of the Church, injure the Christian community in many ways. First of all, they leave the Church to be governed and represented before

the world by men of less wisdom than themselves, often by vulgar and ignorant men, who hinder even when they mean to help. Then, too, the Church within itself is not so well taught and ruled, nor so full of grace and peace, as it might be, were those who are most competent to help to yield their help: brambles often kindle fires where olives would yield oil, and vines give wine. Moreover, they sin against the divine law which binds gifts to service, which commands us to use for the common good whatever talents we have received. And, last of all, they miss their own special aim, they mar even their own self-culture; for all God's gifts thrive with us, and make increase to themselves in proportion as we are faithful stewards of them, and use them for the general good. Here, indeed, our figure fails us; for in the natural world the Olive would not grow richer in oil, nor the Fig in honey, nor the Vine in wine, were it to shift from place to place, and go up and down to serve the other trees. But in the spiritual world, no Olive, no Fig, no Vine comes to its full perfection, or yields its best fruit, *save* by going up and down for others, *save* by serving and helping them. In the spiritual kingdom, the Olive that thinks only of its fatness, the Fig that thinks only of its own sweetness, the Vine that thinks only of its own bright exhilaration, is terribly apt to degrade into a mere briar, full of rending thorns, and quick to kindle into flame.

It would be a strange and quaint spectacle were we to see all the trees of a great forest stumping up and down on their broad gouty roots to inquire after and forward each other's welfare. But there is a spectacle far stranger than this, although it be so common; it is that of a Christian Church, whose members do *not* go up and down to serve each other, and help forward the common welfare, each according to his several ability, and all with all their might.

Let us learn a lesson, then, from this quaint parable of the antique world. Let us learn from it that, if we have any special gifts—any sweetness or richness of nature, or any power to brighten and exhilarate the sad hearts of men—we have it not for our own sakes merely, but that we may serve our neighbours with it, and help them to a sweeter, richer, brighter life. All our gifts are but broken and imperfect rays of the glory of God. And how does He use His glory, the glory of His wisdom, the glory of His power, the glory of His love? Does He not devote power, wisdom, love, all that He is and has, to the good of His creatures? And how can we hope to please Him, and to receive more of His glory, *save* as we devote what He has given us to the service of men whom He made, and loves, and serves.

But some will say, "How willingly would we serve men if we could! But we have no special gift, no great opportunities. We have nothing to give which our neighbours would accept. The little we can do is not worthy the name of service." Is it not? In a forest, or an orchard, there must be trees of many kinds. All cannot be olives, nor all figs, nor all vines. But if every tree yield its fruit, and the best fruit it can, does not the orchard prosper? Under the larger trees there must be many briars, many brambles—perhaps a score or a hundred of these for every tree that throws

lofty branches into the air. And a few of these brambles might get together, and say, "We are of no use; the forest does not need us; men do not care for us. O that we could bear olives, or figs, or grapes! As it is we are good for nothing but to be cut down and cast into the fire? Why should we wait for that? Let us catch fire and burn the forest down." But need the brambles thus despair of themselves? Ask the birds who dine off the hips and haws of the thorns all the winter through! Ask the boys who pluck blackberries off the briars! Even the bramble, if, instead of catching fire, it will give itself to its proper work, is capable of bearing a fruit which many prize above the sour olive or the too luscious fig, a fruit as sweet, but not so perilous, as the grape. And just as the bramble may always yield fruit, or store up the sweet juices which turn to fruit, so we, if we will use our few gifts, and the trivial opportunities which every day brings us, may be always either yielding fruit, or making ready to yield fruit which our neighbours will find both nutritious and sweet.—*The Expositor's Note Book.*

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

IN the sweet and picturesque dale through which the Elliot runs to sweep by the rock on which the old Castle of Kelly stands, and lose itself in the sea, stood two or three cottages, one of which was inhabited by an old woman with limbs so paralysed that she could not move a foot, though the house were on fire around her. She had a daughter who, for her own and mother's support, wrought in a flax-mill; a very dutiful daughter too, who, unlike many now-a-days, would have worked her fingers to the bone before her mother should want or be degraded into a pauper. It was her practice before she went to her work in the mill to heap up the flax refuse or *pob* in the wide open fireplace, and having lighted it, to seat her mother down in a chair before this smouldering, slow-going fire. There, with the Bible or knitting-needles in her hands, she sat warm, snug, and comfortable till the meal hours brought her daughter home.

One day I set off to visit—as I often did—this worthy old lady; I felt a strange impulse to visit her that day, breaking through, for that purpose, my usual routine of visiting the sick. On my way down the lonely dell I met an acquaintance with whom I had something interesting to discuss; but in the midst of our talk broke off abruptly, under a strange and inexplicable feeling that I should go at once to make out my visit. I wondered at this; but ceased to do so when I opened the door of the cottage and stood for a moment rooted to the spot by the sight which met my eyes.

The *biggin* of pob had been undermined by the fire, and becoming top-heavy had fallen forward in a burning mass on the

hearth-stone and all around the chair in which the old woman was seated. The flames had made their way to her feet; and there she was sitting, pale as a ghost, unable to move a limb, gazing on death creeping forward towards her in that appalling form! A minute more and the fire had seized her clothes, and she had been burned to a cinder. One bound carried me to her side; and removing her out of the fiery circle, we joined together in praising God for her marvellous preservation, believing more firmly than ever in a special providence; for how else was I to account for the strong impulse which I felt to break through my usual routine that day, and which moved me, strangely as I thought at the time, to break away from my acquaintance and hasten to the scene of what one minute more had turned into one of death and horrible disaster?—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A TOUCHING ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH IN JESUS.

A POOR little fellow was picked up in the street with both thighs crushed by a dray. He was put into a hospital. By his side lay a little fellow sick with the famine fever, from hunger and insufficient food, and bad air; so he was *very ill*. He lay side by side with this broken-legged little boy. He crept up to him, and said, "Bobby, did you never hear of Jesus?" "No, I never 'eard o' Him." "Bobby, I went to the mission-school once, and they told me that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never be hungry no more if you'd ax Him. Won't you ask Him to make you better?" "Oh, I don't know any such great big gentleman as He is; and if I did, He wouldn't speak to a poor boy like me." "In the mission-school they told me He would. Don't you want never to be hungry no more?" "Oh, just don't I!" "Then you ask Him." "How could I ask a gentleman if I don't know where he lives? and if I did know, my leg is broken, and I could not go." "Bobby, they told me in the mission-school that Jesus passes by, and we sang about Jesus passing by; and teacher told us that that means He comes round. How do you know He bean't coming round this hospital to-night? And if He should, and you was watching for Him, you could see Him, and then you could ask Him." "I could not watch for Him; my legs ache so awful: and I could not keep my eyes open." "But, I say, Bobby! hold your hands up; and if He should come round and see your hands up, He'd know you was arter something." He held his hand up, but it dropped. He held it up again, and it dropped. He held it up the third time, and as it dropped he burst out crying, and said, "I'll give it up: I can't hold my hand up any longer." "Bobby, I don't want my pillow. You let me prop your elbow up with it." And the child whom perhaps you would sweep off your doorstep, or turn away from in disgust, took his own hospital pillow, and, placing it under the elbow of the other boy, propped up his arm. In the morning the child lay dead, with his hand held up for Jesus. You may search the world over, and you cannot find a grander illustration of faith, and trust, and confidence than was manifested in that little fellow who had been in the mission-school.—*J. B. Gough's Lectures.*

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

JOHN POULTER, OF KILBURN, LONDON,

WAS born at Crondall, Hants, September 23rd, 1845. He came to London about twelve years ago. After his marriage, on the 25th of January, 1869, he returned to Crondall and lived there a little over a year. Then he again came to London, and lived in Paddington and Kilburn until his lamented death. Brother Poulter was brought to a knowledge of the truth when twelve years old, and at that early age he was enabled to bear a testimony for Christ, both in the Sabbath-school and in the private means of grace. Unhappily he yielded again for a few years to the evil influences that surrounded him at Crondall, and lived in a state of religious declension. But when about eighteen years of age he was spiritually restored under the faithful ministry of the late Mr. Edward Price. He and Br. Poulter became strongly attached to each other, and their friendship was sustained by an affectionate correspondence until Mr. Price was called to his reward from the mission field in America. From the age of eighteen Br. Poulter has never been known to deviate from the path of righteousness, and to his last hour he continued to maintain his integrity. He thus spent fifteen years of the prime of life in the service of God. As an evidence of his Christian consistency it may be mentioned that he repeatedly refused offers of more remunerative employment because he would do no work on the Sabbath day. Proofs might be given of his rigid self-denial for the sake of his Lord and Master, for he steadfastly fulfilled the injunction,—“If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself,” etc.

The principal sphere of his usefulness was the Sabbath-school. As a teacher, he took great delight in that work. He ardently loved his class, often sat up after midnight to study the lessons, and daily prayed for the salvation of his youthful charge. The influence that he exercised over his scholars was truly marvellous, and by them, as also by the teachers, he was beloved and esteemed in no ordinary degree. His loss in this department of our work will be long and sorely felt. His true religious fidelity was recognised, not only in the church, but also by the men with whom he associated in his daily avocation, and not less by his master. He has said that of the eighteen men in his employ, John Poulter stood first in regard to conscientious uprightness and unblameable integrity. There were two things that appeared to occupy the thoughts of his mind and the affections of his heart; first, his family, and next, the cause of religion in Kilburn; and both of these he studied to sustain and bless for the honour and glory of God.

When Br. Poulter first came to London he united with the Primitive Methodists, as we had no place of worship in the neighbourhood. But when we commenced holding religious services here,

he at once decided to attend them; for, said he, "They are my own people, and I feel it my duty to join them."

The erection of the new chapel afforded him much satisfaction, and he manifestly hoped, should his life be spared, to be a worshipper within its walls for many years. Though apparently a healthy and vigorous man, he seems to have had occasional premonitions of his sudden death. He sometimes spoke of this, but did not dread it, for he daily lived in readiness to depart and be with Christ.

On Tuesday, December 17th, he was seized with the illness that proved fatal. He only lingered little more than two days, during which period he prayed much, and displayed perfect resignation to the Divine will; and then, when no one was expecting it, he peacefully slept the sleep of death.

The first feeling of conviction for sin that seized Br. Poulter's mind was caused by a flash of lightning when he was a lad at play, and now the event of his sudden departure has fallen upon us like a thunderbolt. But "the Lord hath done it," and we bow with reverent submission to His all-wise decree. The funeral was largely attended, as was also the special service the following Sabbath, when his death was referred to, and both were deeply impressive. He has left behind him a widow and four small children, whom may God preserve, and finally reunite with the dear departed in His eternal kingdom.

W. LUKE.

MR. JONAS SQUIRE.

THE Bible Christian Denomination is rich in the treasures of Christian biography. It has produced, "through the grace of God," a large number of eminent saints. Their robust piety, strong faith, fervent love, glowing zeal, blessed experience, and complete consecration to the service of Christ, have been, in many instances, enshrined in our biographical literature to the spiritual instruction of many of our people. By reading the biographies that perpetuate the holy and self-sacrificing lives of the pious dead, many have been stimulated and strengthened in their lofty purpose to be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." No part of our Magazine is, we think, more appreciated by its readers, than that which contains "its rich and stimulating biographies." It is necessary to preserve the memory of the sainted dead in order to extol "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" in their "eternal salvation," and present illustrious examples to those who follow them in the race of life.

Mr. Squire, whose moral character we desire to delineate and perpetuate, was born at Waterhouse, in the parish of Hatherleigh, Devon, December 22nd, 1799. When he was about seven years of age the family removed to Westacombe, Inwardleigh, an adjoining parish. His parents were religiously disposed people. His father received much spiritual light, and probably "the grace of God,"

under the faithful preaching of the Rev. Cradock Glascott, of Hatherleigh, whose earnest ministry he attended for several years. That excellent clergyman laboured successfully in that little town for nearly fifty years, and after giving "full proof of his ministry," in turning "many to righteousness," he died in the 89th year of his age. He was, in all probability, the only evangelical clergyman at that time within an area of many miles. There were very few Non-conformist chapels in the North of Devon, and not one in the neighbourhood in which our departed friend spent his early life. Inwardleigh was much less favoured than Hatherleigh with religious teaching. Mr. Squire says, in some of his papers, "There was no Dissenting place of worship in the parish, and only one service on the Sabbath at the church, conducted by a drunken parson and clerk. On one occasion I remember the clergyman stopped in the midst of his sermon, and said, 'Clerk, bring me a candle;' drink had so dazzled his eyes that he could not see. Before the clerk came with the candle, nearly all the people had left the church, and he read the remainder of his sermon in the absence of his congregation." A single service on Sundays afforded the only opportunity for attending public worship in many parishes at that time, and that service was often conducted by a clergyman of immoral character. Instances of drunkenness among the clergy were numerous, and some indulged in habits of a more flagrant kind. Mr. Squire, however, received religious impressions at an early period of his life. He says, "I felt the strivings of God's Spirit when very young. I learned a prayer, and repeated it on my knees mornings and evenings." But his goodness was "as a morning cloud, and as the early dew." He says, "I drank deeply of sinful pleasure, dancing, card-playing, revelling, and such-like pursuits." But the Spirit of God continued to strive with him, and the religious example of his parents helped to counteract the numerous vitiating influences by which he was surrounded. Soon after the first Bible Christian Society was formed at Shebbear, Mr. O'Bryan, in his evangelistic labours, visited Inwardleigh, and preached at his father's house. He says, "The preaching was continued in our parlour for some time." Messrs. J. Thorne, W. Mason, W. Metherall, E. Warne, and others, followed Mr. O'Bryan with the word of life. In the memoir of Mr. J. Thorne, page 45, it is said: "Feb. 3rd, (1817). This day I began the mission by speaking at Westacome, in Inwardleigh. The people were friendly and thankful." "Feb. 10th. In the evening at Westacome I felt good liberty in inviting sinners to leave sin and come to Christ. I formed a society and the people seemed much affected." (Page 46). Under the earnest preaching of those devoted men of God in his father's house, the son, about eighteen years of age, was deeply affected. He says, "I received such serious impressions that when in my labour I have knelt down by the side of the hedge to pray. I went on groaning under the burden of my sins for some time, and I believe if I had then a little help from the people of God, I should have joined their ranks, but to my shame be it spoken, those impressions were like the early dew, and I again followed my former

vain companions with great eagerness, but not without remorse of conscience. I experienced the truthfulness of Solomon's words, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'" When about twenty-five years of age, he was dangerously afflicted with typhus fever, which aroused him afresh to a sense of his danger. He says, "I was again brought to see my awful state. Oh, with what distress of mind did I view my situation! What fair promises of obedience did I make! I often went on my knees to pray, and not without a hope that I should enjoy the comforts of religion." Some years, however, passed away before he received the inestimable blessing of "the forgiveness of sins," and the "spirit of adoption."

In 1827, he was united in marriage to Miss E. Wooldridge, by whom he had a numerous family. Soon after his marriage he went to reside at Lower Gorhuish farm, Northlew, and remained there about twenty years. Referring to the beginning of his wedded life, he says, "I had a great desire to become altogether a Christian. I was more strict in the observance of the Sabbath than most; refused to join my friends in Sabbath visits, who charged me with being too exact on such trifles. I had a form of godliness, but not the power." The affection of his wife was an auxiliary in bringing both into the light, liberty, and blessedness of religion. Being unable to attend the means of grace, an application was made for services in their house. Accordingly Messrs. G. Maynard, J. H. Prior, and others, "preached unto them Jesus," and they received them "in the Lord with all gladness."

In the year 1835, he received a note of admittance on trial for membership, in the old chapel at Northlew, (his wife received one at the same time) from Mr. W. Harris, and he continued a consistent and useful member until the end of his earthly life. About five years after he joined the society at the above-named place, the chapel at Waytown, Inwardleigh, was built, in which he took a lively interest, and rendered valuable aid to the young cause. He was appointed class-leader, and was deeply interested in the spiritual growth of those committed to his charge.

In 1848, he removed with his family to Cruft, Kigbear Hamlet, in the parish of Okehampton. For two years he continued to meet the class and attend to the public means of grace at Waytown, though living between two and three miles away. Finding it inconvenient to live so far from "the house of the Lord," the thought occurred to his mind, that he might build a little chapel on his own farm, for the benefit of his family and neighbours; he expressed his thought to his wife, and it at once received her hearty approval. He could say with Solomon, "I purpose to build an house unto the Lord my God." His noble purpose was executed. In 1850, the little sanctuary was built at his own expense, with the exception of about £2 10s., by collections at the opening services. It was opened by Mr. J. Thorne, and the "glorious gospel of Christ" has been preached in it from that time to the present. In reference to the erection of the little chapel, we find in Mr. Squire's papers the following statement, "Praise the Lord, it has not been in vain; it has been the birth-place of several precious souls already, and I

hope it will be of many more. Two of our Sunday-school scholars profess to enjoy the love of God, and by their conduct show it. Oh may the God of all mercy continue to carry on His glorious work among us." For the period of twenty-four years, the little cause was under his fostering care, and received his generous support.

In 1874 his beloved wife was taken from him by death. Her memoir was written by the writer of these pages, and appeared in the BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE for September of the same year. In her memoir is the following sentence:—"They lived together in happy union forty-seven years; they were one in aim and effort, and the Lord blessed their united labours." The separation was deeply felt by the bereaved husband. He wrote, in reference to her death, "I felt it to be a great trial to part with my bosom friend." Among his papers we find the following lines in relation to his wife's death:—

"My partner God hath taken from me,
I know 'tis His all-wise decree;
I know He is too wise to err,
Although I grieved for the loss of her.
'Tis such a loss I can't repair,
To part with one I loved so dear;
She was a kind and loving wife,
Who shared with me the cares of life."

In the same year he retired from business, and went with his two unmarried daughters to reside at Elmfield House, Northlew, to spend the remainder of his days in quietude. Not long after he left Crust he wrote:—"I feel thankful that I have given up farming, that I may be more loose to the world. I want to have my thoughts continually soaring above. How good it is to draw near to God; I want to walk with Him as Enoch did. O Lord, help me in this important duty." It was a great relief to him to be freed from the anxieties and perplexities of business-life. For many years, as an agriculturist, he was diligent, careful, and prosperous. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." Mr. Squire was not only "diligent in his business," but he was also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality." His piety was beyond suspicion. "He was a burning and a shining light." The lively interest he manifested in the various departments of the cause of God—the ministry in the circuit, the Missionary Society, and the different Connexional funds, received his sympathy and support—his "godly sincerity," his "humility of mind," his strong faith, fervent love, and truly consistent life, indubitably proved that he was a Christian of more than ordinary attainments. "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many." He had great respect for those "who labour in the Word and doctrine;" he "esteemed them very highly for their works' sake." To his hospitable house, for forty years, they received a hearty welcome; and found in him a sympathising friend. We find the following statement in his papers:—"When we united with the Bible Christians we invited

the preachers to our house to spend a part of their leisure time with us, and, praise God, we often had the favour. But when this was noised abroad among our friends, some began to say, "Ah, Jonas and Betsy will do for themselves, harbouring the Methodists;" and, Glory be to God! so we did; for by giving a little to the disciples of Jesus, the Lord has done more for us than all our worldly friends would or could have done for us. I have proved the truth of God's Word, which saith, 'Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.' The Lord hath blessed our little store, so that I have been enabled to give a little more. My prayer is, that the Lord will direct me, and incline my heart to give all He sees it needful for me to give." He highly appreciated all the ordinances of the sanctuary; in the class-meeting he especially delighted. He says, "I believe I shall have to praise God to all eternity for class-meetings; it is a means I enjoy above all others." The Word of God was better to him "than thousands of gold and silver;" "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." He admired its unique glories, and rejoiced in its incomparable blessings. It was the staff on which he leaned during his long pilgrimage; the sun-dial, by which he regulated his life; the balance, by which he weighed his actions; the chart, by which he sailed to the haven of eternal safety. It was his daily companion. Being a constant Bible reader, his memory was richly stored with its precious promises. His disposition was cheerful, and his company agreeable. I frequently visited him for four years, and nearly always found him with a sunny countenance. Having music within, he heard music without; and trod the path of life with a joyous step. He was very fond of poetry, and could repeat a large number of hymns. He wrote several pieces himself; one of them, if not more, was published in our *Youth's Miscellany*.

The two following verses are from a piece which he wrote in anticipation of his departure from this world:—

"Praise Thy blest name—Thou art the same
In life, and death—for ever;
Exert Thy pow'r in that dark hour,
Thou only cans't deliver.

"And should my passage then be rough,
While passing through the river;
I will not fear, for 'tis enough,
My Jesus will deliver."

Humility, simplicity, patience, and gratitude, were striking qualities of his moral character. He had humiliating views of himself, and exalted conceptions of "the Lord of glory." His confidence in God was strong. He could "lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye, and smiling say, 'My Father.'" His faith in Christ was simple as a child's. "The fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," beautified his character, sweetened his disposition, controlled his thoughts, ennobled his actions, and brightened his path to a blissful immortality. A large portion of the last four years of his life was

spent in reading, writing, and in meditation on the goodness and mercy of God. On his last birthday but one, he wrote, "Through mercy I am spared to see another birthday. I am this day seventy-seven. Thank the Lord, He hath dealt bountifully with me all the days of my life." A month and one day before he died, he wrote, "I can write only on one theme—the goodness of God. How good the Lord has been to me! Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I am very unworthy, but through the worthiness of Jesus, my hope is built on 'a sure foundation'—a rock that cannot move." This is a part of the last entry in his diary. At the latter end of February he was in a very prostrate condition, although up to that time he appeared better than he had been for two or three preceding winters. Congestion of the lungs soon followed, which, with the shock caused by the almost sudden death of Mrs. Squire, his son's wife, terminated his earthly life, April 10th, 1878, in the 79th year of his age, and the forty-third of his membership with our society.

"The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ! well done,
Praise be Thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

Righteousness made his life successful, and his death triumphant. Righteousness is its own glory—its end is crowned with immortal honour and eternal blessedness. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." During the illness of our departed friend, he was visited by the ministers of the circuit, and from them we have received the following testimonies: Br. Datson writes: "I was with the late Mr. Squire nearly the whole of the last three nights of his life. He was full of assurance, rich in faith, and confident as to the future. The principles upon which his faith rested in life, bore him on victoriously in death. While he was the subject of intense pain and debility, the ejaculations he uttered were soul-inspiring. At times without being spoken to he would exclaim, 'Praise the Lord,' 'Bless the Lord!' 'Glory be to God!' Towards the end he could only speak in a whisper, but his confidence was not shaken. Some of his latest expressions were that he might meet all his children in heaven."

Br. Coles writes: "I regarded the late Mr. Squire as a sincere and devout Christian. It is true my acquaintance with him was limited, as he died about seven months after I came to the circuit. But during that time I had the privilege of seeing him many times. He bore his last affliction with much patience and resignation. His prospects of heaven were very bright. He was often heard saying, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.' Of a poetical turn of mind, he was quite at home in repeating poetry, appropriate to his experience. The last Sunday morning

was a time long to be remembered. I prayed with him, and such was the heavenly influence that all in the room seemed completely filled. After I had prayed, he asked me where I was going to preach, and then prayed that God would bless my labours at each place. He fell asleep 'in Jesus' on the following Wednesday."

His mortal remains were interred in the grave-yard of Northlew Church, near his wife and several children, in "certain hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life." Peace to his sleeping dust until "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible." Then he will rise from his grave-slumbers, endued with immortal energy, clothed with everlasting beauty, radiant as the sun, and fashioned after the "glorious body" of his glorified Saviour. All who "sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" to His eternal palace and ineffable glory. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." My remembrances of our departed brother are tender, fresh, and fragrant. By his departure we have one friend less on earth, but it is a consolation that we have one more in heaven. He is lifted to higher and purer regions; he gazes upon fairer and diviner scenes; he mingles with choicer and holier company; his sky has no clouds, his joy no sorrow, his health no affliction. Farewell, dear friend, but not for ever, we hope to follow thee to thy blissful home.

"Thou art amid the sorrowless, I here
Amid the sorrowing; and yet not long
Shall I remain 'mid sin, and fear, and wrong:
Soon shall I join you in your sinless song."

In his death, his sons and daughters have lost an affectionate father, the circuit one of its best friends, and the church one of her most devoted members.

No doubt he had failings in common with all good men. He would be the last to claim perfection for himself. We saw and admired his excellences, but his imperfections were scarcely visible to us. In our opinion they were fewer in number and smaller in degree than those of many of his fellow-Christians. He came to his "grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." His spiritual life was brought to perfection. He was "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," and he is now "without fault before the throne of God." A funeral sermon was preached by Br. Coles, in Northlew Chapel, to a large congregation from Rev. xiv. 13.

Reader, have you spiritual life? Are you maturing for the society of the glorified? O merciful God, prepare us for a blissful immortality. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Chulmleigh.

R. GROSE.

WILLIAM BURDEN,

THE eldest son of Arthur and Jane Burden, was born at St. Breock, Cornwall, April 11th, 1831. His parents were regular attendants of the Established Church,

and took their children with them. From his earliest days moral and outward religious duties he was required to observe, and was considered a quiet and steady youth. When quite a lad, he went to live at P—, with Mr. K—. After a short residence there, a change for the worse was visible. How careful should parents be not to allow their children to mix with the profane! How true the words of the Apostle: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." His master was addicted to the habit of swearing; his name proverbial for ungodliness and profanity. Very soon he had become as bad as his master; and would curse and swear on receiving the slightest provocation, and, indeed, he would use the most profane language in ordinary conversation. One afternoon, while at work on the farm, he was more irritable than usual, and poured forth a continuous volley of execrations. In the evening, he began to reflect on his wickedness in the sight of God, and a fear sprang up in his breast that he might be struck dead on the spot while using such dreadful language. The next morning, before he went to work, he knelt down and asked the Lord to help him during the day to refrain from swearing. But he found that a habit, so fixed as was his, was not to be broken lightly. Like Samson's new-made cords, they were not *easily* snapped asunder. But having formed the resolution, he determined, by the help of God, to conquer. Each succeeding morning he was found on his knees, imploring Him, who said "Swear not at all," to aid him in keeping that solemn injunction. Occasionally, about this time, he attended Whitecross Chapel; and as his master noticed a difference in his deportment, he stigmatised him with the epithet, "He is turned Bryanite." After a little while, he thought he had so fully conquered his evil habit that he gave up praying. But the enemy he supposed to be dead was only lying dormant. The serpent that was charmed for a while stung him again! His old habit once more gained the ascendancy, and became as bad as formerly. He again betook himself to prayer, and regularly attended the place of worship afore-mentioned. Some of the members noticing his serious and devout behaviour, and that he listened with marked attention to the Gospel message, resolved to speak with him. Brother W. Rounsefell, of Polmoola, invited him to the class-meeting. This was the turning-point in his history. While listening to the members joyfully relating their experience, he was constrained to say, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." Questioned by his leader one morning whether he could tell the time *when*, and the place *where*, he experienced the new birth, Sister Warne (one of his class-mates) remembers him answering, with deep emphasis and feeling, "One thing I know, whereas I was once blind, now I see;" which so electrified his class-mates that they shouted aloud, "Glory be to God! Hallelujah!" He was very regular in his attendance at the class-meeting, and at every other means of grace when circumstances would permit; indeed, this was quite characteristic of him, from his conversion to the end of his life.

He was very careful, in word and deed, lest he should say or do anything wrong. He often betook himself to prayer, that he might not be led astray; and many a time he has gone out by the side of a hedge to pray. While pouring out his soul to God, persons at a considerable distance have heard his importunate supplications. This once becoming known, if missed at any time, his master would say, "You know where he is; I suppose he is out in the field praying." But wicked as was his master, he entertained for his servant the highest respect; but soon after his conversion, William went to live at Trevanson, where he found a more congenial element.

After a time his leader discovered he had a talent for usefulness, and to develop it, called upon him to give out a hymn and pray at the close of the class-meeting, which he did, but with much fear and trembling. After a little hesitation he gave out, "My God, the spring of all my joys, the life of my delights," &c. After this he was frequently called on to pray in public. He excelled in the gift of supplication. People everywhere speak of the peculiar unction and power of his prayers, and of the gracious influence generally realised.

After some time he felt it his duty to preach the Gospel to others, in which exercise he much enjoyed himself. Sister Warne says she remembers the first time he took the pulpit. "There was a disappointment at Whitecross, and being requested to conduct the service he began to ascend, but paused for some time on the pulpit stairs. I opened the door, and pushed him inside; and after his fears

had a little subsided, he commenced, while a very gracious influence rested on the congregation." Very soon he had a reference on the plan with Br. R. Chapman. More than twenty-eight years have elapsed since he was received as an approved preacher, in company with Br. Harvey, of Scarcewater, in the St. Columb Circuit.

As a preacher he was *Zealous*. At the time he was received as a preacher the St. Columb and Padstow circuits formed what was then called the St. Ervan Circuit. He used to go regularly to St. Columb, Blackcross, Belovely, and Tre-goss during the quarter. Walking from sixteen to twenty miles, and preaching twice or three times on the Sunday, was no uncommon occurrence with him in those days. His zeal was only limited by his strength; and of that passage of scripture, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up," he was a living comment.

Punctual. When the friends saw that William Burden was appointed, they were never under any fear of being disappointed. Br. E. Prynn, of Rosenanon, says, "I never knew him disappoint us in his life. If planned he was sure to come." In order to get to Rosenanon from any part of the circuit, you have to cross an open common, which for most part has neither hedge nor shelter of any kind. The reason is apparent why that place above every other is named in this connection.

Earnest. An author of no mean repute, searching out the causes of the popularity of one of the greatest living preachers, says, "He is *tremendously* in earnest." The same may be said of the deceased. As he preached his first, so he preached his last sermon at Whitecross. So much in earnest was he in exhorting the unconverted to come to Jesus, that he wept profusely, which had such a melting influence on those who heard as will not soon be forgotten. This was frequently the case in his public ministrations.

Consistent. And last, but not least, his consistency was not less prominent than any one of the other virtues named. The testimony of one of our oldest members is, that from the time of his conversion (about thirty years ago) to his decease, there has not been a blot or stain in his character. He was respected and loved by all in the circuit; and at no place more than at home.

About sixteen years ago he was requested to become a Leader at Wadebridge. Previous to this he had been a member at Whitecross, and it was with much reluctance that he severed himself from that society. As there had been some unpleasantness at Wadebridge, he told the members he would not remain with them as leader unless they were more united and comfortable. His acceptance of the office of leader was a step in the right direction. The prosperity of a society greatly depends on the leaders. A sufficient number of well-qualified persons for this department of Christian labour is our great want at the present time. It is not so much learning as piety which is required, not so much intellectual greatness as Christian sympathy. The united testimony of the members of the Sunday-mornings class at Wadebridge is, they never knew a person better adapted for the office than our departed brother. He was a man of deep sympathy and generous feelings himself, and he could therefore easily sympathise with others. With him it was easy to attend to the Apostle's injunction, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." He felt a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of the members, and in return they placed great confidence in him, which was neither betrayed nor disappointed. From some of the members of his class, I have heard the following remarks, "If there ever was a good man, William Burden was one. There are very few men like W. B."

The Quarterly-meeting expressed their confidence several times by electing him as circuit steward.

Always the same humble, unassuming manner characterized him, as a Christian, a preacher, or office-bearer. While some in office are dogmatic, over-bearing, and ostentatious, he was always humble, amiable, and free from pedantry.

Br. S. L. Thorne writes: "Br. William Burden was no ordinary man. From the time I knew him first, all that I have known of him, is consistent with the intelligent, earnest Christian. His gift in public prayer was remarkable. How I have heard the dear man plead with God, when penitents have been weeping around us in the prayer-meeting. With choice language, apt quotations from the Word of God, a good enunciation, and his soul aflame with Christian sympathy and love, his prayers were not to be forgotten. And what a blessing

would often descend at once. He was an excellent class-leader, for he was interested in the welfare of its members. As a local preacher, he was a general favourite. He sustained the office of circuit steward with credit, and at the District meeting manifested an interest in the work of God in general.

"Tried by the tests of gifts, graces, and fruit, he was a 'workman who needed not to be ashamed.' What a call his death affords to the members, to work for Christ while it is day. What can any one who heard his earnest appeals and yet remained unconverted, think now that he has been called home 'unto God's presence where there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand where those pleasures for evermore?'"

Br. Hawkey writes: "I feel that in the death of Br. W. Burden, you have lost a true Christian friend; the Padstow Circuit a zealous, faithful, and acceptable local preacher; Wadebridge Society a good member and class-leader, and his wife and children an affectionate and excellent husband and father. Only a day or two before I received your card announcing his departure, I had been thinking of his earnest and powerful prayers in Wadebridge Chapel, of his zealous and disinterested labours in the Padstow Circuit, and of his deep, abiding, and influential piety. I also anticipated with pleasure meeting him again here on earth. But oh! he is gone for ever from our midst. I shall never have the pleasure of seeing him again till I myself am delivered from the sufferings of this present time. I have no doubt that he is gone to heaven and trust he is now enjoying the company and the rest of the better land.

"During my four years' pastorate in the Padstow Circuit, I was often brought in contact with our dear Brother, and my esteem for him was greater when I left the circuit than it had been at any time before. He was always gentle, and kind, and true, and the more I knew him, the more clearly did I see his worth.

"We want many such good men and true in our circuits. As our Elishas pass away, I hope and pray that God may raise up Elishas to take their place."

In a subsequent communication Br. Hawkey says:—"During the four years I was in the Padstow Circuit I had many opportunities of observing the many excellences of our dear departed brother W. Burden. He had, doubtless, some defects; but I do not remember that I ever heard him say, or saw him do, anything contrary to the great law of love. Purity, humility, cheerfulness, gentleness, kindness, and forbearance, were conspicuous traits of his character. His daily life was one long, lucid, and convincing evidence of the fact that he, like Enoch, 'Walked with God.' He had evidently a deep and abiding experimental knowledge of the preciousness of true religion. He ever manifested towards myself the kindness and sympathy of a Christian friend and brother. Several who were not Christians themselves, have said in my hearing, that they believed that William Burden was a man of God. Br. Burden was a man mighty in prayer. I have heard him pray when he seemed like a man inspired. His prayers were often enriched with precious portions of scripture, and sublime snatches of poetry. He was also a very acceptable and useful local preacher. It was my privilege to hear him preach one Sunday morning in Padstow chapel, when his text was, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' He made some lucid and appropriate remarks respecting a particular and a general Providence, greatly to my edification and profit. I also heard him deliver a very excellent and powerful address at one of the anniversaries of Wadebridge Sabbath-school: the address sparkled with many rich gems of divine truth. But, ah! that tongue which for many years was often engaged in preaching 'the glorious gospel of Christ,' in giving good advice in the class-meeting, and praying earnestly in the prayer-meeting, is now silent in the grave. Yet I have no doubt that, though our beloved brother is 'absent from the body,' he is 'present with the Lord.' His death is an immense loss to his family, to the Padstow Circuit, and to the society at Wadebridge. While we sorrow and weep over his removal from the church militant, we rejoice and smile when we remember that he has exchanged earth's toils, troubles, and sorrows, for heaven's perennial rest, peace, and joy. May God greatly comfort the bereaved wife and children, and speedily raise up some one to fill his place in the church."

The writer was not privileged with a very lengthy acquaintance with the deceased; but in his interviews with him, he was quite satisfied concerning the accuracy of the reports he had received from all parts of the circuit and in his own

neighbourhood. He was respected and loved by every one that knew him. When we say that in his preaching he always said *something*—something worth hearing,—something that made the people *feel* as well as hear—something calculated to foster genuine devotion and lift the soul heavenward—something which was often made a blessing, both to saint and sinner—and that his motives were without suspicion, his consistency never called in question, and his moral character never tarnished; was it any wonder he was generally respected and *loved*? There was not the slightest doubt but that the salvation he offered to others was enjoyed by himself.

For several years the deceased had a chronic disease in the nose. The sore was healed in May, 1877, but in May, 1878, he was laid aside by affliction, from which he never recovered. He suffered from an internal complaint. A short time previous to his death, a small tumour was discovered in his back. During his illness his complexion became of a dark olive colour, doubtless owing to the nature of the disease. It had been for some time evident to his friends that his robust frame was being gradually undermined. The general impression was, that he would never get better, though few thought he would have sunk at last so rapidly. The writer saw him about ten days before he died, and was very much interested in his conversation about his conversion, his former labours, and the present condition of the circuit. His wife said afterward she had hardly ever seen him so cheerful or known him so communicative since his illness, as on that occasion, and that she had a presentiment that he would never talk with me again.

He was very fond of *singing*, and during his illness he would often sing. When some of the junior members of his class visited him, he would request them to sing him to sleep after he had retired to rest. "Singing," he said, "from the heart was praise to God." Many times have his family heard him singing in bed, and the last time only a few days before he died. On Christmas Eve two doctors visited him and told the family plainly that nothing could be done for him. He said, "I am prepared to die this very hour," and then, he began to sing one of his favourite hymns, repeating the chorus—

"I love Jesus, Hallelujah,
I love Jesus, yes I do,
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

Mrs. Blake, of Trevanson, says, "I saw the two doctors passing, and asked them their opinion concerning him. While I was talking to Mrs. Burden, I heard him singing. I thought, surely he who was so happy in the immediate prospect was certainly prepared for heaven."

A day or two before Br. Burden's death, he wished to be raised on his knees; and for the last time he was lifted up to pray. Once or twice in particular, when his wife and children were weeping, as they knew his death was near at hand, he told them "Not to grieve; it is all right. I shall meet you again in heaven." When any of the friends called to see him and referred to his labours in the past—to the hundreds of miles he had walked to preach Christ and Him Crucified—to his great usefulness in the cause of God, he would say, "I count it all nothing; I rest wholly on the precious blood of Christ." We have previously referred to his zeal and earnestness to do good, when in health, so on his death-bed he told the unconverted that came to see him (one of the hearers at Whitecross in particular, who wept while listening to him), "It is time to give your heart to God. It will be better you had never been born, if you are not prepared to die when the summons is given." When his father was leaving the room at their last interview, he said in a firm and solemn tone, "Father, now mind what I have told you." The writer earnestly prays and sincerely hopes that the dying son's solemn admonitions will not be forgotten by the aged father. To his brother he said, "I have offered thousands of prayers for you. As they have not been answered in my life I hope they will by my death." May his surviving brother soon resolve to meet him in heaven! He sometimes said, "I would rather live as I have lived if there was no heaven to gain or hell to shun."

Sister Bezley, who is many years his senior, said to him, "I thought I should have had you to comfort me when dying." She also expressed a wish to go home

to heaven with him, "But I suppose as you have so laboured in the cause of God, you would be so near the throne I should hardly get a glimpse of you." "I don't know about that," he said; "I have nothing to boast of, save in the Cross of Christ."

Not many hours before he died, he desired all his family to meet him in heaven. He would frequently quote verses of hymns and portions of Scripture; sometimes the chorus of the hymn—

"Over Jordan, bright and fair,
He is gone to prepare a mansion for me."

The last words they could distinguish from his dying lips were—

"Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear children, I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,
Away to the Saviour thy spirit we'll bear."

About a quarter of an hour afterward, without a struggle or a groan, his soul passed into the spirit-world, on Thursday evening, January 2nd, 1879, aged 47 years. He was interred in St. Breock Churchyard the following Monday. Notwithstanding the heavy rain and blustering wind, a very large number of persons followed his remains to the grave to pay him their last token of respect. According to his request, he was borne to the grave by members of his own class. The principal places in the circuit were represented by local brethren who were present at his interment.

His death was improved by the writer at Wadebridge, on Sunday evening, January 19th, to a very crowded and deeply sympathetic congregation, from Numbers xxiii. 10. (And by request at several other places in the circuit.) The chapel was very much crowded, and a great number could not get admission. A powerful influence rested on the congregation during the delivery of the discourse. Many tears were shed by persons besides the personal friends and relatives of the deceased. Several expressed their disappointment that no one was converted that night, but one young man professed to be converted the following evening (Monday), and several persons have been since, and we are still hoping that many more will decide for Christ.

Mr. Blake, of Trevanson, Wadebridge, his employer, speaks of him in the highest terms as a workman and a Christian; and during the whole of the fifteen years he was in his service never had any altercation with him.

Perhaps some of the readers may ask, "What about his faults?" He would not be without a fault; but his excellences so preponderated, that the people scarcely say anything of them.

He is gone, to be "for ever with the Lord." He has left a name that will not soon be forgotten; and an undeniable testimony that he is gone to be with Jesus, which is far better.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

Padstow.

W. BROWN.

"WOMEN PROFESSING GODLINESS."

THE following "women professing godliness" have recently died in the Lord in the St. Austell Circuit.

CHARITY TIPPETT was born at Tavistock on the 23rd of May, 1790. She was married to John Drew, a soldier, and for some time travelled with his regiment. At the close of the war between this nation and the French, she and her husband came to the parish of St. Stephen's-in-Bramwell to reside, where her husband died suddenly in the year 1839. She was again married, to William Tippet, of Tresmill, in the parish of Tywardreath, in 1841. She was convinced of her sinful

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condition by nature, in Scarcewater Bible Christian Chapel, St. Columb Circuit. It is probable that the preaching of Mr. O'Bryan had something to do with this important result. Her conversion occurred about two o'clock in the morning, and in connection with a Wesleyan neighbour she spent the remaining part of the night in prayer and praise to God. Thus commenced the religious life of one who may be very properly termed a "Mother in Israel." Her religious life, extending over 50 years, was of more than ordinary excellence. She was a regular attendant at the means of grace; and uniformly liberal both to God's cause and the ministers of the Word, who speak of her in terms of unqualified and affectionate respect. Her support, both financially and spiritually, of Tywardreath Chapel was very considerable. Her purse was open at the laying of the foundation-stone of the chapel, at the opening services, and at many of the anniversaries, and her prayers and bright, cheerful Christian life have had a marked influence on the society in that place. The Bible Christian Missionary Society had in her a continual supporter, as the "Widow's Mite," in the Annual Report, will testify. She was a class-leader for a long term of years, and was deeply respected by all her little flock. As an illustration of the influence of her character in those beyond her own circle of personal friends, Br. S. L. Thorne, who knew her well, and speaks of her in the highest terms, says:—"She rented her little farm of the late N. Kendall, Esq., who had several Bible Christian tenants, and from her years and character she was placed at the head of the table at his rent-audits." Nothing afforded her so much satisfaction as to hear that precious souls were being converted to God. Br. William Gilbert, who knew her intimately as a minister and friend, has penned the following discriminating and excellent tribute to her memory. "On entering the St. Austell Circuit for the first time, in 1848, I found that at Mrs. Tippet's home at Tresmill, I was always welcome, whenever circumstances required. During my stay in the circuit for twelve months, I frequently enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Tippet. Her attention to me was always motherly and kind, and her earnest cheerful piety made a deep impression on my mind. I had many mental and soul conflicts whilst in the circuit, during 1848-49, but the kindness of Sister Tippet, so cheerfully and heartily rendered, combined with her sound scriptural counsel and simple honest relation of her own religious trials and triumphs, often helped to illumine my gloom, and inspire me with new energy and hope in relation to my duties and work. It often surprised me, knowing what her domestic and business engagements were, and the long distance she had to travel from her home to Tywardreath Chapel, to find with what regularity and frequency she was found in the house of God, and the devoutness and fervour of her spirit in worship were refreshing and inspiring. Her attention to her duties as class-leader was also of an exemplary kind. Her simplicity and power in prayer were also very marked. Her conversion was to her own soul a blessed reality, and her life and deportment demonstrated the glorious fact. She realised familiar and ennobling fellowship with God in Christ by the blessed Spirit; hence she generally lived above the daily domestic and secular cares. She was a bright and happy Christian, and not only a "Mother in Israel," but a pattern to all believers. She was not an educated person, in the popular acceptance of the term; but she was possessed of strong common sense, shrewd in ordinary matters of business, quick to discern the weak points of a case, and, being truly conscientious, she was firm in resisting what she believed to be wrong, and sought, in every way, to encourage others, as well as strive herself to do what was right so as to please God, to do justice to others and keep a conscience void of offence. On entering the St. Austell Circuit again, in 1858, after an absence of nine years, I found her physical condition somewhat weakened and her domestic affairs somewhat changed; but in heart and religious life she appeared to be ripening for the kingdom of glory. I have no doubt but she is now with the sinless and pure before the throne of God in heaven."

But little more is required. For four or five years before her decease, owing to increasing age and infirmities, Mrs. Tippet was but seldom able to attend the house of prayer. When, occasionally, she did, her presence was hailed with delight by all, and a source of encouragement to many. On December 27th, 1878, at the advanced age of 88 years, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. She was followed by a large concourse of people to her last resting-

place in Tywardreath Churchyard, and a funeral sermon was preached by the writer in our chapel at Tywardreath to an overflowing congregation. The excellent choir of the Wesleyan Chapel kindly attended, and sang "Pope's Ode" with exquisite taste and feeling.

MARY ANN DEEBLE, of the St. Austell Society, was 65 years of age when she died. Her class-leader for eight years, Br. Wm. Hunkin, says, "that our late sister was a true follower of Jesus Christ, and to the house of God her attachment was strong. In the public and private means of grace, expressions of joy and love often escaped her lips. She much appreciated the yearly united meetings for prayer in the various chapels of the town. Without being a bigot, she ardently loved the people with whom she was identified, and always contributed to the support of God's cause according to her ability. "The closing days of our good sister's life were marked by mental derangement; notwithstanding, we most assuredly believe she is now where all physical and mental derangements are unknown.

ELIZA ROWETT was 62 years of age when she died. Her father was a local preacher of long standing in our Connexion, and she was a member for many years. She was formerly a member of Bethel Society, and Br. Joseph Turner, who was formerly her leader, speaks of her in terms of loving respect; and Sister Crowle, her class-leader while resident at St. Austell, says, "Concerning our dear Sister Rowett, I had no acquaintance with her until June, 1877, when she joined our class; so far as I knew our dear sister's life was consistent with her profession. Her attendance at her class, as well as at the public services of the Lord's house, was very regular, except when prevented by affliction in the winter season. Her Christian experience was not rapturous, but the honest, simple manner in which she related her experience gave me, and I believe the rest of her class-mates, reason to believe she was truly sincere. She often expressed her belief that her time here was short, but that she was trusting in Christ as her only support. One or two other friends beside myself visited our dear sister when confined to her house; she told us that Christ was her only refuge and support. When I took her ticket to her for Christmas quarter, 1878, which was the last time I saw her, she spoke of being a little stronger, and of her hope to be able to again come to the class-meeting; but the following week she almost suddenly closed her mortal life of pain and suffering, to commence a life of peace and joy which will never end."

MARY ANN VICKERY was 65 years of age when she died. Her parents were both members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society for 50 years. She herself was converted in the Bible Christian Chapel, Breage. She was married to Brother Vickery, a Bible Christian minister, in the year 1844. He died in the year 1853, leaving her a widow for more than twenty-five years. Since her husband's death she has resided at various places, which sometimes necessitated her holding communion with other sections of the Christian Church, through the absence of her own Society. It is gratifying to learn that while resident at St. Germoe for a time, she secured the goodwill and appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter, the clergyman and his excellent wife. Mrs. Dexter says:—"I have much pleasure in bearing my testimony to the kind Christian life led by my friend, the late Mrs. Vickery. Though a Nonconformist, she always took great interest in all church-work, and often attended our services while at St. Germoe. At Christmas, I was getting up a bazaar for my Sunday School Building Fund. I received a nice lot of things from her, some made by her own hands, others collected from her friends, both Church and Nonconformist, who all wished me success in my labours." Mr. Dexter also says in an interesting letter, "Perhaps you will allow me to say, that Mrs. Vickery was always most highly esteemed in Germoe, and that her visits to the parish gave great pleasure to many." I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Vickery at Falmouth, where she resided for several years. She was an active and earnest member of our Society there. She was, in years gone by, especially interested in the young, and not a few at different places speak of her in terms of most affectionate respect. Her life and deportment in the St. Austell Society were exceedingly praiseworthy. Her class-leader, Br. W. J. Nicholls, speaks in loving terms of her regularity at the class meeting, and the clear expression of her Christian experience at that important means of grace. Her death was exceedingly sudden, and, in some respects,

painful. After leaving our chapel at St. Austell, at the close of our "Mutual Improvement" class gathering, she returned to her home, and was found some hours after, cold and silent in death. She lived by herself, but it seems so unutterably sad that in the closing hours of her life no human hand was there to help, and no human voice to speak a kindly word. Our only and certain hope is, that the Lord Himself was there to guide her sainted spirit to the realms of endless day. It is interesting to note that the last passage of Scripture, in all probability, that her eye rested on was, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." Among her effects was found a paper, with the heading, "The Lord's Treasury," containing a small sum of money, which will be sacredly appropriated to the Lord's cause.

A few words may be said concerning our late sister HANNAH RUNDLE, who, although not a member of Society at her death, did experience a most decided change before that solemn event. I saw her a few days before, when her experience was exceedingly clear and hopeful, and her chamber was truly a meeting-place for God and those that prayed therein. She was the wife of one of our excellent class-leaders, and the mother of an excellent family, who we trust may let nothing prevent them from meeting her—

"Where the child shall find its mother,
And the mother finds her child;
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild."

A funeral sermon for our Sisters Deeble, Rowett, Vickery, and Rundle, was preached by the writer in our chapel at St. Austell, on Sunday, February 9th, 1879. The chapel was densely crowded in every part. The admirable choir sang "Pope's Ode" in excellent style, and with much feeling. It was a memorable service, the Lord being graciously amongst us.

As one and another pass away, the question arises—Who will be baptized for the dead? The Lord raise up from among our congregations everywhere a large number of "Women professing godliness."

G. W. ANGIN.

THREE RECENT DEATHS IN THE ST. COLUMB CIRCUIT.

DIED January 24th, 1879, at Relue, Br. JOHN UDY, aged 67 years. Br. Udy was a valuable local preacher for many years, and died, after a short affliction, in great peace.

Died February 10th, 1879, at Tolskiddy, Br. JAMES STEPHENS, aged 76 years. Br. Stephens had long taken a deep interest in the singing at the place, and also in the Sunday-school, and was much respected. He was ill for several weeks; he left a bright testimony behind, that death to him would be "gain."

Died February 14th, 1879, at Tregaswith, Br. WILLIAM STRONGMAN, aged 82 years. Br. Strongman was identified with our Connexion almost from its commencement, and a local preacher most of that time. He was of warm temperament, and his utterances were distinguished for originality, and he was therefore somewhat popular to the end. He was much respected throughout the circuit as a man and a preacher, and was in the habit of taking ten or twelve appointments per quarter until the close of life. He was very liberal in his support of the circuit funds, and he can be badly spared. His end was very sudden; but he was blessedly prepared for the change. Just before he died, he said to the writer most emphatically, "I am on the Rock, I am on the Rock," and then peacefully slept in the arms of Jesus. He has left an aged widow and six children.

We have sustained great losses in the staff of our local preachers of late. To California, to France, to London, and to a neighbouring circuit, in each instance a preacher has gone, and two have been removed by death, so that we have the utmost difficulty in supplying the chapels.

J. D. B.

Chapels.

TREGORRICK, ST. AUSTELL.—Tregorrick is a small hamlet about a mile from the town. For many years a Bible Christian cause has been established here. The old chapel was very small, and recently had fallen into a state of great disrepair. Our friends in the hamlet, though few, are hearty, and after some consultation they determined on erecting a new chapel. A lease, for the term of sixty years, was secured of Major Carlyon, of Tregrehan, at an annual rent charge of 11s. Plans and specifications were prepared, *and freely given*, by Mr. Charles Pengelly, of Falmouth, and accepted by the new trustees. The contract for the building was let to Messrs. Harvey, Sanders, and Jory, of Tregorrick and St. Austell. The chapel is 37 feet long, by 29 feet wide, and 20 feet high, and will hold about 150 persons. It is of a beautiful design, and is admired by all. It occupies a commanding site, and is an ornament to the hamlet. On October 3rd, 1878, it was opened by an excellent sermon from Mr. W. J. Hocking, of Bodmin, A bazaar was held the same day in a tent adjoining the chapel, the "stalls" being presided over by M. Hore, M. J. Varcoe, L. Angwin, and F. Jeffrey, assisted by many others equally interested and active. A largely attended public tea was held in the old chapel. A crowded meeting followed, addressed by Messrs. W. J. Hocking, J. Tonkin, G. W. Angwin, W. Jeffrey, and R. H. Williams, of Cuddra. The day was most happy and successful.

A course of lectures, accompanied by the singing of several choirs in the circuit, has since been delivered in the new chapel. On December 9th, 1878, Mr. W. Jeffrey lectured on "Home life," the St. Austell choir led the singing, and Mr. W. J. Nicholls presided. On January 13th, 1879, Mr. R. H. Williams of Cuddra, lectured on "The Age we live in," illustrated by experiments, the choir of Bethel chapel led the singing, and Mr. J. Turner, of Holmbush, presided. On February 10th, Mr. G. W. Angwin lectured on "The Sword, the Tongue, and the Pen," the choir of Providence chapel led the singing, and Mr. W. Lobb, of St. Austell, presided. A fourth lecture was to have been given by Mr. J. Tonkin, on "Australia and its characteristics," but had to be postponed, owing to the unexpected death of his beloved and excellent wife. The above entertainments have been well attended, and have given very general satisfaction. It would be unjust and ungenerous not to mention that a "woman's" influence has mainly brought about the building of this beautiful little chapel.

Our Connexion all through its honourable history has been helped not a little by godly women. A woman's name ranks high and honourably in connection with the Bristol chapel enterprise, and although in a much smaller enterprise, yet not less heartily has MRS. EDWIN VARCOE, of Roseweek, identified herself with the new chapel at Tregorrick. She has been throughout the inspiring genius of the whole concern. Although a mere handful, the Tregorrick people have *all* worked with a will, and in a spirit deserving unstinted praise and admiration. The cost of the building is about £286, towards which the sum of £136 has been raised. Best of all, the cry of the penitent has been heard in the new chapel. Earnestly do we pray that the glory of the latter house may exceed that of the former, and if that is the case it will not have been built in vain.

March 10th, 1879.

G. W. ANGWIN.

CARDIFF.

MY DEAR BROTHER BOURNE,—Having trespassed largely on your valuable space in the March number, I hesitated about sending again so soon; but believing good news from missions to be *specially* acceptable now, I venture to send a brief account of further indications of Divine favour and Christian good-will. Ten memorial stones having been laid by representatives of nine Denominations, February 5th, our friends may be surprised to read of

ANOTHER MEMORIAL STONE AT CARDIFF.

But another has been laid here. Some members of the Young Men's Christian Association were present on the 5th, and seeing a pillar between the doors, just wide enough for another memorial stone, the desire was expressed to place one there. Arrangements were made accordingly, and on the 19th, the desire was



Bible Christian Chapel, School-Room, and Preacher's House, Cardiff.

gratified. Friends met at three p.m. Suitable hymns were sung, J. F. Fawckner, Esq., (the architect) led in prayer, and addresses were given by the writer, Mr. Fawckner, and T. Webber, Esq., F.R.S.L., who laid the stone, and guaranteed that, with the sum then given, £20 should come from himself, and other friends of the Association. He was heartily thanked for his kindness, and a copy of the Jubilee Volume—suitably inscribed—was given him to preserve as a memento of the occasion. Total proceeds of memorial stone services, £187 10s. 3d.

There appeared peculiar fitness in the laying of the additional stone. On either side of the doors are five denominational stones, and an undenominational stone in the midst, between the two doors. Denominationalism is right, if permeated with catholicity. It is not desirable to get all sections merged into one vast organization. Surely the kingdom of Christ would not grow the faster for it. But it is most important to secure a prevalence of unity among the sections. The past quarter of a century has witnessed great improvement in this respect. The growth of Christian unity is a healthy sign of the times. And it is very gratifying that our chapel in Cardiff so strikingly helps to manifest that sign to the world.

Ere the memorable month of February closed, it was ours to take part in another interesting service. On the 24th, the Elders' meeting decided to admit twenty persons into church fellowship. Most of them were led to seek the Saviour, November 24th, after a telling sermon by Mr. R. Coad, temperance lecturer. Among them were seven persons, comprising *an entire family*. On the 26th, a social tea meeting was held. A meeting followed, for the recognition of the new members. The pastor gave each present "the right hand of fellowship," with a few suitable words, and a copy of our rules. Addresses were given by the pastor, Mr. Pascoe, and Mr. Trick, and a pleasant and impressive evening was spent. We thank God for this increase, and yet long more and more intensely for the salvation of souls. Oh, may saving power multiply and still increase in all the churches, is the fervent prayer of

Yours truly,

W. F. JAMES.

SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT.—Our friends continue to manifest great interest in chapel matters. At *Frithelstock* the debt of £60, which remained on the new school-room when it was opened in 1877, has been cleared off by one united effort. We have now a commodious chapel and school-room in that village free from debt. Within the last two or three years quiet efforts have been made in several places, and the debts considerably reduced. At *Sheepwash*, £80; at *Langtree*, £62; at *Bradford*, £50; at *Sutcombe*, £40; and at *Marland*, £33, have recently been paid off.

At *Bulkworthy* our friends have purchased a new American organ at a cost of £58. By the sale of the old harmonium, and by donations and collections, the entire cost was met on the day of opening.

Thornhillhead chapel has been thoroughly renovated and greatly improved at a cost of £122. It is now one of the most beautiful places of worship in North Devon. A bazaar, tea and public meeting, were held in September last, on the premises of Mr. John Penhale, who, with his excellent family, gave a hearty welcome to all who came. Mr. Tickell, of Holsworthy, preached in the afternoon. The sermon gave great satisfaction, as did also the addresses given by Br. Thomas Wooldridge, Br. Tickell, and others, in the evening. The proceeds of the day, including a donation of £10 from Mr. J. Nancekivell, amounted to £70. The chapel was re-opened on New Year's Day last. Mr. R. Penhale, of Upcott, preached in the afternoon to a deeply interested congregation. A public tea and meeting followed. Proceeds £22. The lamps, matting, and other articles, to the value of £12, were given free of charge to the trust fund by trustees and friends. Total amount contributed, £104.

At *Blacktorrington* also, we held a bazaar at Christmas, and though the weather was very stormy, raised £26 to reduce the debt on the school-room. Mr. and Mrs. Hawken preached on the previous Sabbath, and drew large congregations.

Our venerable and esteemed friend, Mr. Nancekivell, in addition to the £100 he has so generously given to the College, has just given £25 each to three chapels in the circuit, viz., *Langtree*, *Siloam*, and *Marland*. The debt in each case will be immediately lessened—that amount. May others be prompted to copy his example.

T. B.

Rebivals.

SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT.—Since the re-opening of the chapel from fifteen to twenty persons have professed conversion of Thornhillhead. About the same number have recently been brought to Christ at Sutcombe, and upwards of twenty at Milton. Several persons have been converted in other places. My two colleagues have entered heartily into the work. T. B.

HIGH HAM.—The revival is still progressing. When I left seventy-four had professed to find peace with God. One of the converts, a little boy, began to talk to his grandmother about Christ, and she soon began herself to feel deeply on account of her sins, and that she should have lived eighty-four years in sin, and no one ever said anything to her about her soul until her little grandson did. Now the grandmother and her little grandson are walking in the way to heaven. Mrs. S—— saw herself to be a sinner, came boldly out, and was saved. Her husband, who met her at the door as she was leaving the chapel, told her it was well that she came out just then, or he would have dragged her out by the hair of her head. But he came the next evening, and that night he was plucked as a brand from the burning. A person who met him the next day said to him, "I suppose that you are converted?" "Yes, I am, thank God," was the answer. "Come then, you can give us an address now?" "Yes. 'Prepare to meet thy God.'" This produced conviction, and when I left High Ham the person in question had an enlightened mind, an awakened conscience, while three worlds were striving for his soul.

Brother Alford has been working well at *South Barrow*, and the Lord has visited us there. Five notes of admittance were given last Sunday. Last Sunday evening people from Sparkeford found their way to South Barrow chapel, to the annoyance I fear of some. One ecclesiastical authority at least says, that we are in great error; but I do not see how that can be, unless it is wrong to open blind eyes, and to turn sinners "from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified." A few have been brought to God at Keinton during the winter. We held our Missionary meetings last week; Br. Rowse was with us, and the receipts have gone ahead in every place. We are fighting hard, but it is a bloodless battle. T. A.

PADSTOW CIRCUIT.—At *St. Issey* there is a powerful revival in progress. Upwards of forty persons have professed to be converted. The good work is still going on, and we are praying and labouring for many more souls.

At *Rosenanon* about twenty-six persons have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, during the last few weeks. There have been several converted also at *Whitecross* and *Wadebridge*. W. B.

At *Boscastle*, in the Camelford Circuit, as the result of some special services, conducted by Br. Ennor for three or four weeks, about thirty persons have obtained "peace in believing."

Br. RATTENBURY, writing March 11th, says, "We are having a nice revival. We have admitted about fifty on trial, and about ten more have professed conversion within the last week. I hope the good work will continue. I think we are just getting into harvest time."

We hear of indications of good in several places, and in the prayer of many we would heartily join, "O Lord, send us a *general* revival."

Missionary Meetings.

LISKEARD CIRCUIT.—"Well," said my colleague last evening, "our missionary meetings are over, and I am glad they are." It is no small relief I can assure you, Mr. Editor, in these times of depression, and everybody saying, "The missionary money is sure to be behind this year," to know that our meetings are

over, and gone off well. We have three series of meetings in this circuit. The first series was held the week following Sunday, Nov. 3rd, 1878; on which day, sermons were preached in the several places by Br. Dennis (deputation) P. R. Broad, J. Morris, and J. Jasper. Meetings were held in the following order:—

St. Luke's, Monday. Addressed by Brs. Dennis and Broad. Receipts about £1 ahead of last year's.

Mount, Tuesday. Speakers same as previous evening. Collections £1 ahead.

Tredinnick, Wednesday. The deputation, owing to illness, was absent, and this, and the two following meetings were conducted by the circuit ministers. At *Tredinnick* and *St. Neot*, we were in advance of last year's receipts; but at *Tre-nant* something like £1 5s. behind.

Our second series commenced at *Trewidland*, February 10th. Fine meeting, addressed by P. R. Broad, and the deputation, Br. Crewes, who convinced us all of two things, viz., that his cause was a worthy one, and that he was an able advocate. Our friends here had no preacher on the Sunday, but their collections were about the same as last year's.

Dobwalls meeting, next evening. Mr. Sargent in the chair. Speakers, the writer and deputation. Good meeting. Collection ahead.

Liskeard. Here we had a very enthusiastic meeting. The missionary spirit was in the ascendant, for there was both liberty and liberality, the receipts being between £3 and £4 in advance, or nearly double last year's.

At *Pensilva* the next day, we were joined by Mr. Dymond, who preached a very capital sermon from John i. 16. The weather was very unfavourable in the evening, but our folk came out well. The claims of the Missionary society were very ably set forth by Messrs. Dymond and Crewes. The response was hearty, the receipts being £10 6s., or a few shillings over last year's.

On Friday afternoon, Mr. Dymond preached to a good congregation at *St. Cleer*, on "Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones." This discourse was a masterpiece. "How thankful we ought to be," said an intelligent friend to me the next day, "that God has given us men who can so beautifully unfold and enforce His word." A missionary tea followed, provided by our true staunch friends Mr. and Mrs. Fursman, which was well patronized. Then came the missionary meeting; Mr. Watts, of Liskeard, presided, and introduced as the first speaker, Mr. Kitchener, (Baptist), who gave a short but excellent speech. Mr. Dymond came next; he was, doubtless, at his best. You know, Mr. Editor, the power our Br. wields when in such a frame. For thirty or forty minutes our minds were entirely drawn away from everything but the progress and aims of Christian missions, Mr. Crewes was the next and last speaker. He humorously remarked that whatever praise Mr. Dymond had won, he should expect at least half of it himself, as he had allowed Mr. Dymond to speak first. But our Brother soon showed us that he needed not the praise of other men's work. For half an hour, by vigorous language, and fresh bold thoughts, he carried us on before the current of his own strong feeling. Receipts between £10 and £11. £2 beyond last year's.

Sermons of a very high order, so I have been informed, were preached by Mr. Crewes at *Pensilva* and *St. Cleer* on the previous Sunday. Mr. M. Robins was the preacher at Liskeard, where, to the delight and profit of all who heard him, he dispensed the Word of Life.

Last Sunday, sermons were preached in behalf of the Missionary Society, by Mr. Jacob (deputation), circuit ministers, Messrs. J. Fursman, and J. Pollard.

The first meeting of the third series was held at *Cheriton Cross*. Mr. Rowell was voted to the chair. Good speeches were delivered by the deputation and Mr. Broad. Receipts 13s. ahead.

Common Moor meeting was presided over by Mr. Harris, and addressed by the deputation and the writer. Collections 13s. in advance.

At *Cheesewring* Mr. Crouch was elected to the chair. First rate speeches given by Mr. Jacob and Mr. Broad. Monies still creeping ahead.

Mr. Rule (Wesleyan) was chairman of our meeting at *Railway Terrace*, and showed himself, by word and deed, to be in deep sympathy with missionary operations. Addresses were given by the speakers of the previous evening. Receipts a little behind. This falling off was owing to the cards not coming up to our expectation. And, last but not least, the meeting at *Pengover Green*, was in some respects the most remarkable of all. Speakers, the writer and Mr. Jacob.

Proceeds more than double those of last year. This great advance is to be attributed doubtless, to a revival which God has been pleased to give us at this place. Several of the converts were energetic collectors.

The above facts show that we are moving on slowly in the right direction. We shall report £10 increase missionary receipts for the circuit this year. I should say that Br. Guy Warne was appointed by the Pastor's meeting as deputation for the last lot of meetings, but being unwell, Br. Jacob kindly volunteered to take his place, for which, as well as for his efficient services, we are greatly indebted to him.

St. Cleer, March 15th.

J. M.

[It has been my pleasure to attend quite lately, a series of Missionary meetings at Bideford, Barnstaple, Torrington, Shebbear, Milton, and Holsworthy; the meetings were interesting, spirited, and enthusiastic. The attendance was excellent, the influence rich, and the collections for the most part were in the right direction.—ED.]

MISSIONARY DEBT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EFFORT.—SPECIAL DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Weston-Super-Mare	1	0	0
South Brent, Wear Circuit	0	10	0
Barrow-in-Furness	0	10	0
Bideford	1	0	0
Cheriton Cross (Liskeard Circuit)	0	5	0
South Barrow (Somerton Circuit)	0	5	0
Wakeham (Portland Circuit) 2d. each scholar	0	16	8
Porthleven (Breage Circuit)	1	0	0
Whitwell (Shanklin Circuit)	1	0	0
Brading	0	5	0
Ryde (Newport Circuit)	0	10	0
	£7	1	8

Will the pastors kindly obtain the amounts promised above, from the Sunday-school Treasurers, and where it has not yet been done, see that the circulars sent out are duly laid before the teachers' meetings? I hope to report a much larger number of promises next month.

P. LABDON, Secretary.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged	£958	10	7
KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT—	£	s.	d.
Luckwell Bridge Meeting	0	11	3
Roadwater	1	3	0
Mrs. Pounder, Donation	0	10	0
Timberscombe Meeting	1	1	5
Brendon Hill	0	4	8
Kingsbrompton	1	10	10
MISS WEBBER'S BOOK, FIRST AUDIT	1	14	6
Mrs. & Mr. J. Payne, don.	0	10	0
SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT—			
Mr. E. Mountjoy, donation	1	0	0
LAUNCESTON CIRCUIT—			
Bridgetown Meeting	0	13	2
Mr. W. Rowland, donation	0	10	0

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—You, and our friends generally, will be glad to hear that the Countess of Portsmouth has given her consent that the Bazaar, in aid of the College Extension Fund, shall be opened under her patronage, and that she is work-

ing for it. We hope our lady friends, and indeed all our friends, will do their very best in aid of this bazaar. We continue to hold public meetings when and where we can; and it is due to the friends to say that in general they are cheerful to contribute their mite. Some complain that they have enough else to do; but others never complain, who are for ever doing. If it be true, Mr. Editor, that what we do for God is so much treasure laid up in heaven, and that our works follow us there, surely all ought to be eager to do what they can. Some will be truly rich at the last—really great and exalted, for they have sacrificed for God—served Him. Their labours and their gifts are the result of loving thought, and hence what they have done they have done as unto the Lord. We do not doubt that we shall—notwithstanding the depression, get into a good financial position connexionally, and that the way will become clear for us to go forward. It can only be, however, when we all open our hearts and give to God as we receive from Him. It is not always giving, as some persons say; but it is always receiving, which they seldom acknowledge. Giving is quite as helpful in making a man a Christian as is praying—indeed, goodness is measured by giving.

W. HIGMAN, Secretary.
C. HOBBS, Treasurer.

Our Miscellany.

THE BURIAL QUESTION AS IT NOW STANDS.

Two years ago we drew the attention of our readers* to the Burials Bill introduced by the Government; and, side by side with the entire Nonconformist section of the community, and many Churchmen as well, and various civil bodies, entered our protest against a measure which so clearly showed that the Ministers who framed and supported it were hopelessly incapable of appreciating the true position of the question. It will be recollected, that the Bill treated the burials difficulty as though it were "sanitary" and not "sectarian," and that it was the hateful 74th clause, permitting to Nonconformists silent burial in our churchyards, that excited the stern opposition of Dissenters, and many supporters of the Government, and that, more than anything else, led to its ignominious defeat. There were influential Conservatives who were not willing to attempt to force it through Parliament, and thus "ride roughshod over Nonconformists." Strong dissentient voices, though they were not numerous, were heard emanating from the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury against the measure. In the Convocation of York similar disapproval of the Bill was expressed by several distinguished Churchmen. But if there were ecclesiastics who spoke up for their Nonconformist brethren, and thought it too bad to treat them in the way the Government proposed, it was in the Upper House of Parliament, among the lay Lords, who are a compact body of Churchmen, and represent only the smallest modicum of Nonconformity, that we must look for the resistance to the measure that was fatal to it; and for the unequivocal expression of disapproval which made it plain that no measure would have a chance of success that did not grapple with the heart of the difficulty, and that, sooner or later, an uncompromising measure would give Nonconformists what they ask for and claim.

We requested our readers to especially note the discussion which would take place on the Bill being read a second time in the House of Lords, because it would be likely to indicate the impression which the Bill—it having been before the country several weeks—would have made upon the public mind. But not even, we believe, the most sanguine opposer of the measure could have anticipated the emphatic action the Peers took in rejecting the whole thing. Probably no such scene was ever witnessed before, as the Lords summarily joining issue with a

* *Bible Christian Magazine*, May 1877.

Governmental Bill that had not yet been introduced into the Commons. The Bill was not warmly received anywhere. It had no place of rest for the sole of its foot. Every Nonconformist organisation capable of expressing a judgment, on its approach, slammed the door in its face. It met with a doubtful reception at the hands of some members of the Houses of Convocation. It was disowned by many Conservatives; condemned at public meetings by numbers of civilians; and finally, strangled in the very place where it was first introduced by the Duke of Richmond.

It may be advantageous to briefly recall the circumstances that attended its rejection, since to Nonconformists they are sufficiently assuring and inspiring. Earl Granville, the leader of the Liberal party in the Upper House, rightly determined on a bold and decisive policy; his lordship resolved to take a division on the crucial question, which was the very point the supporters of the Bill would have liked to evade under cover of the sanitary and consolidation clauses that it contained. The amendment he moved, which embodied the terms of the resolution submitted by him in the previous session, was as follows:—"That no amendment of the law relating to the burial of the dead in England will be satisfactory which does not enable the relatives, or friends having charge of the funeral, to conduct such funeral in any churchyard, in which the deceased had a right of interment, with such Christian and orderly religious observances as to them may seem fit." The "irrepressible Dissenting grievance was the one point on which the debate turned;" and as it proceeded it became evident that the Ministry were losing heart, and that their project for settling the difficulty had grievously failed. In vain did the Duke of Richmond try to minimize the grievance of Dissenters. Lord Salisbury only did harm to the cause by his candour in admitting that the greatest difficulty to be encountered was the antagonism of the Established Clergy, which they feared to face by dealing with the question in an efficient manner. He spoke tenderly of the violence which would be done to the consciences of numbers of the parochial clergy by "the presence of ministers whose orders they do not recognise," and "the deep and terrible profanity" of a representation of the more extreme forms of religious dissent in the churchyard; and he added that resistance to any serious attempt to meet the requirement of Dissenters might be pushed even to the extent of *tumult*. This had, at least, the merit of frankness; and no one has any room to complain of ambiguity in the response of the oracle that spoke on this occasion in the name of the Established clergy of the land. The Primate exhibited a hesitating attitude, now looking this way, now that. The speeches of the bishops did the measure no good. With one exception, they voted as a body for the Bill: the Bishop of Oxford stood alone for the amendment, and made a manly speech on its behalf. The debate helped the cause of the opponents of the Bill considerably, and the division showed that they were gaining, whilst the Government were losing ground. Lord Granville was beaten by thirty-nine only, whereas the year before, when he had brought forward as a resolution what was now introduced as an amendment, the majority against him was fifty-six.

Some of those who had voted for the second reading of the Bill, did so with the intention of trying to alter its character in committee, and the next step forward which the Government should take was looked forward to with great interest. It appeared that test divisions would be taken on four proposals, namely, that of the Primate, allowing an altered Church of England service for the unbaptised and others who might object to the present form; that of the Archbishop of York, giving liberty to the clergy to not use the present service when it would be likely, in the estimation of the bishop, to cause "scandal and offence;" that also of Lord Harrowby, allowing a Nonconformist service, which should consist of Scripture, prayer, and hymn only; and Lord Granville's, granting to Nonconformists a "Christian and orderly service," with an address. But at the last moment two important changes took place; the first was, that the Government had resolved to abandon the offensive 74th clause, but would not substitute anything in its place; the second was a change of attitude on the part of the Earl of Harrowby, who, as the Government he supported retreated, took a firm step forward. It had come to be known, from the vigorously expressed sentiments of the general body of Nonconformists, that a service which precluded an address would not satisfy them; they required precisely as much liberty in the parish

churchyards as they enjoyed in the cemeteries, and nothing short of this. This Lord Harrowby became aware of; and he accordingly resolved to withdraw his proposal to give a limited degree of liberty, and accept the proposed clause of Lord Granville. And in this step he was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Shaftesbury, who were now anxious, in the interests of the Church of England, if in no other, for a full concession to Nonconformists without further delay. With a display of great tactical skill, Lord Granville waved his right to move this clause as the Liberal leader, and allowed Lord Harrowby, himself a staunch Conservative, and a warm and trusted friend of the Church Establishment, to take his place in the van of the party who were contending for religious equality. The spectacle was sensational in the extreme. It has been rightly called "a startling transformation scene." A staunch Churchman and Conservative, in the hour when parties were in a high state of tension and breathlessly awaiting the decisive division, came forward as the champion of Nonconformists on the very question which had been just treated with insult by the Government who were now in full retreat, and which had been often spoken of with bitter sarcasm as the *grievance* of Nonconformists. Lord Granville did not forget to call the attention of the Government to the stage at which things had arrived, and to ask them whether they could not appreciate the significance of the *last* movement, wherein one of their strongest supporters, and an undoubted friend of the Church, had resolved to move the clause that was to have been moved on the other side. Some of the House were in high dudgeon, as, for instance, the duke who originally introduced the fated Bill, and many outside of the House among the rank and file of the clergy. The two Archbishops were ill at ease, for they were beginning to think about the Church Establishment itself. "In its interests complete concession ought to be made," said they; "and made now, such safeguards could be obtained for the clergy as they might be unable to obtain at a future time." Ah! indeed; but that was in 1877, and now it is 1879; and the concession has not been made yet; and we fear the day is gone by for Church dignitaries to again speak of doing the thing that Nonconformists want "gracefully." The Government avowed their determination to oppose the two clauses of the archbishops and that of Lord Harrowby; the hour was critical; and they paid dearly for the attitude they assumed. The customary serenity of the House gave place to excitement and expectancy. The result of the division was "a tie;" the "contents" and "non-contents" being each 102. That the division acted like "a shock of political electricity" is not to be wondered at. Many Nonconformists themselves required a little time before they could adequately appraise the significance of the event. Here was a House which is held to be the most Conservative element in the constitution, where the bishops sit and vote, and the patrons of the Church are most numerous, without any external pressure, and in the very teeth of the Government that they very seldom fail to follow, and without waiting for Mr. Morgan's Burial Bill to come up from the Commons, unequivocally expressing its belief that the fundamental principle of that measure should be accepted, and that the claims advanced by Lord Granville and Lord Hartington are irresistible; and that, too, in the prolonged debate on the Government Bill introduced with an exactly opposite purpose! As the *Times* remarked, this step "rendered the repeal of existing burial laws inevitable."

It might have been thought that the acme of the Liberal triumph in the Peers, on behalf of religious equality in the burial of the dead, was now reached. But great as it was, and astonishing even to its friends, it was to yet receive one or two additional elements that should render the victory still more magnificently complete. Lord Salisbury had said that the chief difficulty in the way of the Government lay in the opposition of the Established clergy to any radical measure that might be proposed on behalf of Nonconformists; and it was now to appear that, candid as was this statement, it was also true. Under the direction and organisation of the Church Defence Institution, they were rallied as a forlorn hope, and by so doing afforded decisive proof, if further proof were needed, that it was clericalism that weighted the Government, and prevented their acting, even if themselves disposed, in a way agreeable to the manifest requirements of the hour. Within ten days, a declaration in dead opposition to the Earl of Harrowby's amendment was forwarded, bearing the signatures of 12,500 of the

clergy. With this new force mustered in support of the Government, Lord Harrowby ventured to again move the insertion of the clause which on the former occasion had been so nearly carried. Some thought it a hazardous step, and would have advised that he should leave well alone; but he had faith in his cause and hoped he should do better, and the event justified the expectation; for, instead of "a tie," or, what some feared, a defeat through any reactionary feeling that might, perchance, have been engendered, he had a majority of 16, the clause being carried by 127 to 111. And it is further worthy of note that the Peers, whilst ready to do precisely the thing that the Nonconformists wanted, refused to relax the obligation imposed on the clergy to "tell lies"—as the Bishop of Oxford phrased it—over the profligate and the wicked; for they rejected the Archbishop of York's clause to give liberty to the clergy to omit the burial service in cases when it was likely to cause "scandal or offence," by 146 to 89. A victory achieved amid these added conditions was more splendidly decisive than it would even have been if realised on the first introduction of Lord Harrowby's clause.

The effect of this signal triumph of the principle of religious equality was immediate, and in the case of the supporters of clerical monopoly exceedingly discouraging; and in our view the alarm of many Churchmen was a tacit confession of conscious insecurity. A Conference of the Church Defence Institution described the vote of the House of Lords as "serious and very distressing." It was stated, that "the union of Church and State was threatened," which was likely enough true. Canon Gregory would like to know how long the monarchy would stand if the soil of the country was interfered with, which was ridiculous; for only the panic-stricken could see any connection between the security of the throne and exclusiveness in the churchyard. But what was most odious of all was the idea of "allowing a Nonconformist minister to take his turn side by side with the priest." A large meeting condemned the action of the two archbishops of the Church, "who had failed her in the time of trial." "The Lords had voted under misapprehension," or, "in a panic," which was scarcely complimentary to that august body; and much *ad libitum* to the same effect. A section of the press was virulent, and drew pictures of "the antics and mummeries," "the foul obscenity," and "ribald atheism," which would be witnessed in God's Acre; as though they did not see that there was a sufficient answer to that charge already at hand, in the fact that no such abuse of a sacred rite, in the most solemn and sorrowful hour of our lives, has been known in the cemeteries where Dissenters have conducted funeral services for years, or in their own burial-grounds for a much longer period, or in the graveyards of the colonies, or of Scotland and Ireland, or in foreign countries, where no such restriction exists. Canon Harvey expressed a welcome truth, when he said in Convocation that "he had never heard of objectionable dissenting services in the unconsecrated parts of cemeteries."

The Session was too far gone for the opinion to be taken in the House of Commons on a question that had been so decisively tested in the House of Lords. But early in the session of last year (Feb., 1878) Mr. Osborne Morgan submitted a motion, which did not prescribe that the service should be exclusively "Christian," but allowed the same liberty which now exists in the unconsecrated portions of cemeteries. Although it came on at a time when the interest of the nation was largely absorbed in the Eastern Question, it excited considerable attention. Strenuous opposition was offered to it; and the motion was lost by 15 votes, which, as the *Tories* remarked, "was a defeat of such a nature that it could be but the precursor of success." The Church papers thought that the tone of the debate only strengthened the impression which the action of the Peers had produced. The vigilant Church Defence Institution discovered that a grand mistake had been made in not inviting the laity to join the clergy in the declaration they had sent up against Lord Harrowby's amendment; and now they must move heaven and earth to get an impressive array of signatures representative of both the clerical and lay portions of the Church. But the result was a marked failure, of which the *Times* took note. "Although," said that journal, "14,960 of the clergy have signed the clerical petition, and have carried out a most energetic canvass to obtain signatures to the lay declaration, they have only succeeded in collecting 28,192 lay signatures, or rather less than two a-piece." This intrepid

band, representative forsooth of the Church of the *nation*, at a crisis in the history of her monopoly, adopted the motto, 'No surrender!' as their war cry; and marched off forthwith to the Primate with their declaration, but that dignitary rather damped their ardour by telling them that, "whilst 'No surrender!' was a very good cry, he had known that cry so often followed by a complete surrender that he was exceedingly sorry to hear it; because it seemed a preparation for giving up the whole thing."

By the decision on Mr. Morgan's motion, the question was disposed of for the Session; neither did the subsequent discussion out of doors assume a very eager character. It was not wholly lost sight of by ecclesiastical bodies; but no new feature was added to the movement. Old opinions were repeated, some saying one thing, some another, one party in the Church regretting the extreme vehemence with which the other resisted all compromise.

At the beginning of the Session of the present year, the House of Commons had before it no less than *six* Burials Bills, four of them emanating from Conservative members, but not one of them a ministerial measure. The fact that so many bills were given notice of is sufficient to prove the irrepressible character of the question, and that having been well ventilated for some time in Parliament, parties are by no means willing, as some might surmise, to let it fall into abeyance. It may be confusing to the public to have so many measures on one question before the House at the same time; but a little attention to their characteristics will be sufficient to enable us to distinguish their respective merits, or demerits. Two of these Bills need not be mentioned here at all, as they deal only with the local control of cemeteries and the gift of land by land-owners for a burial-ground, and do not profess to touch the grievance of Nonconformists at all. Mr. Morgan's Bill, which is one of the six, embodies all that Nonconformists claim, and concedes to them the same right to inter their dead with their own religious services, conducted by their own ministers, in the parochial churchyard which they possess in the unconsecrated part of cemeteries. But it is likely that the opportunity may not occur of taking the opinion of the House of Commons on it. There remains three other Bills, the leading features of which we will briefly indicate. Mr. Ritchie's Bill provides that a burial may take place in any churchyard, with such Christian and orderly religious services as the relatives may think fit. This, however, can be done only with the permission of the parochial clergyman; so that his antipathies, or prejudices, or opinion would be the pivot on which the parochial working of the measure would turn; and from the attitude of 15,000 clergy in the declaration of the Church Defence Institution, we know what the result in numerous cases would be; and moreover, this new feature would begin to appear, that there would be one law in one parish and another in a second, and still further, this anomaly, that the degree of liberty granted to Nonconformists might change in the same parish with a change of clergymen. This Bill stands for reading on the 26th of March; and its fate it is not difficult to divine. In fact, it is one of those half measures that could not be expected, if passed, to finally settle the question, and which are only helpful to a Government by enabling them to show a certain amount of consideration for what is influentially demanded, and at the same time postpone indefinitely its final and complete adjustment.

The fate of Mr. Balfour's Bill our readers, who keep abreast of questions affecting the interests of Nonconformists already know. It came forward on the 19th of February, as a measure of a conservative member, and his friends succeeded in getting rid of it by the "easy argumentative device of talking it out"! No one will regret this, since it was "an incomplete and grudging concession, made in the interests of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, rather than of religious equality, to what is admitted to be a reasonable and irresistible demand" (*Daily News*, Feb. 20th.) It conceded the principle of Mr. Morgan's Bill, and, so far, damaged the position of the government; but what it gave with one hand it withdrew with the other. It provided that the religious service should be agreeable with the usages of the religious society of which the deceased was a member, and therefore it might happen that though all his friends were Nonconformists, yet if the deceased had not been a Nonconformist too, there could be no Nonconformist service. Or he might be a Christian not connected with any church, or not even a professed Christian at all, in which case the church-service would have to be used, or none at all. And the Bill was open to the further objection that it would be difficult in some instances

to decide what the usages of a religious society were. And, moreover, the concessions granted by the former part of the Bill are largely withdrawn by the restrictions of the provisions contained in the latter part of it, which are these, that the permission granted to Dissenters be imperative in cases where the churchyard, or part of it, has been acquired by gift, or by voluntary contributions within fifty years; or at an earlier date, if it were expressly stated that the gift had been bestowed exclusively for burials to take place with the burial service of the Church of England; and another provision was that the Bill be imperative in case there exists, or shall hereafter be provided, a cemetery within three miles of the churchyard; so that if the family-grave were in the parish churchyard, Nonconformists must, if they would avail themselves of it, submit still to the Church Burial Service in case there be a cemetery within a radius of three miles.

Mr. Monk's Bill, which is less satisfactory still, was disposed of in the House of Commons on Thursday, February 27th, and was rejected on a division of 60 against 129. Briefly put, it provided that a bit of ground should be added to the parish churchyard, and remain unconsecrated and distinctly marked-off from the older and hallowed part by a boundary-wall or iron railings; and would thus make matters worse by extending to every parish in England the disgraceful sectarian distinction witnessed in our cemeteries.

This, then, is the present aspect of this long agitated and important question. All parties desire to see it settled, and settled finally, and in such a way as to entail as little bitterness as possible on any section of the community. The attitude of Nonconformists may well be one of "patient expectancy." They have waited long, and have striven manfully, and they have been rewarded by seeing the House of Lords go decisively with them, and not a few influential clergymen as well. They have seen a Government with a large majority, for the most part, hostile to change, and favourable even to reaction, so far recognising their claims as to introduce a measure which, however infelicitous, has aided their cause by the education of the public mind through the enlightened debate to which it gave rise. Even the position of affairs in the present Session is not discouraging to them; for it has in the way the Commons have treated the two Bills already disposed of shown that half-measures have no chance of being accepted as a final solution of the difficulty. The very silence of the Government is encouraging, since it is—as we understand it—a virtual acknowledgment that the question cannot be effectually disposed of save by a Bill that shall concede the right which Nonconformists claim; and because they, through fear of the 15,000 clergy whose support they may be glad of at the next General Election, cannot take the responsibility of such a measure, they will do nothing; and they will leave it to their opponents, by and bye, when they shall be again in power, to bring about the only conclusion of the controversy that is possible. Is this the significance of the silence of the Government? If it is, then the Liberal party have no reason to be dissatisfied; for has it not been their function to set long-standing ecclesiastical disputes at rest? This noble duty is their traditional work; and, unless the present Government arouse itself in the last hour to forestall them in the discharge of so noble a task—which does not appear to us likely—it will be for the Liberal party ere long to win new honours by wiping out the clerical exclusiveness that is still suspiciously clung to at the graves of deceased loved ones in no civilised country in the world save our own.

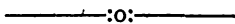
March 12th.

J. H. BATT.

* * Our space is exhausted, so that several short articles must of necessity be laid aside. The marriage of the Duke of Connaught, the disastrous floods in Hungary, the Afghan and Zulu Wars, Sir Wilfred Lawson's "local option" resolution, were among the subjects dealt with.



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.



THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.

THERE was a time when a traveller could start at Alexandria, in Egypt, and, following the basaltic pavements of the Roman highways, broken only by brief trips on the sea, reach Carthage and the Straits of Gibraltar, roll across the plains and hills of Spain and France, sail over the surly English Channel, go northward to the barbaric borders of Scotland, then return through Leyden and Cologne to Milan, and thence drive his unmolested chariot under the shadows of the Alps and Balkans to Constantinople, and through turbulent Asia Minor to Antioch, and thence over the Lebanon range and along the Syrian plain and the green valley of the Nile to Alexandria again—a distance of more than 7,000 miles. Throughout the empire the majesty of Rome, as Pliny proudly declares, was the shield of the wayfarer in every place. Epictetus and the Alexandrian Philo dwell with rapture on the security of the traveller and the facility of intercourse in the Roman world. “Cæsar,” writes the Stoic philosopher, “has procured us a profound peace. There are neither wars, nor battles, nor great robberies, nor piracies; but we may travel at all hours, and sail from east to west.” Modern scholars are never weary of extolling the magnificence of the Roman Empire, and the unity it gave to the law and trade and political principles of the nations under its sway. Greek scholars kept school in Spain. The women of a Roman colony in Switzerland employed a goldsmith from Asia Minor. In the cities of Gaul were Greek painters and sculptors. Gauls and Germans served as a body-

MAY, 1879. N

guard of a Jewish king at Jerusalem.* In the reign of Claudius an embassy came to Rome from a prince of the Island of Ceylon.

Such was the ancient unity of mankind. But what is the modern?

From Rome to the Cataracts of the Nile there stretched a distance so vast that the ancient imagination used to faint over it; but this distance is only equal to that from St. Louis to San Francisco. Rome and Athens are not as far apart as New York and Chicago. Rome and London are not as far from each other as Boston and St. Louis. Plymouth Rock and Pike's Peak are further apart than the Coliseum and the Pyramids. The surf of the Bay of Fundy and the waterfalls of the Yosemite are more distant from each other than London and Thebes, or than the Straits of Gibraltar and the frosty Caucasus. The chariot could not be driven around the outmost roads of the Roman world in less than 100 days; but in less than that time the steamship and the locomotive, however unpoetic they may seem in contrast with the wheels on which Cæsar rode, can now be driven around the globe.

What was the effect of the ancient unity of nations? Assimilation in law, language, trade, and social custom. A vague feeling of human brotherhood. Terence, before a turbulent Roman audience, once happened to pronounce the line, "I am a man, and I regard nothing that concerns man as foreign to me;" and the populace, accustomed to savage fights in the Coliseum—a populace degraded by a mythology in which the gods were represented as lepers; a populace sunk in the luxurious forms of barbarism characteristic of old Rome—applauded the strange sentiment. Celsus, however, one of the early opponents of Christianity, when the question came before him whether any one religion could ever be adopted for the world, answered his own inquiry by a sneer: "Whoever believes that such a religion is possible is insane."

What is to be the effect of the modern unity of nations? What are the opportunities of Christianity now as compared with those it had in Cæsar's vaunted day? How shall the question of Celsus be answered face to face with a world girdled with achievements of which Rome never dreamed? When Paul died, the Roman rim of land around the Mediterranean was the world; and scholars have been taught and, I think, they have allowed the public to rest too long in an enthusiasm concerning that ancient opportunity utterly out of proportion to its size. Nobody knows how many people were in the Roman Empire at its best; but the estimates vary from eighty to one hundred and twenty millions. Take the average, and Paul had an opportunity of reaching, under the shield of the Roman power, fewer people than will be in the United States alone at the

* Friedlander, "*Sittengeschichte Roms*."

second American centennial. We fall into acclamations over the achievements of the Roman Empire, and our scholars dwell with fervour on the influence of the unity of Rome upon the spread of Christianity in the first century ; but we are very inadequately moved when asked to contemplate the growing lines of intercommunication between modern continents, on which there is now not a single foreign shore.

Whoever will glance at a map of the routes of ocean traffic will see that the world is fast becoming commercially a unit. The vast interests of ocean transit and the yet vaster of land transit are every year more closely interwoven. The United States and Great Britain, if they unite against piracy on the oceans, will be united against all war on the land. Pompey and Cæsar, it used to be said, had cleared the Mediterranean of pirates. Great Britain and the commercial interests of the United States, it may now almost be said, have cleared all oceans of pirates. Whoever looks at the lines of ocean transit, shooting out in thick warp and woof from coast to coast, will see the shuttles of Almighty Providence weaving the whole world into a commercial unity far closer than ever existed under Cæsar in the Roman Empire.

By a preconcerted arrangement, the shores of nearly every sea, and multitudes in the chief cities of the planet, were united yesterday in prayer for the evangelization of the world. Christian union was the theme of the hour. It appears to be also the theme of the supreme powers who govern the ages.

I have no means of judging of the future of prophecy except by the past. Two points are incontrovertible—that prophecy has been fulfilled, and that we have reason, therefore, to believe that it will be again. I open a Book three thousand years old, and I read that the stone cut out of the mountain shall fill the whole earth. That prophecy has come to pass. I read that there will be a day when a kingdom shall be given to a religion founded in a specified centre of the world. That day has come. Here is a Book, whether you call it inspired or not, which predicted the coming of this kingdom long before the first upstretching aurora of its light was seen above the East. That Book has kept its promise with the nations. It has other promises yet unfulfilled. It will keep those also. When I look at the map of the world, and see the shuttles of intercommunication among nations thrown out north, south, east and west, I hear the unfolding of the leaves of prophecy. The time has come when knowledge is increased, and many run to and fro. It is within the power of the Christians now on the globe to cause the gospel to be preached to every living human creature before the end of this century.

What has Providence meant in carrying forward all the years of human history according to a given plan? I believe that what God does He from the first intended to do. When I sat under Abraham's oak, at Hebron, I opened the Scriptures, and read that from a chosen man should spring a chosen family; and that from a chosen family should spring a chosen race; and that from a chosen race should spring a founder of a new religious empire; and that out of a chosen race should thus come a chosen religion; and that this religion should embrace the earth. There stood the prophecies on the pages which I opened under the Syrian skies. No one doubts that these predictions were written ages before the date at which they began to be fulfilled. They are numerous and full of details. Prophecies concerning the dispersion of the Jews. Rationalism drops them like hot iron every time it dares to discuss them. As I sat three hours alone under Abraham's oak, and read these statements concerning chosen man, family, nation, and religion, I could not but be impressed, I will not say with the feeling of superstition, but certainly with those of awe and terror, and faith and hope. I revered straightforward thinking, and looked at the page of history. I could not but say that these mysterious prophecies have come to pass. There was a chosen man. There was a chosen family. There was a chosen nation. There has come from that nation a chosen religion. It is spreading over the world. When I looked upward towards the sky, through the boughs of the oak, and remembered how under one of the progenitors of that tree Abraham entertained angels unawares, I could not but feel that human history casting out its boughs in every direction—in Asia, in Europe, in America, and in the isles of the sea—is under the control of a mysterious providence, and that God, who has for three thousand and four thousand years so conducted human affairs as to bring into power a certain set of religious opinions, will go on doing that in time to come. I shall not, for one, drop into anxiety at any little reactionary eddy, when I find that an irresistible gulf-current, bursting out of the tropics of human history, is moving in one direction, and has been so moving for thousands of years.

Fasten attention upon the day when Abraham sat under the oaks at Hebron, and the day when Paul went out of the Ostian gate to die, and upon our present day. Three points determine the circumference of any curve. Draw a circle through these three points—Abraham's oak, the Ostian gate when Paul went through it, and the present hour—and I undertake to say that any man who loves clear ideas and will stand at the centre of that historical circle will be thrown into awe before the fulfilment of prophecy. I set no dates. Prophecy is, perhaps, never adequately explained except by

its fulfilment. I will not attack the devout scholars who have lately in a prophetic conference discussed these topics with great learning and earnestness. Much mischief, no doubt, may come from mysticism on the topic of prophecy ; but more mischief may come from our coldness, from our indifference on this theme, and from our unwillingness to look upon the absolutely overawing facts that prophecy has been fulfilled, that as the past has been so the future will be, and that as God has kept so He will continue to keep His word with us. The same mysterious predictions which have been fulfilled to the letter for four thousand years, foretell also the enswathing of the globe with a kingdom which now very nearly touches arms around it.

Nay, I may affirm that the arms already touch. Suppose that Lord Beaconsfield obtains what he says he is seeking—a scientific boundary for India, or the Himalayas as a barrier against attack from the north. England is now led by a political party greatly blind to what is just. When the pride of the average Briton is offended, his conscience easily goes to sleep. England fears attack from Russia, or it is the scheme of her present rulers to cause her to do so. The anticipation that some day a troublesome attack may be made on British power in the East by Russia, is causing not a few good men on the other side of the Atlantic to hold their peace while what I call (you may have your own opinion ; I do not ask you to adopt mine) an unjust attack is made on Afghanistan. If, however, in time past, the evil that men have done has sometimes been overruled ; if the mischief Cæsar and Pompey did was of indirect use in the production of peace around the Mediterranean ; if that peace was used as a platform on which early Christianity took its place ; if in every age the purposes of the Supreme Power have been approaching accomplishment, no matter how men have acted, we must regard it, I think, as probable that out of the turmoil in the East will come in some way an advance of the divine plan to give the globe to Christianity.

If there should be a scientific frontier obtained for Northern India, any attack on British power in the East will be rendered well-nigh impossible. It is not from little Cyprus that Great Britain is to resist Russia ; it is not even from the Bosphorus that she can successfully protect herself against the great power of the north. I suppose military men are very well agreed with Lord Beaconsfield in the opinion that it is from Afghanistan that British power in the East must obtain its security.

Give England a firm frontier in the Himalayas ; let that gigantic mountain-barrier prevent a land attack on her Eastern Empire, and then, since there can be no naval attack on her with any success,

the future of Asia Minor, of Persia, of India, and of all the torrid seaboard of Asia, will be determined under British, and, I may say, under American influences. We have a deep foothold of our own in Asia Minor. British and American fashions in politics, education, and religion will be carried steadily on towards China so surely as the scientific barrier is established in Afghanistan. Thus, as Homer said, the plan of the gods is advancing. Who dare stand in the way of that plan? The unity of mankind is asserting itself more and more; and who shall resist it?

A Cabinet at Washington, it is said, talks haughtily to China, and desires to have the Burlingame treaty modified, or perhaps abrogated. China will not consent to its modification. If we choose to abrogate it, she cannot resist; and I suppose there is great danger that the Burlingame treaty will be abrogated, out and out, and that America, under the lead of a bloodthirsty mob on the Pacific coast and fifth-rate politicians there, will shut our doors on the Pacific to emigrants willing to earn their own living. I do not purpose to discuss the Chinese question. I hope to go to California in June, to act as your outlook committee on that subject. America has in California a door to China; America, in Asia Minor, has already opened a door to the sunset side of Asia. If Providence is proposing the regeneration of Asia by the increase of American and British influence along the Asiatic seaboard; if all the signs in the world, in short, show that there must be relations of justice between China and the United States, and our Cabinet at Washington, wishing to save the vote of California in a national election, does differ from the Supreme Power, and is ready to do an act of injustice, the ultimate result will be that not the hoodlums of San Francisco and not even the Cabinet will triumph over the plan of history.

The unity of mankind will assert itself more and more. The day will come when there will be just relations between the whole Asiatic seaboard and America and England. When that time arrives, who does not know that the American school and the British and American missionary societies will be welcome to the Asiatic coast? Who does not see that lines of steamships will bring labour there into new demand? Who does not see a commercial regeneration slowly preparing for Asia? Who does not find in the gulf-current bursting out of the time of Abraham through that of Paul and Cæsar, and down to our day, an indication of our duty, not merely to missions, and not merely towards Great Britain when she carries her power into Asia Minor, but also towards the hoodlums of California, and towards all who would lead us into a policy of injustice, of narrowness, and of barbarity? Let us not

set ourselves against the Supreme Power. When the gulf-current of history gathers its strength against any impediment, as in the case of slavery, and builds itself up behind the bulwark, we know how at last obstacles give way and devastation follows.

Let Americans place no obstacles in the way of the unity of mankind. If the plan of the Supreme Power for the regeneration of Asia must dam itself up behind the barrier of American political exclusiveness, or behind the bulwark of American penuriousness in supporting schools at home and abroad, the overturn of these impediments will give us trouble. Let us make no attempt to place obstacles before the gulf-current of history. Let it have free course; let it move out of the tropics in time to come, as it has in time past; let it flow to every coast of the globe! Let us launch our fleets upon it and float with it. The Christian world has now knelt down to pray seven days for the free course of a gulf-current proceeding from Abraham's time, through Cæsar's, to our own; and a sufficient reason for believing that the petitions will be granted is that there is prophecy that they shall be, and that prophecy in all the past has been fulfilled to the letter.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.**

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

January 30th, 1877.

MY DEAR B——, —In my last letter I promised you a few notes on the theory of the immense antiquity of man, which is being paraded with so much boasting, and with such an air of triumph by certain scientific men in the present day. There has been a good deal of fear and trembling on the part of many Christian people as to what is to become of Moses and the Pentateuch. By the bye, how many times of late has the Pentateuch been "*done for?*" It is something marvellous the way in which it has managed to survive the annihilating processes to which it has been subjected. If it had not been proved to a demonstration that there never was such a thing as a miracle, and never can be, one would be strongly tempted to believe that there was something of the miraculous about it.

The fact does, however, remind one, very forcibly, of that remarkable phenomenon of which the Pentateuch speaks, viz., the bush burning with fire, yet *unconsumed*, and the question at once suggests itself to the mind, if the explanation of the one may not, after all, be the explanation of the other.

For some time past, I have been very much struck with the readiness, I had almost said *eagerness*, with which certain of our philosophers adopt a theory which gives the lie direct to the teachings of

* From Part XII. of the famous Monday Lectures, just published by Mr. Dickinson, and which amply sustain Mr. Cook's great reputation.

the Bible. It is enough, in fact, it could not have a higher recommendation for them, if one may judge from the unseemly haste with which they welcome it, than such antagonism to the Book which claims to be the Word of God. If the Bible were the worst of books, and carried a withering, blighting curse wherever it went; if it were the most stupendous element of evil to be found in society; if it lived only to degrade and enslave men; if it were the sworn foe of all virtue, and the patron of all vice; the enemy of all liberty, and the friend of every species of despotism, they could not manifest greater malignity towards it, could not be more eager to overthrow it. Surely men might show a little gratitude to the Book which, all will admit, has played a most important part in the moulding of our civilization; a book which, according to their own professions, was the inspiration and the life of the grandest heroes of our history; the men who wrested liberty from the strangling grasp of tyrants, and, baptizing it with their own tears, and sealing it with their own blood, handed it down as a glorious heritage to their children, a heritage which is the birthright of every Englishman to-day. Who can measure the indebtedness of our country to the Bible? When I trace its benign influence on our literature and our morals, and observe its handiwork in our magnificent institutions which are the admiration of the world, I cannot but call in question both the policy of the course which certain individuals pursue towards it, and the taste which they manifest.

We have scientific men among us who seem to regard it as their special work to set science in opposition to the Bible, and in no department is this being done on a larger scale than in geology. Consequently, geology has received the ban of many good people as "the science of scepticism." Of course, you will say this is very foolish, and so it is, but, on the other hand, you cannot wonder at it when you consider the provocation which is being continually given.

As believers in the Bible, however, we may find comfort in the fact that, hitherto, Christian scientists have been more than a match for the anti-Christian. No sooner is the Christian citadel assailed than a host of able defenders appear on the scene. The very armoury from which the weapons of attack have been brought, has supplied the Christian with his weapons of defence. And so the opposition has been met, and the truth vindicated. I do not say that these sceptical theories do no harm; doubtless a great deal of injury has been done to individual minds; but the truth is safe. We need not fear for that. So far it has survived the assaults of its enemies, and in most instances their *memory* also, and it will stand in the future as it has stood in the past.

I am satisfied that the eminent names associated with this theory of man's immense antiquity has done more to secure for it a respectful hearing than the *evidence* which has been advanced in its favour. But the eminent names are not all on *one* side. From the way in which some of the believers in this theory talk, and the amount of crowing they perform—and they are, many of them at least, perfect masters of this highly interesting art,—you would suppose that all

the authority and argument were on their side of the question. Their innocent ignorance of such names as Cuvier, Davy, Buckland, Hitchcock, Miller, Phillips, and many others I might mention is most amusing.

And how recklessly they talk of time. "Time costs nature nothing," we are told, and as one critic has remarked, "it seems to cost these speculators just as little." A few thousand years are neither here nor there. Wainwright gives us a good joke in his "Christian Certainty,"—an admirable book, by the way, on the Christian evidences which every young man should read. Referring to Old Hundred's boast of the Gordon equipage with eight horses, which some one ventured to contradict as a gross exaggeration, the old fellow replied, "You say much more I'll make sixteen on 'em." Our opponents have no difficulty whatever in making "sixteen on 'em." They have an unlimited supply of ciphers at their command. The Mosaic Chronology! Why it is a mere "flea-bite." One can hardly understand how Moses should have been content with such a *fragment* when he had an *eternity* on which to draw. Had it not been for his excessive modesty, instead of the paltry six *thousand* years, we might have had six *million* which would have sounded a trifle more imposing; at any rate it would have been a small contribution towards meeting the ambitious demands of his critics.

Ah, my friend, it is sad, it is most humiliating to see men who profess to be in search of *facts* dealing so largely in *fiction*; claiming to be philosophers, yet so wanting in the *philosophic spirit*.

But now as to the evidence on which I am asked to throw aside the chronology of the Pentateuch; evidence which we are told has so clearly established the great antiquity of man. Of what does it consist? Is it of such a character that there is no alternative, as lovers of truth are we bound to accept it? Does the evidence consist of *facts which are indisputable*, or of *calculations and conjectures* based on data which are *wholly fictitious*? Is it solid rock, or is it mere shifting sand on which the theory rests?

Take for instance the "chronometers" by which geologists measure out time,—how far can such "chronometers" be regarded as reliable?—such as the alluvial deposits of rivers, and land elevations. Take river deposits: Having *supposed* the per-centage of sediment borne down by the river, and the volume of water, delivered in a year, and then, *supposing* the depth of the deposit to be so and so, our learned friends have no difficulty whatever in determining the number of years such deposit has been in formation. Admirable! No difficulty! I should think not. What could be easier? To say nothing of the convenience of being able to make up in *suppositions*, what is wanting in *ascertained facts*.

But what, if some others having an equal right to do so, should suppose the contrary! For while Hutton and Lyell and others demand some hundreds of thousands of years for the formation of the deposits of the Nile and Mississippi, Cuvier, Beaumont and others, declare that six thousand years are ample to meet the requirements of the case. Some years ago pieces of burnt brick and of pottery were discovered in alluvial deposits of the Nile some

seventy feet deep. A certain geologist made his calculations, and arrived at the conclusion, which he published to the world, that these pieces of pottery must be at least 12,000 years old. Afterwards it was discovered that they were of a date far advanced in the Christian era.

As it regards the gradual elevation of mountains, and continents, it is *assumed* that such elevations have proceeded at *one uniform rate*, in different countries, and at different times. Who can fail to see that calculations based on such assumptions, are altogether untrustworthy. To use the illustration of another, "It is much the same as if a man finding that an individual nearly six feet in height had grown only half an inch last year, were to conclude that he must be 140 years old." What reason is there to suppose that the law of change has ever been the same, that it has never known any interruption? Have we not good reason for believing the contrary? Take for instance the present appearance of the earth's surface. Does that speak of *one uniform* rate of change? does it not give evidence to the contrary? And what of the earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, and terrible inundations, which have taken place in historic times! Have not these been of sufficient magnitude to show us the absurdity of concluding that all past change has been after one uniform rate? May we not reasonably suppose that these mighty forces which have wrought such convulsions in modern times, acted in remote ages "with much more intensity, much more frequently, and over a much larger surface" than at present? Most certainly the *uniformitarian* theory will not hold water. It affords very unsafe ground for the dogmatic assertions which its advocates are continually making. I say to such: "Gentlemen, I do not quarrel with you for speculating, if you have a gift in that direction exercise it by all means, to the best of your ability, and to the full extent of your desire, only be honest enough to admit that your statements are no other than speculations, and do not have the effrontery to set me down as an idiot because I refuse to your guesses all the weight of *established facts*."

Very great stress is laid on the renowned flint instruments, discovered some years ago, principally at Abbeville, in the valley of the Somme, in a gravel bed about twenty feet beneath the surface. Now it has been questioned whether these flints are human relics, and there are, I believe, geologists who question it to this day. It certainly does seem strange that while a quantity of animal remains have been found in the same drift in close proximity with these flints, no *human* remains have been found. As one has remarked, "It is very suspicious that there should be such multitudinous flint instruments and no body to use them. The whole race for ages seems to have manufactured little else than these instruments, and then to have vanished body and soul together." There is no reason whatever why man's remains should have all perished, while the remains of animals have been preserved. His bones are of the same chemical composition as theirs, and are therefore no more liable to decay.

But admit that many of these flint instruments are genuine

human relics, What then? It yet remains to be proved that the manufacturers and the animals, whose remains have been discovered in the same drift, *were contemporaneous*. Some very able geologists are not prepared to admit that they were. I may be told that it would be difficult for me to prove that they were *not*. Just so, but on the other hand, my opponents would find it just as difficult to prove that they *were*. And I leave the one difficulty to answer the other. But granting that the workers of the flints and extinct animals were contemporaneous, What then? Is the immense antiquity of man made out? By no means. I cannot forget that prior to the discovery of these human relics, this same drift was regarded by geologists as of considerable antiquity *solely* because no human remains were found in it, and now that such remains have been discovered, is it fair to argue therefrom the antiquity of man? The proper inference is that, instead of man being *more ancient* than he was supposed to be, the drift is *more modern*. And this is the view which some eminent geologists take of the question. They tell us that there is good reason to believe that the huge creatures whose remains have been brought to light, have not been extinct so long as has been supposed. And there is much to be said in support of this view. Take the case of the Mammoth discovered in Siberia in 1799. "It was in a perfect state of preservation; its flesh was raw and bloody, although for years it had been a prey to bears and foxes. The skin was entire, and required ten men to lift it. It was covered with hair fourteen inches long, and the remains of the brain were still in the cavity of the skull."

Then there is the case of the Tomb of Aurignac, which was discovered in 1852. "It was a natural rock-cave or recess of no great extent, closed artificially by a vertical slab of stone. Within it were the remains of seventeen human beings, mostly in a sitting posture, according to the custom of the rudest nations. They were intermixed with works of art in flint and bone, and with bones of extinct species of the greater quadrupeds. Outside the stone portal similar bones of the lower animals occurred, many of them split up in the manner employed by savages for the extraction of marrow, but these were intermixed with no human relics, though accompanied by evident marks of fire."

What is the conclusion to which these remarkable facts point? This most assuredly, that the age of these huge creatures *cannot* be regarded as at *such an immeasurable distance from our own*, as some geologists suppose.

The fact that such creatures are extinct gives us no clue to the age of their remains. The Dodo, for instance, has become extinct within the last century or two. It is perfectly gratuitous to conclude that, because such and such creatures are extinct, therefore immense ages must have elapsed since such extinction became an accomplished fact.

I cannot, therefore, admit that the advocates of the great antiquity of man have made out their case. I must have far weightier evidence than any which I have yet seen, ere I throw overboard the Pentateuch, and place my Bible in the list of old wives' fables.

So far the Bible has held its own against all its assailants. It pursues its course, as unmoved by the carping criticisms of its enemies, as the moon by the barkings of the impudent cur.

It must be very discouraging to those gentlemen who have undertaken to enlighten the world on the follies and contradictions of the Bible, to behold the infinitesimal success which has attended their labours and those of their predecessors. The *blind persistency* with which the vast majority of men cling to the Book, and the *stupid prejudice* which they show for it are enough to fill them with disgust. I am satisfied, were it not for their great *faith*, they would throw up their toil, and leave mankind undisturbed in their folly. WORK OF FAITH indeed! Surely if it is anywhere it is *HERE*.

Yours truly,

B. W. KRAL.

THE DEVIL IN CHURCH.

(Continued from page 158.)

III.—THE DEVIL'S PRAYER IN CHURCH.

"And he cried out, saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" There were two properties of this prayer that should belong to all prayer, must to all real and effectual prayer. It was *earnest and social*. "He cried out, let us alone." It is possible to pray fervently, and yet pray in vain. It is *what* we wish and *why*, not *how much*; not the *strength* but the *character* of our desires, that determines the goodness of our prayers. It is the "fervent" prayer that "availeth much," but only "if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." And we may ask for others as well as for ourselves, and not acceptably. Christ describes the rich man "in torment" praying for his "father's house," and his five brethren. Benevolence is not religion; and we may pity others' miseries, especially if shared by ourselves, without loving God.

It was a devilish prayer, one suited to the offerer. "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee?" There might be *fear* in this. On another occasion, demons said to Him, "Art Thou come to torment us before the time?" "And they besought Him, that He would not command them to go out into the deep"—the abyss. They knew that He was to "cast out the prince of this world," and to destroy the works of the devil. They recognised in Him their future Judge. The "unclean spirit" felt abashed and afraid in the presence of the Holy One. Men have prayed this prayer under the influence of fear. When Peter beheld the miraculous draught of fishes, he prayed, "*Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*" I say it is a devilish prayer. The devil has no objection to it. He inspires it. To separate the sinner from the Saviour, to breed distrust and dread of Christ in the sinner's heart, is his object. Let it be gained, and you are lost! "Woe unto them when I depart from them!" The prayer which the Spirit of God breathes into

us, is—"Leave me *not* alone; draw near to me, help me to come unto Thee; cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."

Not only fear, but *wickedness*, prompted this prayer. The demon wished not to be dislodged, wished to be allowed to go on tormenting and ruining this wretch. And so in the case of the legion, they besought Him that He would not send them away out of the country, and that "He would suffer them to enter into the swine." They wished to do more mischief there. This *is* wickedness, pure wickedness, devilish wickedness, to ask to permit a continuance of malicious mischief, to find "torment" in not being allowed to continue it. You may not be equal to this, but you may wish Christ to let you alone that you may sin, and not torment you by making you give up sins. The Gadarenes, whose unlawful property in swine He had destroyed, "prayed Him that He would depart out of their coasts;" and we read of wicked men who "say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." That is, not that they *say* it but *do* it. Prayer is *desire*, and desire in deeds is as good prayer as desire in words, and, if actions speak louder than words, better. Men say unto Christ, *so that He can hear*, "Leave us alone to sin," when they *do* sin, when they go into scenes of sin, when they quench thoughts and feelings that are against sin, when they avoid or oppose those who warn them of sin. This is prayer without the form of prayer; and it is *a devil's prayer*; a prayer the devil likes, and quickens; loves to listen to, and to see answered.

IV.—THE DEVIL'S EXCOMMUNICATION.

The Saviour rebuked him, and commanded him to come out of his victim; "And when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came out of him, and hurt him not;" convulsed him even in leaving him, and doing as much harm as possible, in his last momentary opportunity; as an evil-disposed out-going tenant damages a house as much as may be, or as a defeated city or garrison fires the place before quitting it. But depart he must, however loth to do it; and he may not "hurt" him more, however he may convulse him.

What an expulsion! Before all the people—like a detected spiritual burglar, who has broken into a man. If a devil could blush, that poor maniac would have been well-nigh transfigured with shame. And by *a word* only. Well might the people be amazed and whisper to each other, "What a word is this! for with authority and power He commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out." This is the most wonderful and comforting of all Christ's miracles; no wonder the belief in this power lasted longest in the church. The obedience of devils. Oh! it was much to work by words in the lower sphere of matter, to disturb the order of nature, and heal the sick, and raise the dead; it was more by words to awe and abash evil men, to repel the Jewish trafficker from His "Father's house," and prostrate the Roman soldiers sent to seize Him; but oh! it was far more; more in Him and more to us, to command the spirits thus. The Apostles sometimes failed; even when Christ was returning from the mount of transfiguration, they

were being humbled at its base. They could not cast out the dumb and deaf spirit; the "kind" that "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting;" but Jesus "charged" and he withdrew. Let us rejoice in the Lord of spirits, and not be afraid. It is true of Christ as God, and of power as knowledge; "Hell and destruction are before the Lord; how much more the hearts of the children of men!" But this expulsion was in vain. The demon "trembled," but did not repent. His presence there was malice; and he vented malice in departing, sinned further while obeying Christ. No wonder. There is nothing more hardening than malice; and no place more hardening than a church. And so he went to his former haunts and former companions, perhaps to "spirits more wicked than himself," "seeking rest, and finding none," to "remain in the congregation of the dead."

And this came of his *orthodoxy*; for it was without fruit, and "faith without works is dead, being alone." And this came of his *prayer*, for it was without faith. He "asked and had not, because he asked amiss, that he might consume it upon his lusts." And so will *your* faith fail, if it be allied with impurity, and disobedience, and malice, hateful passions, and hurtful lusts. And your prayer, if of selfishness or fear, will come to naught. Think not that you will obtain anything of God, if He answer it will be in His wrath.

Brethren. This expulsion was not alone. It was only a token and an act of that great separation of evil and good which is always going on, and will be perfected and perpetuated in the Day of Judgment. Then shall we "discern between the righteous and the wicked," who will be divided as tares and wheat, as sheep and goats, and go away into everlasting punishment or everlasting life. For the Son of Man "shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire," that fire "prepared for the devil and his angels." But there are separations *here*, when "men of corrupt minds" are made manifest," are, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, "delivered unto Satan;" or when good men "withdraw from," and "have no fellowship with," the evil, and leave them to "their own company," to the congenial and assimilating intercourse of those "like-minded" with themselves. And there will be a separation at *death*, when the body returns to the earth, and the spirit unto God who gave it. The same graveyard, perhaps the same grave, contains the dust alike of the saint and the sinner; but how different the conditions, thoughts, and expectations of their souls in the unseen world, looking forward with exultant hope because their "redemption drawing nigh," or anticipating with quivering terror, "the Holy One" to "torment" them. "And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this is also vanity." His life a crime; his religion a fraud; his death a doom. Well may his epitaph be, "Vanity."

"THE LOST TRIBES."

THIS subject is receiving an amount of attention and exciting a measure of interest out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance. The Rev. E. R. Conder has, in three papers in the *Evangelical Magazine*, discussed the matter with much calmness and ability. He proposed at the outset of his inquiry two principal questions, namely, (1) Were the Ten Tribes of Israel ever "*lost*"? (2) Is the distinction between "ISRAEL" and "THE JEWS," which is the main foundation of the marvellous "Anglo-Israel" theory, Scriptural and just? Evidence is adduced which appears to settle both these questions in the negative; that is, that the Ten Tribes were never "*lost*" to historical knowledge, that the name "Jews," or "Judahites," was applied after the return from captivity, to all Israelites, irrespective of tribe distinctions, and that the only *lost tribe* was that of Dan, which was divided in the time of the Judges, and thenceforward vanishes from history, except that it is named in Judges xviii. 30, as sharing the captivity.

In Mr. Conder's view the New Testament amply confirms the foregoing conclusions, and the evidence of this he arranges with unquestionable skill and clearness. He says: "A member of 'the tribe of Asher' is mentioned in Luke ii. 36. Zebulun and Naphtali are referred to in Matt. iv. 13—15 (Isa. ix. 1, 2). The population of Galilee in our Lord's time was very dense; and the Galilæans were as much Israelites (or Jews) as the dwellers in Jerusalem, though despised by the latter as provincial and rustic. They had no connection with the Samaritans; and there is no reason to doubt that they lineally represented a large proportion of the Ten Tribes. The Lord Jesus declared (Matt. xv. 24) that His mission, while upon earth, was 'to the lost sheep of the HOUSE OF ISRAEL,' that is, be it observed, *in the land of Canaan*. He sent His twelve Apostles, in like manner, *on their first missionary tour* (when they were strictly forbidden to cross the frontier of the Holy Land), 'to the lost sheep of the House of Israel' (Matt. x. 5, 6). * Nothing can appear clearer than that our Saviour regarded 'the lost sheep of the House of Israel' (spiritually lost) as inhabiting Galilee and Peræa.

The Apostle Paul (Acts xxvi. 7) refers to the 'Twelve Tribes' as one in religion and hope, 'instantly serving God day and night;' evidently with no suspicion that Ten out of the Twelve were 'lost,' and undergoing conversion into Scythian or Teutonic pagan barbarians. The Apostle James addresses his circular letter 'to the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad,' recognizing the fact that Judah and Levi were as much 'scattered abroad' as their brethren of the other tribes. In Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor (as the history in the Acts of the Apostles abundantly shows), as well as in Babylonia and other parts of the East, multitudes of Jews dwelt. They dwelt there, not as pagans, but as Israelites. We find them

* In this charge to the Twelve (including Judas), vers. 5—15 refer to their *first mission*, confined to a brief period and to the land of Canaan. (Comp. Mark vi. 7—12, 30; Luke xxii. 35, 36.) From v. 16 onward, the reference is to their subsequent labours and sufferings among Gentiles (v. 18) as well as Jews.

assembling in Jerusalem 'out of every nation under heaven' (Acts ii. 5) to keep the yearly feasts. And we find St. Paul, although specially 'the Apostle of the Gentiles,' always addressing his ministry first to his own countrymen, in each city and country, from Cyprus (Acts xiii. 5) to Rome (xxviii. 17-28), in the spirit of our Saviour's charge to the Twelve.

Equally convincing is the proof afforded by the New Testament, that in our Lord's time the name 'Jew' was opposed, not to 'Israelite,' but to 'Gentile,' and applied to all Israel without reference to tribal genealogies (Tit. iii. 9), or to the ancient severance between Judah and Ephraim, who had been fused in the furnace of captivity and affliction into one nation. Thus Our Saviour, speaking of the Covenant nation as a whole says, 'Salvation is of the Jews' (Jno. iv. 22). Speaking of those among whom His personal ministry was exercised, He says 'I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel' (Matt. viii. 10). The Apostle Peter addresses the 'Jews, out of every nation under heaven,' as representing 'all the House of Israel' (Acts ii. 5, 36). Some of these 'Jews' are expressly stated to have been from Parthia, Media, and Mesopotamia, (ver. 9); the very regions to which King Sargon carried the captives of the Ten Tribes, and where many of their descendants continued to dwell. The Jewish Sanhedrim is called 'The senate of the children of Israel' (Acts v. 21). St. Paul, speaking to the 'Men of Israel,' in the Jewish synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia, asserts John the Baptist's preaching to have been 'to all the people of Israel;' and declares that it was necessary to preach first to the Jews, but since they rejected the gospel and kingdom of Messiah, he turned to the Gentiles (Acts xiii. 16, 24, 45-47). The opposition between 'the Jew' and 'the Gentile' (or 'the Greek') is so familiar that it is superfluous to quote passages; but Rom. ii. iii., may be carefully read as an instructive example. In like manner, in chapter x., xi., the Gentiles are opposed to 'Israel' (in x. 12, 'the Jew and the Greek'). But we shall search the New Testament in vain for any opposition between 'Jew' and 'Israelite'; the reason being, that no such distinction remained in fact, or could possibly have entered into the minds of the inspired writers.

In the Gospel of St. John a somewhat peculiar use of the name 'the Jews' is to be noted, as signifying the Jewish authorities. St. Paul uses the phrase in the similar sense (2 Cor. xi. 24; 1 Thess. ii. 14). Somewhat in the same way, we say 'England,' when we mean 'the English Government.'

In a word, in New Testament times, there were no Israelites who were not Jews; and all who were not Jews were Gentiles.

Great numbers of Jews continued to dwell in Babylonia, and also beyond the Tigris, long after Apostolic times. As late as the twelfth century, a learned Spanish Jew, Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, visited Assyria and Persia. Speaking of a congregation of 25,000 Jews in the city of Amaria, he says, 'This congregation forms part of those who live in the mountains of Caphton, which amount to more than one hundred, extending to the frontiers of Media. These Jews are descendants of those who were originally led into captivity

by king Shalmaneser. They speak the Syrian language, and among them are many excellent Talmudic scholars.*

If with this mass of Scriptural and historical facts before us, we choose to imagine some portion, larger or smaller, of the scattered but still united nation of Israel to have become verily 'lost,'—to have separated themselves, under some inscrutable insanity, and by some wholly inconceivable method, from the mass of the nation; to have wandered through Europe, to have lost their religion, their language, their literature, their customs, their distinguishing national rite the Sabbath, the names of their ancestors, and the very name of the LORD God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, and to have emerged, centuries afterwards, into the light of history as fierce, unlettered, heathen sea-rovers and merciless pirates, feasting, and believing that their gods feasted, on pork; the moral and physical antipodes of their Jewish ancestors, loving all that an Israelite would have abhorred, and hating or ignorant of everything which he loved; *then* it is hard to see what possible claim such aliens and outcasts could have to any place in 'the commonwealth of Israel,' or any share in the Divine promises, other than that accorded to all the nations; or what religious interest or benefit could lie in their 'identification,' or indeed interest or benefit of any sort, except the gratification of antiquarian curiosity and the love of the marvellous.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. MOODY'S PRODIGAL BROTHER.

MR. MOODY has often told the following touching story: "The first thing I can remember in my life was the death of my father. He died suddenly one beautiful day in June. He fell dead upon the floor, and it gave me such a shock that I never forgot it. The next thing I can remember was the sickness of my mother, and the third thing was my eldest brother becoming a prodigal. I well remember how that mother mourned over that boy—how she used to send us off to the post office, a mile and a half from where we lived, to see if there was not a letter from him, and how we used to come back day after day bringing the sad tidings, 'No letter.' I remember how we sat round the old family fireside and talked about our father—how he looked and what he used to do. Mother would tell us what he said, and we would sit there as long as she would talk about him; but if anybody mentioned that eldest brother, all would be

* Quoted in Kitto's "Bible History," p. 642. *Amaria* is supposed to be *Halah*. Josephus in one passage (Ant. xi. 5, 2) makes the curious statement, that but *Two Tribes* were subject in Europe to the Romans, and that the *Ten Tribes*, in innumerable multitudes, still dwelt beyond the Euphrates. But in the very same paragraph he states that many returned from Media in the time of Ezra. And *which* "two tribes" does he mean? Judah and Benjamin, or Judah and Levi? In either case, he is wrong. It is a flourish of national pride.

hushed, for the tears used to flow down my mother's face at the mention of his name, and sometimes I would see her turn away to wipe her eyes while she was busy at work ; and sometimes she would say, ' Oh, that I could hear that he was dead. It would be such a relief. I do not know but what he may be in want in some foreign land.'

The house in which we lived was on a hill, and when the wind used to blow mother used to be more sad. She would say, ' Perhaps he is on the ocean, and there may be a gale. He may be exposed to fierce winds to-night.' Many a time I woke up past midnight, and listening, I have heard her pray, ' O God, save my boy ! O God, bring back my boy !' Year after year the mother pleaded to God for the boy, and on Thanksgiving Day, when the nation gives thanks to the Almighty, it is a customary thing for the families of the United States to gather round their boards, and as we used to do so mother always placed one vacant chair for her absent boy. ' Perhaps,' she said, ' he will come back to-day ;' and we used to watch at the window and see if he was coming.

" Long years passed away, and the hair that was once so black began to turn grey, and the step that was once so firm began to tremble. I could see that her trouble was bringing her down to an untimely grave. She was indeed just going down to the grave with a broken heart, such was the love and pity with which her heart used to yearn over the boy. I often thought she loved him more than all the rest of us. The other children grew up and passed away from that village. Her two youngest children were sitting by her side one day, and there was a stranger seen outside the house, and without going upon the piazza, he stood looking in upon that mother that he had not seen for years, and when the mother saw him she did not know him ; but when she saw the tears trickling over the long black beard that had grown in the interval—in those tears she recognised her long-lost boy. She sprang to the window. She said, ' Oh, my son, is it possible you have come back ? Come in, come in.' But there he stood, and he said, ' No, mother, I will never cross your threshold until you forgive me.'

" Young men, do you think that mother forgave that boy ? Ah ! there was not anything in her heart that she wanted to do so much all these long years. She had forgiven him all along, and had not anything to forgive now. She ran to the door, she met him upon the threshold, and threw her loving arms around his neck ; she pressed him to her bosom and wept over him. She would not hear a word of self-reproach from him ; she was only too glad to have him back. When the news reached me in a distant city, I can't tell you how my heart leaped within me for joy ; but the joy that it gave us as a family is nothing to the joy that will be in heaven to-night if you will only come to Christ."

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. SAMUEL STEPHENS.

DIED, February 16th, 1878, aged twenty-seven years, SAMUEL STEPHENS, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Dranes Farm, St. Neot, Liskeard Circuit. Six or seven years previous to his decease, he was converted in a revival at Trenant. All who speak of that ingathering of souls describe it as remarkable for its power, and for the many who then were gathered in to be soon carried up to glory. Two of Br. Samuel's sisters were converted a few days before he was, who two or three years prior to his exit ascended to the great home of the ransomed. It pleased God that he should tarry a little longer, to help to advance the cause of Jesus. It was not enough that he should sow "precious seed" in the Sunday-school; the way was opened before him, that he might go forth with seed-basket and scatter it broadcast over the circuit. As a local preacher—an occasional labourer in "the word and doctrine," he was generally acceptable, and sometimes honoured of God by being used for the conversion of sinners. Preaching once out of his own circuit, the word was with saving power. Hearing it said that the last time he preached at St. Cleer, two persons—a mother and her daughter—were led to pray, I tested its accuracy and found it correct. They are members with us now.

Our Brother seems to have *aimed* at usefulness. He was in the habit of making entries of texts preached from—when and where. On examining those records it appears that the portions selected were such as to give scope for all that was fitted to rouse his audiences. He had no idea of anything worth preaching to guilty men, save the gospel of salvation—that which had saved him, and could save those before whom he stood. It was very fitting therefore that he should begin with the great commission, "Go ye," &c., Mark xvi. 15, 16.

His second text was a message for those who had accepted Christianity, and were trying to do Christian work—a message which he would fain take as well as give:—"And be not weary in well doing," &c. Gal. vi. 9.

He feels he must give encouragement to the godly and warning to the ungodly, which he does by pointing out clearly and impressively as possible the outcome of opposite principles—how things from their nature must swing, one side or the other; the text, "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him," &c. Isa. iii. 10, 11.

Again he takes a passage which his farming pursuits will enable him to illustrate and enforce: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness," &c. Hosea x. 12.

The turning of the Jewish captivity engages his thoughts. He ponders with much interest the grateful acknowledgement, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Psalm

cxixvi. 3. He announces that he wants the captivity of Zion to be turned again. And O that it may be, agreeably with his wish!

After this, his musings seem to have run in the direction of *spiritual* fruitfulness, suggested by a passage which contained a promise of the *literal*. Exo. xxiii. 26.

His sympathies draw forth anew to poor sinners, he enforces the famous invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.

Not seeing them coming as he wishes, he is constrained to sound the faithful alarm. They must "meet God" in regard to the infliction of threatened judgments, except they come to Him through Christ for promised mercy. In earnest tones he echoes and re-echoes the cry, "*Prepare to meet thy God!*" O that those who heeded it not then may be impressed by it now, as if it were coming back to them from the unseen world!

Into that world unseen our brother's thoughts begin to flow more freely. No passing up to eternal glory but through death. All who hear him will soon have to die, himself likewise. To die will be to pass the scenes of more intense life—in bliss or woe, according to character. No annihilation, no sleeping of the spirit in the grave. The text, "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c. Rev. xiv. 13.

No being righteous—no living and dying will, without Christ Jesus, the true Christ—the Saviour able, willing, longing to alter the character and standing of any poor sinner. These are the truths to be rung out as if for the last time, and to be illustrated by personal experience. How suited the text! "We have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world. John iv. 42.

One sermon more—but one—to be as a dying man to a company of the dying, many of whom are living only for the present life. Profit and loss the final theme—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Mark viii. 36, 37.

The estimate formed by many of our brother's preaching abilities may be gathered from the expressed belief that had he lived, "he would have gone out to travel." Instead of that he went *up* to travel, in another sense—

"To range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

Certain members of a class he led when able, have borne very distinct and satisfactory testimony to the character of his own experience, and the value of the counsels he gave them. It makes a vast difference to the utility of the class meeting whether the presiding genius be fresh and fragrant in his own piety or otherwise. If he never, or but rarely, be able to make a statement of his own case, which can be regarded by those to whom it is given as clear and good, how can *his* class meeting be sufficiently spiritual and stimulating? As for the preacher, so for the leader, the baptism of the Holy Ghost is essential. We verily believe it is for lack of this,

more than anything else, that those meetings, so eminently social, soul-cementing, heart-searching and stirring, have with such sad frequency, been allowed to sink into disrepute. Let the leaders get up out of their aguish plans, pitch their own tents on the sunnier, breezier, healthier eminences—"sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" *themselves, and draw their members after them*; then, not till then, will return the palmier days of this blessed institution.

I only had the pleasure of knowing our brother when his public work was done. His health giving way, he went to Torquay, in the hope that a change would bring back the earlier vigour. Physically the benefit proved sadly transient, but if long months of residence midst the beautiful had any favourable influence on mind and heart, then, as regards the higher interests, the advantage was eternal.

Going often to see him, I found he cherished a lively interest in the welfare of the circuit. How the different anniversaries passed off, and how the revival here, there, or elsewhere, was progressing, were things he delighted to know. His experience might be taken as illustrating the statement concerning the refreshing influence of genial intelligence:—"As water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

His health for a year or two may be said to have been in a very doubtful state—now a trifle better, and then a trifle worse. At length rumour said, in confident tones, that a marked change had taken place—sudden and decisive—blighting to all terrestrial hope. Embracing the first opportunity, I went to see him, was struck with the great change effected in a little time, said, "You do not seem to be quite so well as when I saw you last, brother Samuel." While I purposely subdued the expression of my sad feelings, I soon found that he quite understood his case—that he had cast far from him all hope of ever being better in this world. He replied promptly, "*I am not half so well!*" Pausing a second or two, regarding himself as a runner for a prize of ineffable value, he said, "*I'm getting near the winning post!*"

In his thoughts and converse it was more than ever, HEAVEN! Adieu to earth! All hail the world eternal! Another time when I saw him I found him full of questions about the blessed country to the suburbs of which he had arrived. We talked much of *what* heaven is and *where*. Dr. Dick's sublime idea of a great central universe as "the heaven of heavens," "the throne of God," came under review. On coming away I reminded him of the Master's declaration, "Lo, I am with you alway!" And so I left him *in excellent company*. I think I saw him no more. He sank rapidly; till at length three little words told a thrilling tale,—"*He is gone!*"

A friend who visited him in his last illness has sent a note with statements regarding his "dying experience," from which we select the following:—"I always found him with his face lit up with joy. He seemed to enjoy peace and patience in the midst of affliction. The blessed Saviour was precious to him. He always appeared to take the dear Lord at His word. We were talking about revivals, and he said, 'There will soon be a glorious revival in heaven.' He told me to tell the people at Trenant that it was all right; and I

believe it was all right with him. He laboured faithfully for his Lord and Master while he was able, and now he is gone home to reap his reward, where I trust we shall all one day meet again."

Similar to the above is the testimony of the Sunday-school superintendent, who on many an evening spent hours with him by the fireside, and, when the greater weakness came, helped to carry him to his chamber.

His removal was a heavy blow to the family, but they "sorrow not as others which have no hope." His mother writes, "It is over thirteen months since my dear boy passed away to his eternal rest, and I am looking to the time when I shall join his happy company again. I often think the time is not far distant."

He was buried in St. Cleer cemetery, where others of the family lie. Great respect was shown by farmers, tradesmen, and others, who attended in great numbers. A funeral sermon was preached for him in Trenant Chapel, which on the occasion was densely packed. God grant that all the young men around there may catch his spirit, and serve while in vigorous health the one only Master whom he delighted to acknowledge.

S. POLLARD.

MR. THOMAS BERRY.

LIFE—pure life, is full of beauty and attraction. Life made beautiful by divine grace bears a heavenly halo, and emits a fragrance which contributes to the moral good and happiness of the race, and brings glory to God. But life appears to us under such varied aspects—it has its discipline and trials, its defeats and successes, its light and dark shades. How often life is robbed of its beauty, its influence for good destroyed, and its end made either gloomy or fearful by sinful indulgences, and even because persons do not realise the proper mission or true end of life.

Well for the world if all realised life to be a divine gift—a trust—to be used only for the noblest ends. Life is largely made up of trifles—just as the mountain or the shore is made up of grains or atoms. Too often there is so much evil in the life, that we are glad to draw a veil over the scene. We have been impressed by the picture of humanity that can be seen in nature. Spring with its virgin beauty, purity, and promise; so we have youth with rosy cheek, mental energy, and moral force, abounding in the promise of the grandest possibilities for the future. But often it is blighted by vice, and its beauty withers away.

We have summer with its gaiety and bloom, its sunshine and joy; so we have middle life with its vigorous thought, enlarged views, and richer realizations. But too often intemperance, fast living, and forgetfulness of God, blast all our hopes, and supreme desolation reigns in the place of beauty. But autumn comes—and as harvest is the sure evidence of spring and summer, and as the mouth of the river testifies of its source, and the tributaries that feed it—so the autumn of life depends on youth and middle age. A happy and

serene old age is a product of virtue—the result of discipline, conflict, and moral culture ; these only can produce lasting comfort.

As autumn draws near, leaf after leaf falls by decay, until it may be said they are carried away as with a flood, and but a few remain to be shaken by the wintry wind ; and these only hang on for a little time, until some wintry gust comes and carries them away. So it is with the members of our families—here and there we have friends with wrinkled cheeks and silvery locks, who watched the companions of their youth, the pride and joy of their middle life, pass away. “ And Joseph is not, and Simeon is not,” until at last the grand old parents have to stand alone in their majestic solitude, as fragments of the past ; but by and by the strongest frame succumbs, and the longest life terminates. Such were some of our sentiments as we took the last look at the sleeping form of the subject of this notice.

THOMAS BERRY was born in the parish of West Houghton, near Wigan, in the County of Lancaster, January 9th, 1787. But little is known of his parents or early life. At eighteen, he enlisted as a soldier in His Majesty's Royal Artillery. He spent more than twenty-five years in the army, winning for himself a good name, and some distinction. The pecuniary results of which he enjoyed all his after life.

It was while on soldier's duty in Ireland, in 1830, that he became converted ; the change was so blessedly clear, that fifty years afterward he was very fond of relating that he saw, as in a vision, “ the bodily presence of the Lord Jesus upon the cross.” And he had such an intense realisation of the fact that Jesus loved him and gave Himself for him that it supplied the needful inspiration of a beautiful and holy life. He first joined the Bible Christian Society at Jersey or Guernsey, but came to reside in this neighbourhood about fifty years ago. He was a man of great decision of character, and had the courage of his convictions. At times some regarded him as being too sanguine. His outward life and acts were the expression of the noble principles of divine love, and of his true devotion to the cause of Christ, which characterized him in a high degree. His Christian experience was clear as sunlight ; his faith mighty ; his efforts continuous ; his zeal untiring, and his character unimpeachable. He was in every sense a home Christian. The Bible was his daily study ; its truths he richly enjoyed ; he gloried in the promises, and looked upon the commands as his orders from the *Great King*, and he delighted to obey them. He spent a great portion of his life at the mercy-seat ; he seemed to be continuous in prayer and praise. Hence he was, as might be expected, a robust, manly Christian—showing his faith by his works. A man who lives much with God in private will reflect it in public.

Br. Berry was of an active turn of mind ; he not only found work for others, but would rather do it himself than that they should do it against their will. There was a spirit of rare independence in him. He turned away in scorn from all indifference and truckling meanness. He was a real reformer. When he came to this neighbourhood he set himself to modernize and beautify the old chapel

which is now used for a school-room ; and I have heard him speak with delight and gratitude of the trials and successes he met with in his effort to improve the house of God. He was also the chief instrument in building the present commodious chapel at St. Blazey Gate, of which he was trustee and steward to the time of his death. He was a local preacher for forty years, also a class-leader, and a hard-working superintendent of the Sunday-school. He did not believe in mere ornamental heads, but in thinking heads, willing hearts, and working hands. He filled the office of circuit steward for nine years, and was a representative at two annual Conferences. From one of these, that at Holsworthy, he travelled home on foot—a feat of labour worthy of a record among the herculean labours of the early Methodist preachers.

He was always aiming at great things, and had the happy habit of looking at the bright and conquering side of things. When speaking to him about the affairs of the society, he would say, “If you have anything good to relate, say on ; but if it is bad news, don’t tell me.” He evidently aimed at keeping his mind in a constant frame for devotion and work. He was a man of great order and arrangement, and could rule with authority—yet he proved by the position he occupied in the esteem of those around him, and the general respect that he commanded from old and young, that he was a man of power.

In his long life he witnessed many changes, both at home and in the church. He married three times ; the third wife, who survives him, did much to cheer his closing days. For five years he was confined to his home through increasing infirmities. But the same devout aspirations were maintained, and the vigour of his mind and the intensity of his piety were apparent to all. There were two characteristics which forcibly impressed my mind as being highly commendable. He would allow nothing in his presence that he thought to be out of keeping with the solemnity and dignity of a religious life ; his sharp rebukes would soon banish all levity.

He evidently lived above the common walks of life. He was also absorbed in Christ. He was often oblivious of the presence of friends, and at such times I have heard him breathe forth the most pathetic utterances of love and simple faith in Christ. The last words he was heard to speak were, “Blessed Jesus,” and on Sunday evening, December 15th, 1878, in the ninety-second year of his age, he entered into rest.

His death was improved by Br. Angwin, from the words, “A devout soldier ;” and we hope many good impressions were made, and noble resolutions formed so to live that our influence may remain for good and our works abide. That we may all emulate the noble deeds, persistent toil, and self-sacrifice of the sainted dead, and that we may have an abundant entrance into heaven, is the prayer of

WM. JEFFERY.

WILLIAM CHRISTOE

WAS born in the year of our Lord 1819, and lived without experimental religion, though strictly moral, until he was twenty-nine years of age ; when he was deeply convinced of sin. He felt that he was a sinner, and that he deserved to be cast into hell, and punished with everlasting destruction. With this feeling he cried to God for mercy, and ceased not to pray for some time. At length, after much agony of spirit, he accepted an invitation to Thomas Menear's class at Carwollan, on a certain Sunday morning ; and while he and a few friends joined in prayer, the Lord set his soul at liberty. The happiness he felt was very great ; he shouted, wept, and rejoiced. It was a time to be remembered, it was like a descending cloud of glory, for all present felt it. From that time he held on his way and strove to make himself useful ; he adorned his profession by living closely to God, and the Lord blessed him abundantly.

When we built our first chapel at Bethesda, in the St. Austell circuit, he took an active part in working himself and collecting money. We found him a trustworthy friend in every time of need, and when many would try to discourage us in our work of faith, he always spoke a cheering word. A few of us, our departed brother being one, met early in the morning of the day appointed for the opening, and if ever the Lord filled a place with His glory it was then. Br. Christoe was always a diligent attendant at the means of grace, and took a lively part in prayer meetings. He had a few appointments as an exhorter and was well received, but he had doubts about his call to this work, and shortly desisted therefrom. We do not wish to represent him as an infallible person ; in common with others he had his failings, but we believe it was error of judgment mostly ; his motives were pure, and his desire was to glorify God above all things. For the last nine years or more he was sorely afflicted, every grace was tried as with fire. For a long time he clung to life and tried every means that was advised for recovery, often however, saying, "The Lord's will is best." Owing to his affliction he was not able of late to attend the house of God much, but when he could it was his delight. Neither was he able to work much spiritually, but he embraced every opportunity to do what he could to help forward the Lord's cause ; and we have heard him mourn many times that he could not do more. He desired much to see all the members of his family converted. He suffered greatly from nervousness ; his body was weak, and he felt at times his mind was weak also, but he always cleaved to the Lord and found Him a help in time of trouble. He very much enjoyed Christian communion, and while speaking of the Lord's goodness, his tears would flow freely and praises would ascend from an overflowing heart. We have seen him as happy as he could well be, when he would say, "Now I know if I die I shall go right home to heaven." Satan at times was permitted to tempt him very severely, but by looking to Jesus and casting his burden on Him he was sustained and obtained the victory. He read much, and the Lord blessed him with spiritual eyesight ; he knew much of the deep

things of God. I visited him the Thursday before he died, when he was very ill and weak and his mind rather clouded. He asked me "whether I thought he should go to heaven or not?" I replied, "Yes, you do not doubt it, do you?" "Sometimes," he replied, "I fear, but at others it is all clear." While repeating some precious promises, light dawned on his soul and he exclaimed, "I am sure if I die now, I shall go to heaven to be with Christ, which is far better."

I visited him once again before his death: he was in a blessed state of mind, and waiting for the coming of the Lord. His work was done, and he was looking forward to his inheritance; he said, "If my work was not done, I could do nothing now, but I am looking unto the Lord." I said, "Religion was worth everything;" he said, "It is the pearl of great price, the world and all it contains is nothing to me, none but Christ to me be given." When I said, "He is your Saviour," he answered, "Yes, He is." He lived until Sunday morning, December 15th, 1878, when he entered the rest of the people of God.

The above has been supplied by our aged sister, Elizabeth Menear, of the Bethesda society. A funeral sermon to the memory of our departed brother was preached by the writer to a large congregation, and without doubt the Lord was with us on that occasion.

G. W. ANGWIN.

GEORGE MAPSTONE

WAS born at Westbury, June 6th, 1825, and died at Easton, in the parish of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, January 19th, 1879. He was converted and joined the Bible Christians in the year 1858, and continued to adorn his profession by his consistent walk until the day of his death. For many years he took a great delight in the Sabbath school, and was greatly beloved by the children. He also filled the offices of chapel and circuit steward, creditably discharging his various duties. He was much interested in the cause of Christ in the circuit, particularly in the society of which he was a member. He was successful in winning some souls for Christ, who will be stars in His crown. He was a liberal supporter of the cause; his house was always open to God's servants, who received a hearty welcome. He was afflicted for two years, and suffered much pain nearly the whole of the time. At times he longed to be with Jesus. He enjoyed many refreshing seasons, but not that rapture which some have realised. The writer had several satisfactory interviews with him during the last four months of his life. Previous to his departure he told his wife and children that he would soon leave them, and desired them all to meet him in heaven. When taken worse just before his death, he exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, I feel it brighter." His wife asked, "Do you feel Christ precious?" to which he replied "Yes," and he then quietly passed away to be at rest. His death was improved by Br. T. Wooldridge, in Westbury Chapel, February 2nd, from the words: "And God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes," &c.—Rev. xxi. 4. A large congregation assembled to hear, and pay their last tribute to the deceased. He was a man respected by all who knew him. His wife has lost a good husband, his children a kind father, the church a consistent and zealous member. But their loss is his gain. May his wife, children, and friends, with the writer, meet him in heaven.

"How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above;
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

"Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive."

D. R.

MRS. CHARLOTTE FORD.

DIED at Kilburn, on Wednesday, February 19th, 1879, CHARLOTTE FORD, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woodgate, of Linfield, in the county of Sussex. Her parents were attendants at the Established Church, and were persons of upright life. In early life Mrs. Ford was piously disposed, and was also a devoted communicant of the Church of England. In 1853 she was married to Mr. George Ford, and went to live at Brighton. About a year afterwards she united with a Congregational church in that town, and remained a valued member of that community about eleven years. From Brighton they removed to Kilburn, and, for a time, attended the ministry of Mr. Davis, the pastor of the Congregational church. Here she took a lively interest in the work of God, and was a diligent worker in connection with the Dorcas institution and other movements. On removing from Kilburn, about nine years ago, they resided at Chester and Manchester about six years, and then returned to Kilburn. At that time Mrs. Ford evinced much pleasure in again attending the same place of worship, which had passed into the hands of the Bible Christians, and very shortly afterwards joined the church. As far as her strength would permit, she actively engaged in most of the enterprises that occupied our attention, from that time to the close of her life. At our tea-meetings and bazaars she gave prompt and most cheerful assistance, and the service that she rendered was always of the most quiet and unostentatious character. Our undertaking to raise the new building had but just taken shape when she handed in her donation towards the building fund, and she continued to watch with pleasure the progress of the work until it was nearly completed. She evidently anticipated with satisfaction and joy the day when it should be opened for the worship of God. Ten days before her decease she attended the Sabbath services in the school-room for the last time. A week later she was not well enough to go. During the evening of that day, in her own

home, she proposed to her husband that they should sing a hymn. Though not well able to do so she commenced singing—

“And am I only born to die,” &c.

Her breath failing her, she was unable to finish the hymn.

On the following Tuesday she was ill of bronchitis, and went to her doctor to procure some medicine. In the night she was about to take some, and her husband said to her, “I think you are worse.” She answered, “Well, it does not matter; I am going home.” Almost immediately afterwards she became unconscious, sank rapidly, and died in peace at about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, aged fifty-two years.

Mrs. Ford was a meek, gentle, unassuming Christian; relying fully upon Christ; having a heart changed by grace, and a hope inspired by the promises of God applied by the Holy Spirit. She has, without doubt, found the HOME she looked for, and enjoys the rest that remains to all the people of God. Her departure is felt by the husband, and by the infant society with which she was connected, to be a real and painful loss; but we confidently believe that it is recorded in heaven as a glorious gain.

W. LUKE.

MRS. SARAH VINCE,

WIDOW of the late Henry Vince, died at Cheek's Farm, near Bentley, in the Crondall Circuit, December 19th, 1878. Mrs. Vince was led to Christ in 1831,—the year in which the gospel was first preached by our people in the neighbourhood of Bentley. Having obtained salvation, she immediately united in church-fellowship with the people who had guided her into the way of rest and peace, and until the termination of life's lengthened pilgrimage, she continued to tread the narrow path and to walk by faith with God. Her attachment to the cause of Christ and to the people of her choice was deep and sincere; and for many years she esteemed it a privilege to minister, by acts of hospitality and benevolence, to those who preached the gospel of peace. Her christianity was real; enjoyed in the heart and exemplified in the life; causing those around to unhesitatingly acknowledge the sincerity of her profession.

Many years ago, when surrounded by a family needing maternal care, and when the cause of Christ seemed to specially require assistance, our sister was stricken by disease and brought near to the gates of death. While in this condition she was visited by our venerable Br. Lintott, who, with extraordinary fervency and power, prayed for her restoration. The “prayer of faith” was not in vain; for after her recovery Mrs. Vince often testified, “*From that hour I began to amend.*”

Residing at a considerable distance from the chapel, as the infirmities of age increased she was deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary, but ever manifested a ready acquiescence in the Divine will, and firm reliance on the covenant promises of Jehovah. During

her last illness she endured much bodily suffering, but when the pain was greatest, frequently recited—

“O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet !”

At length, she “wondered *why* the chariot of the Lord so long delayed ;” but soon the Saviour for whom she *waited* came, and the aged Christian was “absent from the body and present with the Lord.” She entered into rest in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

An influential lady of the neighbourhood, who often visited Mrs. Vince during her last illness, writes : “My visits to ‘Cheek’s’ gave me much pleasure, and I could ever carry home something good from the aged Christian. For her, we cannot but rejoice that she is at rest, safe with the Saviour she loved so well.”

May the remembrance of this persevering life and happy death encourage us in the heavenward journey, and increase our confidence in the faithfulness of our Heavenly Guide. “And even to your old age I am He ; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you.”

W. H.

Chapels.

PERCY ROAD, KILBURN.—This chapel was opened for Divine worship on Sunday, March 9th, when sermons were preached by the Rev. J. C. Honey, the President of the Conference, in the morning and evening ; and by the Rev. R. P. Downes, Wesleyan Minister, in the afternoon. On the following day a service was held in the afternoon, when the Rev. J. Botheras, of Brighton, preached. The friends present then took tea together in the school-room. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, under the presidency of Joseph Peters, Esq.

The evening meeting commenced with prayer by the Rev. J. H. Shilson. The chairman then expressed the great pleasure with which he occupied his position. It was the first time he had attended a meeting among the Bible Christians, and he must say that his first impressions were very favourable. Their name was very significant and expressive, and from the prayer and hymn he had just heard he felt there was the right ring about them. He was one of those who did not believe in uniformity in the Christian Church ; but he did believe in unity ; and although a member of the Established, he did not believe in baptismal regeneration, but in spiritual renewal ; he came amongst them with great pleasure, believing that by working with each other they could show their love one to another, and to the Master whom they were trying to serve. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. B. Luke then read a report of which the following is an

abstract:—In presenting a report of this undertaking, it may be stated that it is wholly the result of the enterprise of the Bible Christian Missionary Society. The Connexional Executive, believing that as a branch of the Church of Christ, we are called to take part in the great work of evangelizing the world, have recognised the importance of extending religious agencies in and around London. It is sufficiently manifest to all observers that the influence of London for good or for evil is so very great, that any endeavours to improve its moral condition, must command their respect and sympathy.

A special reason why the Bible Christians have desired to widen their sphere of operations in London is, that large numbers of their people are continually removing from the country into this great city. Our places of worship being but few, hence our friends in many of the Metropolitan Districts, being unable to reach them, have united with other Christian bodies, or have been lost to the church altogether.

When about four years ago, the iron building that stood upon this site was offered for sale, it was thought to be a suitable opportunity for us to obtain a footing in this North Western District. Accordingly, the purchase was made, and the old building was opened by us on June 20th, 1875. For about two months Sunday services only were held, the pulpit being supplied by different ministers from the London and adjacent stations.

In August, 1875, the pastor appointed by the Annual Conference arrived, and shortly afterwards the necessary agencies were organised for carrying on the work were appointed, and put into use as circumstances permitted.

The first step was the formation of a church, which then comprised thirteen members. Through the Divine favour there has been a steady, though not rapid, growth in the important matter of church membership. Several persons who had been received as members have removed out of the neighbourhood and are therefore lost to us; and three have been called away by death. These are not lost, but, as we confidently believe, are finally and eternally saved. At the present time we have about ninety persons in church fellowship.

The Society formed, we next established a Sabbath-school. On the first Sunday twenty-three children attended, and there has been a gradual increase in this interesting branch of our work. We now number about 200 scholars and eighteen teachers. And what to us is the most gratifying feature in connection with the Sabbath-school, is the fact that all the teachers and several of the elder scholars are members of the church.

One of the most cherished principles of the Denomination is that of Temperance. Our ministers, with scarcely an exception, are total abstainers. All our school-rooms, and many of our chapels, are freely used for the advocacy of this cause. We have therefore established a Band of Hope for the young, and have held a considerable number of Temperance meetings, and from this platform it may be expected that no uncertain sound will be given on the great question of Teetotalism. Indeed, we believe that true Temperance is a part of the gospel of our Blessed Lord.

Amidst all the strain that has been laid upon the resources of our people on behalf of this building, we have found it expedient to institute a Benevolent Society for the relief of widows and the abject poor. This movement has but just been commenced, but it promises to be of great utility.

A day-school has also been held in our school-room for some time; and now that the premises are completed, an additional teacher has been engaged. The system of education adopted we trust, will be found effective and satisfactory; and what we believe to be highly important in this neighbourhood, the principles of sound Protestantism will be inculcated.

The object desired by the trustees, and all the officers and friends of this church, is, that this building shall be used for the promotion of every good to mankind, and for rendering all glory to God. We hope that the pure gospel of Christ will be plainly and faithfully proclaimed to all who shall come to hear, and that the way of salvation through faith in Him will here be made known to successive generations.

Total Expenditure in connection with this Estate.

	£	s.	d.
To Cost of Land, the Iron Building, Alterations, and various expenses	1,201	10	9
„ Mr. Allen as per Contract for this Building, including extras	2,386	2	3
„ Architect's Commission	117	10	0
„ Sundries	33	19	2
Total ..	£ 3,739	2	2

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Received in Cash	493	8	2
Sums promised	130	19	5
By Sale of Old Materials	50	0	0
Total ..	£ 674	7	7

A grant having been made by the Missionary Committee equal to the amount that may be raised by the friends, it is hoped that by a strenuous effort the debt on the property will speedily be reduced to £2,000.

The Rev. W. Luke expressed the entire satisfaction of himself and officers at the manner in which the building work had been executed, and thought that this was the first chapel that he had ever seen quite finished when the opening day came. He desired to associate as many "comes" as possible with this building; and he was glad to say that they had a *com-plete*, *com-pact*, and *com-fortable* edifice; and what he now wanted was that all his friends should go out and ask the people to *come* in.

The meeting was further addressed by the Revs. J. C. Honey,

W. Lee, J. Botheras, and S. Allin, and by Messrs. S. Heywood (Wesleyan New Connexion), J. Wheeler (Wesleyan), W. Ranger (Wesleyan), and J. Allen (Baptist).

The opening services were continued on Sunday, March 16th, when sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. J. Dymond, of Bristol.

Lectures have also been delivered on three successive Monday evenings, by the Revs. J. Dymond, F. W. Bourne, and W. Stott, (Baptist).

Without exception, the services have all been highly appreciated, and the friends desire to record their thanks to the ministers who have, with great ability and heartiness, laboured, by God's blessing, to render the chapel-opening a signal success.

The chapel will contain 500 people, has a gallery all round, is capitably lighted both by day and night, and its acoustic properties have been pronounced perfect. There are two small vestries behind the platform, the large basement is to be used as school-room. Both the chapel and school-room are heated by a hot-air apparatus, and are supplied with abundant means of ventilation. The chairman at Mr. Bourne's lecture, (H. Tarrant, Esq.,) observed that "a neater or nicer chapel he had never seen," and in that opinion nearly all who have seen it appear to concur.

Great interest was evinced in the first services held in the new building by the pastor. The attendance was good, the weekly offering for the day was £2 2s. 4d., and the Holy Spirit manifestly rested upon the people.

In the evening, three persons sought by repentance and faith the salvation of God. May very many more in this sanctuary be born for glory.

NEWPORT, I.O.W.—Tuesday, April 8th, 1879, will be a memorable day in the annals of the Bible Christian denomination at Newport, for then was performed, with many impressive and gratifying surroundings, the ceremony of laying memorial stones of a new chapel, which promises to be an ornament to the town. We may here remark that the chapel is being built from the designs of Mr. Frederick Mew, architect, of London, a native of Newport, whose plans and drawings we have had an opportunity of inspecting. The principal front is in Quay-street, and the style of architecture is Gothic, of decidedly picturesque and varied outline, having a semi-octangular entrance porch, with three arches supported on coupled columns of polished red granite. This will give access on either side, through a staircase, to the ground floor and galleries, which will extend round three sides of the building. The staircase on the south side of the central porch will be surmounted by an elegant stone turret, or spirelet, 70 feet high, and the front gable will have a handsome three-light traceried window of geometric design, the *facade*, extending some 60 feet in width, being completed by the north staircase and wing wall, with pinnacle termination, enclosing the entrance to the school-room in the rear. The side elevations are designed in character to assimilate with the front,

having five bays, divided by buttresses, the windows of alternate bays being carried up with tracery heads and finished with gables. Internally, the treatment is effective. The roof will be open-timbered, of handsome design, and the chapel will be terminated with an octagon-shaped organ gallery—behind the rostrum—enclosed by a boldly-recessed arch of graceful proportions. The gallery front will have open panelling, filled with ornamental iron patterns; the seats will be of pitch-pine, varnished; and the rostrum and table will be surrounded by an oak handrail, supported on iron scroll-standards. Behind the chapel, in addition to the school-room—53 ft. long and 31 ft. wide—there will be vestries for the ministers and stewards, and kitchen (for use at tea meetings, &c.) on the ground floor, and class and retiring rooms on the gallery level. The chapel will afford accommodation for about 600. The builder is Mr. Isaac Barton, of Ryde, who is proceeding very expeditiously and satisfactorily with his contract, Mr. Robert Bullen (to whose untiring energy and zeal the undertaking owes so much) acting as honorary clerk of the works. It is estimated that the total outlay will reach £5,000, towards which the congregation and trustees have subscribed about £1,500. The chapel, we may add, occupies an excellent site in one of the best streets in the town, and while, of course, the primary objects of the promoters is to provide themselves with a building which, in size and style, will be proportionate to their growing numbers and influence, they will in some sense do a public service by making a welcome addition to the architectural attractions of which Newport has certainly not too many.

The first society in the Isle of Wight was founded in 1823, and there are now in the Island seven ministers, 1,174 church members, and 27 chapels, with an average attendance of 3,000 persons.

The ceremony of Tuesday attracted to Newport friends of the denomination from all parts of the Island, and some from the mainland. High-street and Quay-street were gay with lines of bunting; a brilliant sun gladdened the scene; and the whole proceedings passed off with a success which must have been in the highest degree gratifying to the esteemed pastor of the church, the Rev. W. B. Lark, and all who are associated with him in the good work. This success was certainly heightened by the prominent part which the Mayor of the borough (Alderman Francis Pittis, J.P.) and the member for Newport, Mr. C. C. Clifford, took in the day's ceremony, the latter hon. gentleman coming specially from London to show his interest in the undertaking which the Bible Christians of Newport have in hand. As for the Mayor, the generous feeling and catholic spirit which he has displayed in connection with these proceedings are beyond praise, and must tend to deepen the regard which is felt for him by all classes of this community. Not only was he present himself, but he invited his colleagues to attend officially with him, and he did all in his power to do honour to the occasion.

THE LUNCHEON.

At half-past one there was a luncheon at the Volunteer Hall. The Mayor (wearing his chain of office) presided, and the Rev. J. C. Honey, president of the

Conference, occupied the vice-chair. The company included Mr. Clifford, M.P., Col. Twyford, Mr. Alderman Pincock, J.P., and most of the ministers and many gentlemen of the town, and others from a distance.

After luncheon the Mayor proposed the Royal toasts, without wine, which were duly honoured.

The Rev. J. C. Honey, in proposing "The ministers of religion," said, in coming again to Newport he missed many faces which were well-known to him when he lived here six years ago, but he was glad to recognise there the familiar face of one whom he was proud to regard as a friend, and whom they all most heartily welcomed. He alluded to their friend, the Rev. F. Trestrail (cheers). They were also pleased to greet the representatives of other denominations, whose presence testified that, whatever their faults might be, that of bigotry or narrowness could not be laid to their charge (cheers). He was also glad to see such evidences of brotherly feeling existing amongst them, and hoping they might always be animated by the spirit which pervaded that gathering, he gave them the sentiment, coupled with the name of the Rev. F. Trestrail (cheers).

The Rev. F. Trestrail began his response with a little pleasantry in reference to the presence of the Mayor. His Worship was not quite so blooming now as when he (the speaker) first saw him in his official capacity, as he was not now wearing his Mayoral robes, but he was glad to see his Worship looking so well, and they all hailed him as a worthy chief magistrate of this old and honourable borough (cheers). Were he (Mr. Trestrail) an Irishman, which he wasn't (a laugh) he should say to the Mayor, "The more power to yer Honour, and may ye never die," and if he came from the far East he should make his salaam, and in the beautiful proverb of Persia would say, "May your shadow never be less" (applause). Referring to the proposer's remark about the changes which had taken place, the speaker mentioned that during his residence in Newport he had seen twenty-one ministers in and out, and after expressing pleasure at renewing the acquaintance of Mr. Honey, with whom he had some exceedingly friendly intercourse years ago, Mr. Trestrail went on to state that they did not mean to exclude from this toast the Bishop and clergy of the diocese (hear, hear). The toast was a comprehensive one, and embraced them all. They were all doing the same work. True, his diocese was not so large as that of the Bishop of Winchester, though before he left the Baptist Missionary Society, his sphere of labour was a thousand times larger than that over which Dr. Harold Browne exercised his episcopal office. The Mayor's presence reminded him that his Worship and the ministers of religion represented two distinct powers. It was the duty of the Mayor and his magisterial colleagues to punish; it was the province of ministers of religion to save; and in our present state of society both powers were essential, though he might add that the more people were influenced by the ministry of religion the less likely would they be to give trouble to the authority represented by the Mayor. He had sometimes thought that if Christian people had fair play, they would be exempt from taxation (a laugh). They did not want the police, nor the judicial Bench, though they would all be very sorry to dispense with their excellent friend, the Mayor (cheers). Hoping they might all see a great increase of godliness, temperance, and prosperity in their old borough, he thanked them for the reception given to the toast (cheers).

The Mayor, in proposing "The Houses of Parliament," said they were all grateful to the hon. member for coming amongst them, and for his own part he felt extreme pleasure in having this opportunity of meeting Mr. Clifford and of mentioning his name in connection with this toast, which he asked them to receive with all the honours (cheers).

Mr. C. C. Clifford, M.P., after expressing the pleasure with which he received and accepted the invitation to be present on that interesting occasion, thanked the Mayor for the honour he had done him in associating his name with the House of Commons—a body to whose charge many sins were laid, but perhaps they had some claim to compassion as well as to reprobation. So far as his duties as a member of the legislature were concerned, he feared he could not promise that his excellent friend, Mr. Trestrail, should be exempt from taxation (a laugh), for however good and Christian they all knew him to be, it would be the painful duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to tax him up to the utmost of his power, and he (Mr. Clifford) was afraid he could discern no prospect of an alleviation of taxation

for any of them. They had been let off in the budget for the present year, but the prospect for future years was not very bright. However, he was aware that that was in no sense a party meeting, and sorry indeed should he be to violate the rule which good taste laid down for observance on occasions like the present; but he thought he might, without infringing that rule, congratulate them and the borough of Newport generally, on the entire absence of bigotry—on the feeling of catholicity and goodwill—which seemed to prevail amongst all denominations of Christians in Newport (cheers), and which was exemplified in such a gratifying manner in the meeting there that afternoon. When he looked back at the time not so very long past, and compared it with the present, he could not but congratulate them on the great advance which had been made in principles of true philanthropy (cheers). It was not long ago that he added his humble mite, by way of subscription, towards a testimonial to that aged and distinguished statesman, Lord Russell, who lately departed from amongst us. In all that long and useful life he thought Lord Russell's greatest claim to distinction, and that by which he would be chiefly remembered by posterity, was that he struck off one of the last links of the galling chain which hung about the Nonconformists of this country (cheers). He alluded to the repeal of the Tests and Corporations Act (cheers). Until that abolition was effected, there were laws on the statute book which were a disgrace to any Protestant, to any Christian nation (hear, hear), and when they reflected how comparatively short the interval of time was that separated us from those days, they were scarcely able to realize how wonderful was the advance which had been made in the principles of true benevolence and of civil and religious freedom (cheers).

The Rev. W. B. Lark proposed "The Mayor, Magistrates, and Town Council," coupled with the name of the Mayor (cheers).

The Mayor briefly responded to the toast.

Mr. F. Mew proposed "Prosperity to the borough of Newport" (cheers).

Mr. Alderman Pinnock, J.P., whose name was coupled with the toast, replied, and expressed pleasure at finding that the architect of the building, the memorial stones of which were to be laid that day, was a native of Newport. Their town, he was glad to say, had been improving for some time past, and he hoped it would go on and prosper, progressing not merely commercially, but also in regard to those higher interests which related to the moral well-being of the people (cheers).

Mr. Councillor Denness proposed "The Visitors," in whose behalf Colonel Twyford replied; and "The Press," proposed by the Rev. F. W. Bourne, closed this part of the proceedings.

THE STONE LAYING.

The company then adjourned to Quay-street, where a large concourse of person had already assembled. The Mayor and Corporation, robed in the Council chamber, and, preceded by the mace-bearers, walked in procession to the chapel site, where the ceremony of laying the memorial stones was proceeded with. A hymn having been sung, an appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. R. Willan, and the Rev. F. W. Bourne delivered a short address explanatory of the faith and doctrines of the Bible Christian Church. The Mayor then well and truly laid the first memorial stone, on the face of which was the following inscription:—"Bible Christian Chapel. This memorial stone was laid the 8th of April, 1879, by Francis Pittis, Esq., J.P., Mayor of this borough. Frederick Mew, architect; Isaac Barton, builder." His Worship used a chaste ivory-handled trowel, on the silver blade of which was engraved—"Presented by the trustees to the Mayor of Newport, Francis Pittis, Esq., J.P., on his laying the principal memorial stone of the Bible Christian Chapel, Newport, 1879." In presenting the trowel to the Mayor, the Rev. W. B. Lark said: "There was no sham about it; it was genuine metal—in keeping with the character of the gentleman who was to use it."

The Mayor, after laying the stone, addressed the assembly, stating that he regarded the part which he had been asked to perform on that auspicious occasion as an honour to the office he held, and a compliment to the Church (of England) of which it was his privilege to be an attached and loving member (cheers). There were doubtless differences of opinion between them on some minor points, but, as regarded the foundation of their faith, they were all alike anxious to build only on the one Great Corner Stone, Christ Jesus our Lord. He also felt it an

honour personally, after living so many years amongst them, and as one who must be soon passing away, that he had been deemed worthy to be thus associated with a work which, he trusted, would prove a blessing to many for generations to come (cheers). He congratulated the originators and projectors of the beautiful structure to be erected there on the success which had marked their undertaking hitherto. He was gratified to find that the architect who had designed the attractive building now in course of erection, was a native of Newport, and it was pleasing to know that the builder, who was proceeding so energetically with his work, was a native of and still a resident in the Isle of Wight (cheers). Not many months would elapse before the chapel was opened, and when that consummation was reached, he prayed that those who had taken this noble work in hand would realize the blessing vouchsafed to Solomon at the building of the Temple—that God would hallow the place by His abiding presence, that its walls might be filled for many generations with devout and earnest worshippers, and that the ministry to be there exercised might be found promotive of the temporal and eternal interests of all who should from time to time assemble in that temple to offer their worship to the Most High. After a few further remarks, his Worship concluded amid loud cheering.

The second stone, laid by Mr. Clifford, M.P., was inscribed thus:—"This stone was laid by Charles Cavendish Clifford, Esq., M.P. for this borough. William Blake Lark, pastor. Robert Bullen, hon. clerk of the works." Mr. Bullen, in the name of the trustees, presented to Mr. Clifford a similar trowel to that given to the Mayor, and with this elegant instrument of masonry, the hon. member expertly acquitted himself of his task, after which he delivered a brief address, in which he congratulated all assembled on the excellent feeling and true Christian charity which seemed to pervade the breasts of all classes and denominations in the borough (cheers). He was glad to have been with them on that occasion, and might the splendid sunshine which was now streaming upon them from the heavens, be typical of the blessing which would fall upon that place, and of that eternal sunshine which, he trusted, would rest here and hereafter upon the heads of all before him (cheers).

At the close of the ceremony, the Rev. W. B. Lark called for three cheers for the Mayor, and three for Mr. Clifford, M.P., which were heartily given.

The Rev. J. C. Honey, president of the Conference, added a few impressive remarks, giving utterance to the hope that the new means of usefulness which would be put into their hands by that building would be employed, as their more limited means had been—to the glory of God and the advancement of His Kingdom. As showing the need for greater accommodation, he gave some particulars as to their increase of membership, and he also mentioned that the receipts from the Isle of Wight for missionary purposes last year, as compared with those of ten years before, showed an increase of 150 per cent. (cheers).

The Rev. A. Jones offered the closing prayer.

The proceeds of this ceremony amounted to about £150. Col. Twyford laid a stone, and at the entrance to the porch four corner stones were laid by Mrs. Bourne, Mrs. Bullen, Mrs. Frank Ash, and Miss Croucher. The silver trowels were supplied by Mr. W. H. Day, of the High-street.

TEA AND PUBLIC MEETING.

A public tea, held in the Volunteer Hall, was attended by about 700 persons, and at a subsequent platform meeting at the same place, the audience numbered upwards of 1000. Mr. Alderman R. E. Davies, J.P., of Portsmouth, presided, and was supported by the Mayor of the borough (Alderman Francis Pittis, J.P.), Mr. Councillor Denness, and several ministers and others.

Mr. Bullen made a statement as to the present position of the undertaking. He explained the need that existed for enlarging their accommodation, and mentioned that, as a proof of their own earnestness in the matter, the church and congregation in Quay-street, had subscribed about £1,500. It was estimated that £5,000 would be required, and the area of their appeal would now be widened.

The Chairman expressed regret at not being able to attend the afternoon ceremony, but, from all he heard, it was a great triumph for civil and religious liberty (cheers). When he found that the chief memorial stone was laid by his and their friend, the respected Mayor of that borough; that another was laid by the hon

member for Newport, Mr. Clifford; that, indicating the entire absence of party feeling, his gallant friend, Col. Twyford, was present; that the proceedings were graced by the presence of the ladies; and that a number of members of the Corporation attended, including his kindest and oldest friend, Mr. Alderman Pinnock, whom he regarded as the very top-stone of religious freedom (cheers)—when he heard all this, then indeed did he think that the day's event was one upon which they had all good cause to congratulate themselves (cheers). Thinking that day over the past history of their Denomination in the Isle of Wight, one who was popularly known as "Billy Bailey" came to his mind. He had the honour and privilege, when that good man was amongst them, to be on terms of personal friendship with him, and he could not forbear on that occasion to render his testimony to the worth and the high character of a man who, quietly and unostentatiously, carried on in that Island a noble work which was even yet widely felt in its beneficent influence (cheers).

The Rev. R. Willan, on behalf of St. James's-street Congregational Church, tendered good wishes and congratulations.

The Rev. F. W. Bourne, of London, joined with the Chairman in paying a tribute to the memory of Mr. Bailey, who had much to do with the building of the chapel in Quay-street soon to be vacated, and who laid the foundation of a truly great and good work in the Isle of Wight (cheers). He (the speaker) hoped to do something before long by which the memory of Mr. Bailey would be perpetuated (hear, hear). Mr. Bourne then briefly sketched the history of the Bible Christian Denomination from the time when a female preacher first landed at West Cowes and preached in the streets of that town; and he mentioned that their first chapel in the Island did not cost more than £20 or £30. Their beginnings were small and their history was humble, but God had blessed their work, as was in a measure evidenced by the fact that during the past fifty years they had built on an average a chapel once in three weeks, and their places of worship were attended by increasing congregations, numbering their tens of thousands (cheers).

The Mayor of Newport, who was received with applause, expressed pleasure at seeing in the chair that evening a gentleman who had taken a high and influential position in the important borough of Portsmouth, and whom they were proud to regard as native of Newport (cheers). After remarking upon the manner in which he had been impressed by the proceedings of that day, his Worship said he stood before them as a member of the Church of England (cheers). He loved the church, and he believed she was doing a great and good work. Time was when the church did not do her duty to her great Master as she ought, and hence arose the Nonconformist party in this country, who, he believed in his conscience, had good, just, and true grounds for dissenting from the church at that time (loud cheers). He believed, however, that the church was now alive to her great mission, and that she was doing her best to make noble amends for the past (hear, hear). In earnest words his Worship went on to express a devout hope that, for the sake of the country, the Church of England might long be maintained in its present position; but while desiring this all true churchmen rejoiced to see the several denominations in this country prospering and increasing, and becoming more and more a power for good in the land (cheers). And after all they had only one faith and hope. They believed in one God; they trusted in the atoning merits of one Saviour; and thus believing and thus trusting, he prayed that they might all at last receive the reward reserved for those who had fought a good fight (cheers). From his heart he wished his Bible Christian friends all success in their work (loud cheers).

The President of the Conference (Rev. J. C. Honey) said, they all deeply appreciated and were prepared to reciprocate the genial, liberal, and broad-minded spirit which the Mayor of Newport had displayed that day (cheers). So far as his expressions of faith and hope in the Lord Jesus Christ were concerned, he (the speaker), as representing the Bible Christian Denomination, asked to be permitted to shake hands with the Church of England and to say that they were one. (Mr. Honey then shook hands with the Mayor, amid loud cheering). In concluding an impressive speech, the President said what they wanted was a living church inside a beautiful chapel, and if this was attained, then would they have prosperity in the highest sense (cheers).

Mr. J. L. Manning, a very able representative of the Bible Christian laity, pro-

posed a vote of thanks to the Mayor, and Mr. Councillor Denness seconded the proposition.

The Rev. W. B. Lark tendered an expression of gratitude to all who had so kindly and nobly helped them that day, and proposed a special vote of thanks to the chairman, which was seconded by the Rev. W. E. Sellers, supported by Mr. Councillor Denness and Mr. Bullen, and heartily endorsed by the meeting.

We are informed that the proceeds of the day (exclusive of the profits of the tea), amounted to upwards of £200.

The Rev. W. B. Lark announced at the luncheon that letters had been received from the Rev. Canon Connor, vicar of Newport, and the Rev. E. Boucher James, vicar of Carisbrooke, regretting that, owing to other duties, they were unable to be present.

The donations included ten guineas by the Mayor. Mr. Clifford, M.P. filled up his subscription card at the stone-laying for £3, as his contribution to the collection made on the spot, and he has further given ten guineas towards the building fund.—*Hampshire Independent*.

CLAPHAM, LONDON.—The accounts for the Restoration Fund having just been completed, it may be of interest if reference is made to the history of the undertaking. Two of the remaining members of the old trust—Mr. Samuel Wright and Mr. Samuel Heywood—being obliged some time since to relinquish their offices, a new trust was formed in the early part of 1879, composed of the London ministers and a few of the friends resident at Clapham.* The new trustees were at once called together, and arrangements made to effect a restoration of the chapel and school-room, which was absolutely required. The work was speedily carried out, and the chapel was re-opened at Easter (1878). The tender submitted by Sully, Elley and Co. amounted to £80 14s., and the other incidental expenses to £14 4s. 5½d., making a total expenditure of £94 18s. 5½d. In order to settle the contractor's account, the treasurer has been obliged to advance the sum of £20, but the friends have raised—not including the contributions of the old trustees referred to—the sum of £54 18s. 5½d., in little more than a year. It will be seen that £20 is still needed to close the fund, but the friends have been compelled to suspend operations in this direction for a time, and to make special efforts towards reducing the circuit debt, which is considerable. Independently of the Restoration Fund, a sum of nearly £16 has been raised during the last two years, for a new harmonium. That effort is virtually closed. The nucleus of the fund was obtained by some of the teachers and scholars, with a few other friends, forming a party of "waits" at Christmas in 1877.† Collecting-books were distributed, and a considerable sum obtained in house-to-house visitation. Then followed, of course, the re-opening services, with tea and public meetings; and Mr. Bourne kindly delivered his lecture on "Billy Bray." At Christmas last the "waits" again sang their carols. The weather was very unfavourable, but the effort notwithstanding was successful. A christmas-tree entertainment and fancy sale, provided jointly by the society and the school, was very successful, and greatly encouraged the friends. A penny reading, a soirée, and the sale of scripture reward tickets, produced excellent results. The above will indicate that the friends have not been wanting in effort nor zeal. When Mr. Boase was appointed to Clapham at the Conference of 1877, he found the society in a weak and disorganized condition, and consequently it has been up-hill work. A new trust has been formed; the restoration of the chapel, so long and urgently needed, has been carried out; the society has been brought into better working order; members have been added to the church; the attendance has improved; and were it not for the circuit debt, the prospects would be very promising. Thus, although the results of the efforts of the past two years, in particular, have not been so great as could have been desired, the friends have not laboured in vain, nor given their substance for nought.

The Sunday-school, although small, has zealously co-operated in the efforts above referred to, and some of the senior scholars have been recently received as

* Mr. Wright and Mr. Heywood have generously subscribed between them a sum of £80, which met some outstanding claims and left a balance of £20, which has been devoted to the Restoration Fund.

† A sum of £9 was raised in a similar manner some years ago.

members on trial. It may be added that an interesting Band of Hope holds its meetings in the school-room of the chapel, that the pastor is the president of it, and that most of the members of the committee are also members of the church and society.

A. E. G.

BRATTON.—Since Conference, this place of worship has undergone considerable alterations and improvements. It has been re-seated throughout, with the best pitch pine, and a beautiful new rostrum has been placed in it. A new stone porch has also been added, a great improvement as well as a convenience. The chapel was re-opened November 6th, 1878. An appropriate sermon in the morning from Mr. J. Gammon, followed by a public luncheon, to which about ninety persons sat down. In the afternoon, Mr. Crewes, of Callington, delighted a large audience with his sermon. Then came the tea, attended by nearly 300 persons. At the evening meeting, the chapel was densely crowded, and scores could not gain admittance. Mr. W. D. Squire, in the absence of E. Pethybridge, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Kennard, Datson, Hawken, Coles, and Crewes; the last speaker eliciting much applause. The speeches were interspersed with select pieces by the choir, Mr. Cutland presiding at the harmonium. Great praise is due to the friends, too numerous to mention, who superintended the arrangements for the day, or contributed to the undertaking. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to them all at the close of the public meeting. The financial result is over £70. When the debt of £79 7s. 3d. is paid, the chapel will be able to contribute £12 per year to quarter board.

Chapel anniversaries have also been held at Northlew, Highampton, Chilla, Madworthy, and with one exception, the receipts are in advance of last year's. As our chapels, on the whole are working well, it is likely at no very distant period, with a good revival every year, the Northlew circuit will be entirely self-supporting.

J. COLES.

BRIDESTOWE.—The anniversary was held on Wednesday, January 1st, 1879. Mrs. Bice, of Gunnislake, preached in the afternoon to a crowded audience. Notwithstanding the pouring rain, over 230 persons afterwards took tea. A public meeting was held in the evening under the presidency of J. Bartlett, Esq. (Church of England), and addresses given by Messrs. S. R. Drew, J. Datson, J. Coles, and Mrs. Bice. Several select pieces were beautifully rendered by the Bratton choir, Mr. Cutland presiding at the harmonium.

Previous to the anniversary a number of friends had interested themselves in getting up a christmas-tree, which was set up in the school-room in connection with the other proceedings of the day. The tree was nicely decorated; and we had besides three or four stalls, presided over by interested friends. Nearly all the articles were sold, and the result of the day reached to over £42. A new harmonium has been purchased, and ten new lamps put in the chapel, and paid for. There is a balance in hand of £32. About double that amount will shortly be expended in making the chapel more attractive and comfortable. During the winter about twenty persons have been converted at this place. If the chapel could be properly secured to the Connexion, Bridestowe, which for years has been so low, might become one of the best places in the circuit. Thanks to the friends who have so nobly helped us here.

J. COLES.

POUNDSTOCK.—The foundation stone of a new chapel was laid on Tuesday, March 11th, by Mr. W. Winnacott, of St. Gennys. The provisions for the tea were all given by the friends. Br. Bourne being in the Holsworthy Circuit the previous day, kindly consented to visit us on the occasion. He preached two very excellent sermons to the great delight of the congregations. A quaint old brother on leaving the chapel at night said, "I wish that man would come every Sunday to preach to us." Receipts, £15 5s. 9d. In a few weeks we hope to lay several memorial stones. Our friends in this place have met with very great losses of late, but they are doing their best still.

J. BENDLE.

CANWORTHY WATER.—The anniversary was celebrated on Good Friday. In the afternoon, Mrs. Bice preached a very interesting sermon. A public tea followed, which was numerously attended. The following ladies, under the direction of Mrs. P. Pethick, did their best to make every one comfortable, Mrs. Burden, Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. T. Sloman, Mrs. Littlejohns, Mrs. S. Uglow, Mrs.

S. Prout, Mrs. E. Prout, Mrs. W. Harry, Mrs. J. Pethick, Mrs. Orchard, Misses Littlejohns, &c., &c. At the public meeting, presided over by Mr. P. Pethick, Mrs. Bice, Messrs. T. C. Jacob, M. Chapman, and the writer took part. Receipts of the day, £18.

J. BENDLE.

WATERLOO ROAD (LONDON) BAZAAR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have just held a very successful bazaar, and perhaps a few particulars relative thereto and the state of the cause generally, will not be unacceptable to your readers. The existence of this Society as a separate circuit dates from the Conference of 1877. There was then a debt on the Society of £5 16s., whilst the appointment of a minister involved at once considerable outlay in house accommodation, furniture, etc., so that at the end of the first year, the debt had grown to over £60. An increase of grant was asked for, whilst the friends decided to make a vigorous effort to reduce the existing liabilities. To make the effort as successful as possible, we sought the co-operation of all our friends—society, trustees, and Sunday-school. They all worked well, as the appearance of the stalls, on the opening day, testified. The opening ceremony was fixed for Tuesday, February 25th, under the Presidency of George Gowland, Esq. The Bazaar continued open the three following days.

The following is the result:—

STALLS.						£.	s.	d.
Mrs. Hobbs, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Hobbs	..	..	..	..	..	40	0	0
Miss Dark, Miss Hicks, and Misses Hardwick	..	..	..	..	..	26	7	9
Mrs. Allin, Mrs. Wilson, and Misses Grose	..	..	..	..	..	24	10	0
The Bible Class	..	..	..	..	..	21	15	9
Mrs. Bastin, and Mrs. Geroge	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	0
The Pastor's Book Stall	..	..	..	..	..	3	16	7
Refreshment Stall	..	..	..	..	..	2	16	1
Exhibition of Microphone and Telephone	..	..	..	..	..	0	10	11
Entrance Money	..	..	..	..	..	2	14	1
Donations	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	0
Total						£135	9	2
Disbursements	..	..	..	..	..	7	0	2
Profit						£128	9	0

We hope now to pay off most of the debt on the Society, replenish the Sunday-school funds, renovate the chapel, which is much needed, and also pay off a portion of the chapel debt. Our prospects here are more encouraging than they have been for several years past. Our congregations have improved. The Sunday-school looks healthy, and we hope to report an increase in our Missionary money.

There is much in a London pastorate to depress and discourage, nevertheless it is not without its redeeming features. I am convinced, Mr. Editor, that great success is not to be realized by spasmodic and fitful efforts; but by the constant and persevering toil of preacher and people. That the future of this place may be as more abundant than the past, is the desire of

S. ALLIN.

Revivals.

NEWPORT AND RYDE CIRCUIT.—During the past winter revival services have been held in each of the places in this circuit, with much good as the result. A blessed influence has been realized, and many souls have been brought nigh by the blood of Christ. At *Newport*, after two or three weeks' services, we had several

converts, who have joined the society. Our prayer meetings and congregations here have greatly improved. At *East Cowes* seven have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and the cause is gradually advancing. Services were commenced at *Rookley*, February 16th; congregations exceedingly good. Five souls professed to find peace through believing in Christ, to whom notes of admittance have been given. At *Chillerton* a fortnight's services were held; they were well attended, and a good influence was realized. The members have experienced a gracious quickening. We commenced a series of special services at *Arretton*, February 23rd. These continued for a fortnight. It was delightful to be there. A gracious out-pouring of God's Spirit was realized, and about thirty have obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. On the Thursday and Friday nights of the first week, the power of God was felt in a wonderful manner. Many of the old members say that they never had such a feeling, nor witnessed such a scene before. Every person in the chapel was deeply impressed, and the influence soon spread through the neighbourhood. The chapel every night was densely crowded.

On Sunday, March 9th, the writer was appointed there; this was the crowning day. People came from far and near. A blessed influence prevailed during both services, and at the close of the public service in the evening the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and nearly one hundred persons remained. Such a refreshing season will not soon be forgotten. We cannot but thank God for past blessings, and conclude that there is every reason to expect a richer harvest. To God be all the praise. Amen.

T. ROWE.

SOMERTON CIRCUIT.—It affords me much pleasure to report that the good work at *High Ham* is still progressing. Our friends have laboured hard, and a goodly army from the valley of dry bones have started up into spiritual life. I am also thankful to inform you that a delightful change has taken place at *Somerton*. Our congregation has been very small. I commenced special services here three weeks since, and above twenty have found peace with God. A great shout in the camp last night. Our prospects are brightening considerably.

T. A.

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.

On old Christmas day the friends at Week St. Mary held their chapel anniversary and annual Christmas tree. Profits of the day £23. Our friends at this place have done well for several years, and have succeeded in paying off all their chapel debt, and have nearly paid for a piece of ground, bought some years ago, whereon to build a new chapel and school-room, which are both much needed, as the old chapel is very feeble. The friends are united and work well.

Bennacott Bazaar, in aid of their new chapel, was held January 30th, 1879. Proceeds of the day, including a donation from Mr. Bailey, £52.

On Wednesday, February 19th, the seventh annual Sunday-school Conference was held at Canworthy Water. The attendance was very good, and the afternoon's discussion deeply interesting. The schools throughout the circuit were represented to be in good working order. Instead of appointing different brethren to visit the schools, Mr. P. Pethick alone was delegated to this work. Our numbers are two teachers less than last year, but fourteen scholars more. A public tea at the close of the sittings of the conference was well patronized by the teachers and friends. At the public meeting Mr. Pethick presided; addresses were given by the Brethren F. C. Tonkin, (M.F.C.), T. C. Jacob, on "The relation of the school to the church;" J. Jenkin, on "The advantages of early piety;" W. Tucker, on "The duty of parents towards the school;" J. Bendle, on "Is it right to exclude the Bible from our Board schools, and the benefits derived from Bible teachings?" The chairman declared that he much enjoyed the meeting, and thought the conference to be one of the best that he had ever attended. Votes of thanks were given to Mrs. Littlejohns and family, for getting up the tea; to the friends who presided at the tea tables, &c., and also to the chairman and Mr. F. C. Tonkin for their valuable services.

J. BENDLE.

ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT.

THE Lady-day Preachers' and Quarterly meetings were held March 25th, in the new chapel at Tregorrick. The first time we presume a Quarterly meeting was ever held in this hamlet; without doubt the first ever held in the new chapel. There was an excellent attendance at both the meetings. In addition to the ordinary business of the Preachers' meeting, Br. W. J. Nicholls read an essay on "The Divinity of Jesus Christ," the third of a series on "Systematic Theology" which have been read at successive local preachers' meetings. (Canon Thynne's attention is respectfully called to this.) The essay of Br. Nicholls was of so excellent a character that it was heartily resolved that he forward the MS. to the Editor for publication in the *Bible Christian Magazine*. At the Quarterly meeting the ordinary receipts exceeded the disbursements by the sum of 10s. A fact that in these depressed times says something for the liberality of the friends. A special debt of £80, incurred in the necessary alterations and improvements of the pastor's residence, was at this meeting entirely liquidated. At the last Christmas Quarterly meeting, Br. J. Jose, our respected ex-circuit steward, suggested that the £80 be assessed to the several societies in the circuit, with the understanding that the whole or principal part of the assessment was to be voted from the various Trust estates. This suggestion was cordially adopted, and has been so successfully carried out, that the entire circuit debt has been removed in one quarter. It was also thought that instead of making several special circuit efforts, it would be better to vote the sum from the Trust estates, and the friends of the several chapels could then throw additional heartiness into the various efforts adopted in behalf of their chapels from time to time. A few really good efforts are better than a numerous appeals and feeble collections. Both preachers received a hearty invitation to remain a third year, and the invitation was as heartily accepted. Our two new circuit stewards, the brethren J. Turner and W. J. Nicholls, ably conducted the financial business of the meeting.

A large public tea meeting was held in the afternoon in the old chapel, now converted into a commodious school-room. The chapel was well filled at the evening meeting—addressed by the Brethren J. Hall on "The evidences of a future life," W. J. Turner on "The natural and spiritual life," W. Jeffery on "The essentials of success in Christian work," and by G. W. Angwin on "The religion of to-day," the senior circuit steward presiding. The whole proceedings passed off in a spirit of unbroken harmony and interest.

One most important thing we desire to see more progressive, that is the *purely spiritual work* of the circuit; still we are far from without hope that the ministrations of God's Word, and the earnest prayer of His servants, are being blest to the people who form the St. Austell Circuit. "Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair," so says Burke, and so say we.

March 31st, 1879.

G. W. ANGWIN.

Juvenile Missionary Services.

MILLOM.—The first ever held at Millom was held on Sunday, February 16th. A sermon was preached by the pastor, and missionary hymns sung by the scholars and choir. In the afternoon and evening, the children recited pieces and dialogues to large and deeply interested congregations. The recitations were interspersed with suitable hymns and anthems. An address was given on each occasion by the pastor. The children acquitted themselves admirably, and our very excellent choir performed their part most cheerfully and ably. The meeting was held in the chapel the following evening, when the names of the collectors and the several amounts they had collected were announced, instead of at the annual missionary meeting as formerly. This greatly interested them because it was *their meeting*. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. James. Addresses were also given by the

brethren J. Hender, J. Harris, J. James, and J. Russell, who sang "The beautiful green shore." Suitable hymns and anthems were again well rendered by the choir. The meeting was both interesting and profitable, and all our friends have felt glad that it has been held, as it has contemplated such objects as the increase of our missionary receipts, making our Sabbath schools more missionary in character, and informing the world of our missionary operations. The collections amounted to £1 15s. 3d.

Haverigg juvenile services began on Saturday evening, February 22nd, by a public meeting under the presidency of Mr. H. K. Bartle. The attendance was good, and the interest considerable. Appropriate speeches were made by the pastor, W. Norton, and H. Jenkin. The children recited admirably, and the chapel choir sang at intervals charmingly. On Sunday, February 23rd, afternoon and evening services were held; the pastor gave an address on each occasion, and the children blended their voices with the choir in song, and recited in a very praiseworthy manner. In the evening the chapel was full, and the choir sang seven times in melodious, stirring strains. The audiences were delighted, and the cause of God benefitted. The collections in this place have brought us £1 6s. 10d. The net profit will be about £2 15s. 4d. We heartily wish it were more. "But who hath despised the day of small things?" I do not report the above on account of its monetary success, but the heartiness with which the matter has been taken up is worthy of recognition. Besides, this is only the beginning, and the end is not yet.

JAMES HENDER.

[Our hearty friends at Bristol have exceeded all their former efforts; the receipts in connection with their Juvenile Missionary meeting on Good Friday reaching the noble sum of £79.—ED.]

NEWTON ABBOT.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—We have just held our Juvenile Missionary meeting, which is the last service in connection with that department for the year; and thinking that perhaps well-wishers to the cause at Newton Abbot may be cheered to know how we are getting on, and believing also it will please the juveniles to see that their effort is appreciated, I herewith send you the following particulars, which you will oblige by inserting in the Magazine.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Juvenile Missionary Meeting	1	10	0	Alice Hallery's do.	-	-	0 5 1
Sunday-school Box	-	2	0 0	Kate Webber's do.	-	-	0 4 0
Mary Norman's Card	-	1	17 0	Louisa Power's do.	-	-	0 3 3
Helena Mathews' do.	-	1	13 0	Annie Brailey's do.	-	-	0 3 2
Charles O. Sowden's do.	-	1	5 1	Alice Madge's do.	-	-	0 2 6
Charlotte Jones's do.	-	1	1 3	Dinah Perkins' do.	-	-	0 2 6
Kate Hope's do.	-	1	1 0	Arthur Nicholls' do.	-	-	0 2 6
William Budd's do.	-	0	16 6	Arthur Turpin's do.	-	-	0 1 11
Annie Sowton's do.	-	0	11 0	Five Cards	-	-	0 3 10
Edith Madge's do.	-	0	6 0				
Blanch Sowton's do.	-	0	5 0				
							£13 14 7

As the adult department is also in advance, and the circuit funds increased, we hope at the end of the year, not only to meet our way, but also to refund the £10 granted by the Missionary Committee. We feel grateful to our Heavenly Father that, amidst the general depression, our funds have been so nobly sustained. We are hoping and expecting that with the blessing of God, coupled with judicious management, the day is not far distant when this station will be taken on the list of self-supporting circuits.

C. B.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £967 19s. 5d.

CAMELFORD CIRCUIT—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
St. Breward Meeting	-	1	1	0	St. Blazey Gate Meeting	-	0	5	6
Mr. B. Polkinghorne, don.	-	0	2	6	Tywardreath do.	-	0	0	6
Mr. C. H. Hawken, don.	-	0	2	6	BODMIN CIRCUIT—				
Meadrose, after sermon	-	0	9	5	Bridges Meeting	-	0	4	0
Camelford Meeting	-	0	12	1	Bugle Meeting	-	1	1	0
Rev. G. Daniel	-	2	0	0	Mr. Harry, donation	-	0	10	0
Miss Annie H. Daniel, first instalment	-	0	2	6	Miss Elliot, Torrington, don.	1	1	0	
ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT—					Samuel Bailey, Esq., Liverpool, don.	-	5	0	0
Providence, Sunday-morning collection	-	0	10	0	J. Hayward, Esq., don.	-	1	1	0
Bethel, Sunday afternoon col.	0	7	6		Rev. J. C. Sweet, first instalment	-	1	3	6
St. Austell, Sunday evening collection	-	1	8	0	A Friend	-	2	0	0

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—In sending another monthly list, it must be confessed that the amount is by no means what we could desire; but many more sums will no doubt be handed in toward the close of the year. We shall be particularly grateful to the ministers if they will collect the sums promised by the various friends, and audit the cards and books in the hands of the collectors.

We rejoice greatly in TREBLEJOHN'S stirring communication in the *Observer* for March 12th and 19th,* and we earnestly hope that our friends in the States and Canada will take the matter up with a will. It looks so easy to find three hundred persons who could give to this all-important object ten pounds each. We can see no reason why our friends in Australia, Queensland, and New Zealand also, should not readily take up this work, and help to pay off the College debt.

As a Denomination, at home and abroad, in every circuit and place, we shall be benefited by this enterprize, if carried to a successful issue.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Portsmouth, in a letter to Mr. Crocker, the architect, under date April 9th, 1879, says: "I believe the institution is doing a really good work. It is, as it were, the Beacon of Progress raised in what was a very backward part of the country." O, brethren and friends, greatly beloved and blessed of the Lord, willingly come to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord in this department. There is pressing need, and who is there, with a spare shilling or pound, who will not *lend* it to the Lord? Yes, *LEND* it to the Lord. All such gifts and contributions (as a good brother put it) are *lent* to the Lord. O hasten, hasten to lend your money to the Lord. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

W. HIGMAN, *Secretary*.
C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*.

MISSIONARY DEBT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EFFORT.—SPECIAL DONATIONS.

(Acknowledged last month, £7 1s. 8d.)

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Bethel, Week St. Mary Circuit	-	1	0	0	Providence, Exeter do.	-	1	10	0
Launceston	-	1	0	0	Gt. Union Road, Jersey do.	1	0	0	
St. Mary's, Scilly Islands	-	0	12	0	Drybrook, Forest of Dean do.	0	10	0	
Barton's Corner, Yarmouth Circuit	-	0	6	0	Falmouth, Hicks Mill do.	-	0	10	0
Gillingham, Chatham Circuit	0	5	0		Zoar, Tavistock do.	-	0	5	0
Broughton Road, Barrow and Dalton Circuit	-	0	10	0	Bishopstoke, Southampton Circuit	-	0	10	0
Oxford St., Swansea Circuit	1	0	0		Upham, Southampton do.	-	0	10	0
					Royal Crescent, Jersey	-	2	0	0
					Ebenezer, Taunton	-	0	5	0

* We shall reprint this next month.—ED.

Will the pastors kindly remind the Superintendents of schools, that we shall be glad to receive a goodly list of promises, to report in the next month's Magazine? If all schools would respond as some have done from £300 to £400 would be raised with great ease towards this very desirable object. Now is the time for a grand Sunday School effort.

P. LABDON, *Secretary.*

DEPUTATION TO CANADA.

BR. LUKE, who was appointed with Br. Nott, to attend the Canadian Conference, left Liverpool for New York, on Tuesday, April 15th. He expects to be absent about two months. Br. Nott was unable to make arrangements to leave his circuit this year.

THREE RECENT DEATHS.

AFTER our second sheet was made up, Br. Cornelius Denning informed us of the death of Br. JOHN CHING, at Southpetherton, on March 31st, 1879, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Br. Denning says he was in a most heavenly frame of mind for many weeks before his death, and that his end was very peaceful. Br. Ching was a great man, for as a prince, he had power with God and prevailed; and as a preacher, he set forth some aspects of divine truth with remarkable clearness and force. His prayers for unction, variety, and richness, we have never heard excelled.

Our readers will also deeply sympathize with Br. T. Braund, in the great trial which has come upon him in the death of his beloved wife. She fell asleep in Jesus on the 4th of April.

Nor should Br. Tonkin be forgotten in the prayers of God's people. The death of his dear wife was incidentally referred to in our pages last month, but it is only right that more distinct and emphatic notice should be taken of the departure of one who laboured with her dear husband so consistently and usefully in the mission field for so many years. What a harvest is death reaping this year among our personal friends, and faithful coadjutors in the Lord's work!

Brief Notices of Books.

The Biblical Museum. Old Testament. Vol. V. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. London: Elliot Stock. (Price 5s.)

THE present volume of this useful and popular work includes the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Job. The possessors of former volumes will be glad to receive a further instalment of this most valuable help to the study of the sacred Scriptures, which is sure to win for itself even wider acceptance and favour.

Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. Part XII. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 1s. 6d.)

THE subjects discussed in this part are Infidel Attack on the Family, Natural and Starvation Wages, Is Justice a Peril to Capitalists? Trades Unions a Nursery of Socialism, Socialism and Universal Suffrage, Socialism a Political Blunder, Self-Help the Hope of the poor, and Co-operation the Help of the Poor. Each Lecture has a Prelude, the subjects being John Ruskin, Mormonism, Resumption of Specie Payments, The Evangelization of the World, Infidelity and Infamous Literature, Commercial Honour, Fragmentary College Culture, and The Chinese Question. We have transferred the author's views on "The Evangelization of the World" to our pages, and it is hardly necessary to state that the lectures, though including so great variety of subjects, are dealt with with consummate ability.

The Birthday Memorial and Daily Text Book. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE "get-up" of this volume is as attractive as its arrangement is excellent. It is not a novelty for works of this class to contain "a passage of Scripture and a verse for each day in the year, with spaces for recording names"; but the selection in this instance is made with great care, and not in that hap-hazard fashion which has been so common. The verse of poetry is chosen to illustrate, often in the most apt and beautiful manner, the passage of Scripture. Thus, to take an example, the verse of poetry that is joined to the glad words "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him," is

"More than highly favoured we than those
Who never sinned nor fell :
The Triune God hath saved His foes,
And plucked us out of hell.
We grow in grace, abound in hope,
His prodigals forgiven ;
And when our faith is quite filled up
He takes us all to heaven."

Entering on Life : A Book for Young Men. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., Author of "The Life and Words of Christ," etc. Seventh edition. Strahan & Co. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THE best, yea much the best book of its kind we have ever read. There is not a dull page, hardly a dull sentence, from beginning to end, but sparkling as it is, the counsels given are quite sound and wholesome, such as the wisest must approve.

The New Testament Idea of Hell. By S. M. MERRILL, D.D., Bishop of The Methodist Episcopal Church. R. D. Dickinson.

WHAT the Scriptures teach on the subject of future punishment is here presented in a very clear and compact form, completely stripped of the glosses by which universalists, destructionists, and others have obscured the plain teaching of God's Word. A brief extract from the preface will serve to indicate the character of this little book, and the conclusiveness of its reasonings.

"*Hades* is treated as a fact. The word itself is of little consequence. The fact exists. It is a world unseen, but real, and it would have existed and filled its office if the name had been different, or if no name had ever been given to it. The Mississippi River poured its waters along the same channel for ages before the word Mississippi was known, and it would have continued as deep and wide if no name had been applied to it. So with the invisible world. It does not depend on its name for existence or character. In the course of human events, and perchance of human follies, it so happened that the word *Hades* was used among men as the name of the unknown regions inhabited by departed souls; and the Saviour adopted it as suitable to His purpose, because it would be understood, and in using it He sanctioned the general idea of a world of spirits, without sanctioning the fanciful notions prevailing in regard to its location, or the pursuits of its inhabitants, because their ideas were neither contained in the name nor conveyed by its use. The origin of the word, and its use prior to its application to the nether world, is of no significance except as showing how it took the meaning it bore in the days of Christ, and how it became suitable for His purpose.

"The same remark is true of *Gehenna*. The name is a mere incident. The eternal state of the wicked is a fact—a necessity. Its terribleness grows out of the nature of sin," &c.

Anglo-Israelism Refuted. A Lecture by ROBERT ROBERTS, of Birmingham. F. Pitman. (Price 2d.)

A VERY able lecture, which will, we think, convince all who are to be convinced that if the advocates of "Anglo-Israelism" are to find arguments in its favour they must seek them elsewhere than in the Scriptures.

The Two Witnesses Not Yet Slain ; or, their Present Position in the Calendar of Prophecy. By the Rev. R. GASCOYNE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 6d.)

THOSE who have plenty of time at their command may feel an interest in reading

what our author has adduced in support of his theory that the "Two Witnesses" of the Apocalypse are the Established Churches of England and Switzerland. The *disestablishment* of the Church is regarded as being synonymous with its *destruction*.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review and Christian Ambassador. April, 1879. Primitive Methodist Book Depot. (Price 2s.)

WE thought highly of the first number of the New Series of this periodical, and the second we regard as an improvement on the first. Besides the articles in continuation of those which appeared in the January number, Anecdotes of Voltaire among the Swiss, Cyprus, A Scotch Naturalist, and The Future Consequences of Sin, we have others on Edward Irving, Some Phases of Modern Religious Thought, The Person and Work of Christ, The Educational Value of Novels, Wesley and Modern Philosophy (first paper), The Science of Missions, and Sensationalism in the Pulpit. Many pages are also devoted to Homiletic Sketches, and there is a brief review of Literature, Science, and Politics. Several of the articles are very fresh and vigorous, and altogether it is a publication of which any Denomination might well be proud.

Pearls of American Sacred Song. Selected from the newest and best sources. F. E. Longley. (Price 4d.)

TWENTY-FOUR choice pieces.

Taylor's Holy Living.

Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. Ward, Lock & Co. (Price 1s. 6d.)

Two noteworthy additions to the Christian Knowledge Series. The first named, "though too sacerdotal," as a competent critic has justly remarked, "and hardly fit for use as a whole, will live as long as the language."

We have seen adverse criticisms of Dr. Doddridge's master-piece, but we have proved it to be both helpful and stimulating, and it is likely to hold its own as a sacred classic for a long time to come. The value of this series is increased by the annotations of the accomplished editor.

The Doctrine of Future Punishment: as held by Orthodox Churches, and as Taught in the Sacred Scriptures. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. H. Webber. (Price 3d.)

DR. COOKE here speaks with the authority which his vast learning and experience entitle him to do, and his views on the awful subject of Future Punishment, so clearly and solemnly set forth, will, we would fain hope, have great weight with many whose minds have been unsettled by recent controversies.

Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. Biology and Transcendentalism. Ward, Lock & Co. (Price 1s. 6d.)

In this handy and attractive volume, seventeen of Mr. Cook's most effective lectures on the subjects indicated on the title-page are included.

Homeward Bound. Sunday Afternoon Half-Hour Lectures to the Masses, on the Prodigal Son. By the Rev. CHARLES LEACH, F.G.S. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 1s.)

THERE is much in these lectures to which the fastidious would surely object, but unquestionably they were popular and effective in their delivery, as "the chapel was usually crowded to suffocation, and often numbers of people were turned away." Success to all consistent efforts to win the working-classes to Christ! We congratulate Mr. Leach on having gained the ear of such a multitude of them.

A Popular Exposition of the Epistle to the Seven Churches of Asia. By the Rev. Professor PLUMPTRE, D.D. Second Edition. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

THESE brief epistles have had many expositors, but certainly the best in many respects is Professor Plumptre, and his work is not likely soon to be superseded.

Our Miscellany.

THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

EVERYWHERE the policy of the Government is involving us in difficulty. The Zulu war is going on, it is impossible to see to what end. The Afghan war, which Mr. Bright truly says is a mere war of annexation, is, Sir William Harcourt reminds us, not nearly over, nor is there any prospect of its conclusion, since the scientific frontier has yet to be decided on and made. We may get drawn into costly difficulties with Burmah. The entanglement caused by the purchase of the Suez Canal shares may give us much trouble in Egypt, where we have received a severe rebuff from the Khedive. Nobody knows what is going on in Turkey. We are still responsible for Asia Minor, concerned in the quarrel about Eastern Roumelia, and in much difficulty about Greece. Cyprus is an unsatisfactory possession, and the Transvaal, which was annexed two years ago, is by no means quiet under our rule. It is no wonder that a Government which has thus half the world upon its hands must neglect home affairs. No such catalogue of foreign preoccupations ever troubled a nation. The country will ask with Mr. Bright on his review of the responsibilities which have been undertaken by the Government on our behalf, "Is there anything that can equal this in folly and impossibility?"—*Daily News*, April 17th.

MR. BRIGHT'S INDICTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

I LEAVE them [the Government] to the retribution which awaits them (cheers). They have played, in my view, falsely both with Parliament and with the country. (Renewed cheers.) They have wasted and are now wasting the blood and the treasure of our people. They have tarnished the mild reign of the Queen by needless war and slaughter in two continents, and by a needless war in Europe. They have soiled the fair fame of England, by subjugating the population of a province which had been freed by Russia by a war and treaty, by handing it over to the cruel and the odious Government of the Turk; and beyond that they have shown, in my view, during an interval of five years since they have been in possession of office and of power, that they are imbecile at home and turbulent and wicked abroad. (Loud cheers.) I say, then, that I leave them to the judgment of the constituencies of the United Kingdom, to which they must quickly appeal, and to the heavy condemnation which impartial history will pronounce upon them. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)—*Mr. Bright, at Birmingham.*

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR.

A DARING miscreant chose Easter Monday for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor Alexander of Russia. While the Czar was taking his early morning walk near the Palace, at St. Petersburg, a well-dressed man, who turns out to be a retired functionary of the Ministry of Finance, fired a revolver three times at his Majesty, each time happily missing fire, though the would-be regicide subsequently wounded one of his pursuers, and was eventually knocked down and captured. It is said that Sokoloff, prior to the attempt, had previously taken poison, which might account for his failure. When afterwards searched, some capsules containing a deadly poison were found secreted about him. Little discomposed by the attack, the Emperor at once drove to the Kazan Cathedral without escort, to offer thanksgiving for his deliverance, and on the news becoming known there was a remarkable outburst of loyal sympathy among the population. Thousands flocked to the Palace and enthusiastically cheered the Czar, who has received congratulatory telegrams from all the sovereigns of Europe, including the Sultan, and from the Government of the United States. St. Petersburg was brilliantly illuminated in the evening. This is the third attempt to assassinate the Czar during his reign, one of them having been made by a Pole during his visit to Paris in 1867.—*The Nonconformist.*



Mr. Piper

President of the South Australian Conference 1877



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF LUKE; OR, THE ATONEMENT JUSTIFIED AND REVIEWED.

RATIFICATION first. It is "the act of giving sanction and validity to something done by another. The term is ordinarily used in *international law* for the sanction given by governments to treaties contracted by their representatives." Newspaper readers have often met with it during the last two or three months in relation to the Eastern Question.* Long and hard was the struggle between the Russians and Turks. History will record memorable deeds of daring at Plevna and the Shipka Pass. At length the men of the Crescent gave way before the men of the Cross. Then came the Treaty of San Stefano, and the ratification thereof by the two governments. A larger ratification was required—that by the great powers of Europe. After a period of painful and perilous suspense, the representatives of those powers are to-day holding grave deliberations in the German capital. God grant the outcome may be a peace well-founded and enduring!

Ours is a world of rebellion against the great King, whose love originated peace negotiations, and whose wisdom found a suitable basis in an atonement for sin by the death of His own incarnate Son. As we stand on Calvary, looking at the Crucified, listening to His last great cry, we learn that an atonement for sin has been made; but has that accomplished fact been duly regarded and accredited? Has there been anything like a demonstration of

* This article, the reader will perceive, was written last year.

its having been accepted? It has been said that the Persons in the Trinity "gathered around the council table" when man was to be made; how much more then when he was to be redeemed? But the question now is, Did they gather around the council table a third time to ratify what was done when the sun blackened and the rocks were riven? Is there any documentary evidence of ratification? Luke xxiv. is the answer.

There are presumable, virtual, and actual ratifications.

PRESUMABLE RATIFICATIONS.

It is fairly presumable on the ground of the work itself, considered in relation to its Author, that it was with the fullest appreciation accepted. He who did it was Chief Messenger of the great King, sent to do a prescribed work for a double purpose—to secure the honour of the divine throne, and the interests of a rebel race. Provided He kept true to His mediatorial engagements, the way would be clear for the bestowment of pardon on the believing penitent. So scrupulously did He adhere to them that He could at length say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have *finished* the work which Thou gavest me to do." Finally, on the cross He cried, "*It is finished!*" He who sent Him therefore could yield nothing short of unqualified approval. To conceive of less would be to suppose dissatisfaction either with the scheme or the working out thereof. Dissatisfaction with the scheme itself would argue some discovered defect in it, or change of mind regarding it, the one limiting His infinite wisdom, the other annihilating His immutability. Dissatisfaction with the working out of the scheme, which was most perfect, would tell against His justice. As we can admit nothing derogatory to the divine perfections, the conclusion is a fair one, that, the Plan of Mercy being His own, when in everything carried out, His approval could not but have been duly signified.

The King's Messenger was no other than His own Son. He claimed to be so, and was repeatedly acknowledged as such by the Father. Prophets and apostles give Him the glory of a nature infinitely above the human, the angelic, the created of any name. It has been shown often how admirably they agree in describing Him as the mighty, the great, the true God; in ascribing to Him the perfections of the Godhead; in accrediting Him with the works, and claiming for Him the homage, of God. With this their claim, identical with His own, agree well the leading facts of His terrestrial history, from the Incarnation to the Ascension—superhuman energy and intelligence displayed, with perfect purity and benignity, simplicity and dignity, running all through His life like a tide of soft and soothing splendour.

This Personage, so exalted in rank—the Word made flesh—

Emmanuel, God with us—the brightness of His glory—express image of His person—in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily—was not more truly divine than human. He had the form and features, the sense and reason, the antipathies and sympathies, of a real human being.

PROPOSITIONS.

1. The union in Him of the two natures was not casual, and of no great consequence, that might have been broken for ever at any moment, but one most intimate and vital, for purposes stupendous in magnitude, illimitable in duration. That it was vital is demonstrated by the fact that it was *a born union*. “Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.” “Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: . . . and his name shall be called . . . the mighty God.” “That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.”

2. As the physical and spiritual in man make, not two beings, but one, so the human and the Divine in Jesus constitute but One Person. Sufficient importance is not attached or prominence given to this—the undivided and unique personality of Christ.

3. Those two natures in Him are undistinguishable and inseparable. Sometimes we hear it said, “Distinguish! Distinguish!” Just here lies the difficulty, nay, impossibility. You may indeed distinguish in thought, and in description, that is, in some imperfect way; but the utmost mental and literary effort is unable to distinguish *in fact*. When the brain is busy and throbbing with the idea, the tongue eloquent in its utterance, and the various conceptions gathering around it are being transferred to the ample page by the well-plied pen, *precisely then the two natures are one and inseparable*. From the time when the union took place there has not been a moment of disseverance. If there had been such a thing, the time of its continuance would have been a dark period for the world—a day, week, month, year, of *no Christ*—no Messianic meditation “between God and men.” For only as the God-man can He be the Daysman of our fallen race. What is the meaning of the new expression on your countenance? I see the death on the cross in your look. But what was that death? Not a sundering of Divine and human, only a dropping of the mortal, as in any merely human case. Spiritual and immortal humanity was still in union with Divinity.

4. As in other complex beings, the higher is the ruling and responsible nature. The human acted with the divine back of it, the divine through the human medium; the human in the employ of the divine as the great acting governing agent.

CONCLUSIONS.

1. The Atonement was the one undivided work of this one undivided Person. He "*gave himself for us.*"

2. For all practical purposes it is all one whether that august Personage suffered in His human nature and divine too, or in His human nature only. If by union with the human the divine suffered, then the suffering was strictly infinite. If the human only suffered, then the divine associated therewith, impressing, penetrating, enshrining with *its own moral worth and glory*, rendered it *virtually infinite*. In the material world some things bear but the impress of human skill, others the stamping of the divine genius. The form may be the same; it is *the stamping* which makes the difference. As the natural rises above the artificial by having the impress thereon of the divine natural perfections; so in the moral world what has the proper and full impress of the divine moral perfections is thereby marked off from all that is merely human, lifted above all that is strictly finite. Whichever view be entertained, the suffering in its essential worth is governed by the dignity of the Sufferer, and in its relative value by the power of the circumstances to arrest the attention, move the sensibilities, rouse the conscience.

3. If infinite, either essentially or virtually, all-sufficient. Nothing more than infinite could be required, even as nothing more could be given.

4. If all-sufficient, that is, altogether acceptable, then presumably accepted. How could it have been otherwise?

VIRTUAL RATIFICATIONS.

All that attended the death of Christ marked it as special. Everything clustering around it agreed well with its sacrificial character and importance. Stripped of its atoning intention, it is the most complete and confounding of mysteries; allowed to remain belted with that peculiar sacredness, it harmonizes with, and is illustrative of, Divine majesty and mercy. No wonder there was so much to call forth on the spot the cry of conviction, "Truly this was the Son of God"! No wonder there was a general smiting of the breast in token of newly produced and painful emotions! No wonder the rending rocks, the quaking earth, and the opening graves repeated the death-cry of Jesus! No wonder the dense blackness overhead echoed it, rolling it in peculiar thunderings all along the heavens! And when that cry, so great in meaning and influence, had been flung right out through the mighty universe, no wonder the awful darkness rolled off, that the clear sky and the bright sun might tell with an infinite eloquence that, *as regards all who accept the atonement*, the wrath of God is gone—all gone—gone for ever! O that there may be a rending of rocky hearts! a quaking

among the guilty! an opening of the graves, and a coming forth of dead souls in newness of life! O that the sky of the distressed may become clear, and the Sun of Righteousness beam forth upon them with a splendour which shall illumine and enrapture! Leaving the virtual ratifications in contemporary and reverberating circumstances, we hasten to speak of

RATIFICATIONS PROPER.

1.—*The rending of the veil at the death of Christ.* Go back in thought to those days. Enter the temple, that embodiment of all that is typical in Judaism. Mark the veil which separates the holy from the most holy place, containing the ark, the mercy seat, and the Shekinah. Up till now only the high priest has been allowed to go within the veil. As you notice the material of it—"fine twined linen," and the colour of it—"blue and purple and scarlet," invisible fingers rend it from top to bottom, the sound of that rending as the voice of God Himself, saying, "The old economy is abrogated; a new era inaugurated. Types are all fulfilled, prefigurings of every kind accomplished. The substance of all the shadows is come. The true Propitiation bleeds, whose work meets my fullest approval, is infinitely satisfactory to me as the one grand reason why I will forgive the believing penitent. Available to all are the benefits of the atonement. A new and living way is opened—the gate of Mercy thrown right back on its mighty hinges. New views of Divinity now! Improved privileges of access through Christ Jesus! Henceforth the Gentile is as the Jew, has the same free access to the Temple of truth and grace." Blessed be God! all these things, and more, are rung out and ratified by that one significant act—the rending of the beautiful veil.

2.—*The honour done to the body in which the Atonement was made.* Joseph takes it down for burial. Nicodemus comes to help embalm it. While the courageous are taking flight, the timid are waxing bold. Wrapping the body of Jesus "in linen clothes with the spices," they lay it in a new tomb hard by, within the enclosures of a garden. What a topic!—the gardens of the Bible. In the first garden man fell by sin. In the garden or vineyard of Naboth we are met by a most revolting triumph of sin. Later in the world's history Jesus agonizes in the garden of Gethsemane on account of sin. And now in a garden, near where He died for sin, He is buried. How fitting that as in a garden began the terrestrial triumphs of sin, so in a garden should begin the special triumphs of grace! Satan there, Jesus here, is victor. The Destroyer in that, the Deliverer in this, stands forth with conquering might.

Christ often said He would come forth from death the third day. This His foes knew; and sought to frustrate, setting soldiers to

watch lest there should be deception, who thereby became unacceptable witnesses to them of His resurrection. Though they bribed the soldiers with money, by no means could they bribe their own consciences, nor their memories, which must often have whispered what the watchers said.

The last chapter of Luke records several important resurrection facts. First we have the

REPORT OF THE EMBALMING PARTY.

Preparing to embalm the body of Jesus tells that His friends do not expect Him soon to come to life again. They rest on the Sabbath. The third day dawns. Mary and other holy women are early astir, wending their way to the sepulchre with "prepared spices and ointments." Distressed, despairing love is exerting itself. Whom it cannot recall it will embalm. It turns not back at the thought of difficulties, but defies them. Thinking of the stone at the sepulchre's mouth, it springs to the conclusion, Some one will remove it. Arriving, they find the entrance clear. An angel had been there. Christ is risen. The soldiers, baffled and confounded, have fled. The newly arrived find an empty tomb, and are much perplexed at what they should have expected. False-tongued fear, lifting up itself, cries, "*Stolen!*" Angels of God appearing, exclaim, "*Risen!*" Notice the depth of their interest in all that appertains to Messiah. He is their Prince, they His devoted attendants. Sympathizing with our race, they rejoice in our redemption. The disappointed they bid remember the words of Jesus. Angels listened and treasured up; the disciples heard and forgot, as we too often do. Angels tell what they remember. What they know, and will disclose in times to come.

Returning, those women report faithfully what had occurred. What a

SERIES OF SURPRISALS

that memorable morn!—stone gone—tomb empty—vision of angels—tidings momentous and thrilling treated as idle tales by the disciples!

While their report was discredited, a new force was brought into play—curiosity awakened. Peter, the boldest of them, thinking there may be something in all this, calling to remembrance, probably, some of the Master's words about an early uprising, determines to visit the tomb. John accompanies, nay, outruns him, but Peter is the first to enter the sepulchre. All the appearances agree well with the idea of a resurrection rather than that of a fraudulent removal, but they get no further into the great mystery of the morning. Returning together to the city, they either parted before or after reaching it. Peter, unsettled in mind, can remain nowhere long.

While everything indicates something special has happened, the question continues to be, *What?* Has the body of Christ been removed by enemies, or is he really risen, as reported? We leave him further to wander and wonder, while we trace the steps of . . .

TWO DOLEFUL DISCIPLES.

Cleopas and his companion leave the city in desponding mood, their hearts crushed by the blighting of hopes but a few days back most beautiful and fragrant. Sorely tried are they by what will subsequently fill them with joy. A great work has been done which floods heaven with a new rapture, and is also at the same time hell's most signal triumph, yet most crushing defeat; but the most intimate friends of Jesus are unable to see its true nature and vast issues. To their minds Calvary is still capped with clouds and darkness; but soon all that is obscuring must fly, and leave the cross-crowned mount bathed in the light of heaven. What has taken place seems like the abrupt termination of a grand life, appalling in mystery as tragical in its accompaniments. They regard His ignominious death as detracting from rather than adding to His fame; defacing the beauty of His name, diminishing the odour thereof, instead of decking it with extra charms, investing it with a fragrance which shall be refreshing to thousands of millions through untold ages. They look back to events of recent occurrence as analogous to reverses in arms. Emmanuel and His little band have been defeated. The good cause has been overtaken by unexpected disasters. Brightest anticipations have been swept out of their souls as by the veriest besom of destruction. They can hold together no longer. Full of despondency they move about singly or in small groups, finding true without understanding it what long before was written, "I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered."

Such is the state of things as yonder couple leave Jerusalem for Emmaus. Morally the day has begun to break. He who was dead is alive again. The great fact has not come forth in its completeness of evidence and power, like the sun uprisen, full-orbed, resplendent, nevertheless it has shot its first rays into the thick darkness. They remain enshrouded with gloom, because what would soon overspread their murky clouds with silver, fringe with gold, tinge with a beautiful rosy light, is beaten back by unbelief. Sorrow-stricken they travel slowly. Joy makes the heart leap up, sorrow depresses it; that gives springs to the feet, this puts them in leaden sandals.

As thus they journeyed

AN INTELLIGENT STRANGER

joined them, and kept them company all the way, asking them

questions, revolutionizing their conceptions, scattering their gloom, crowning them with the sunshine of gladness. Requested, He entered their dwelling at Emmaus, and there it was that in connection with breaking of bread He made Himself known to them. Why were they not able to recognise Him before ? Were "their eyes holden" that the truths He meant to unfold might be seen the better in their own light, be felt in their own weight, find the level of their own bearing, be enjoyed in their own ravishings ? Was it that otherwise they would be overwhelmed, and unable properly to heed those truth-unfoldings ? Was it that this particular proof of His resurrection, coming as it did, might be more striking and satisfactory ? That, being delayed a few hours, it might flow the better into, and to greater advantage swell, the tide of evidence, making it more manifestly and mightily roll along before the public mind ? Or was it for none of these singly, but for all of them together ? No matter, since at the best time, for the best reasons, "their eyes were opened, and they knew Him." His work effectually done, He ceased to be seen of them. With what joy did they go back over the seven-and-a-half miles, to impart the blessedness of their own souls to their disconsolate brethren ! Entering breathless, they find another witness has forestalled them. They are met by the gladsome declaration, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." What a meeting after the denial ! Our tidings-bearers tell "what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread." Thus proof meets proof.

And now every voice is hushed, every eye fixed, every heart quickened in its throbbings. Jesus Himself, with words of peace upon His lips, comes into their midst so suddenly, so softly, that their perceptions and sensations are as if a spirit were present, rather than a substantial, tangible being. Terror reigns instead of joy, which for the present may be needful, to make more profound and varied the impression. He knew what the effect would be, and could have come very differently if He had chosen. It is not, however, needful that the terror should be prolonged ; He hastens therefore to remove it, offering the evidence of touch in addition to that of sight. "Why are ye troubled ? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts ? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself : handle me, and see : for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when He had thus spoken He showed them his hands and his feet." How carefully the scars are preserved in the resurrection body ! While valuable now as helping His friends to identify Him, they will be of greater worth henceforth as giving eternal prominence to the fact of His death

in the manner thereof Himself predicted, and for the purposes thereof by Himself made known. And now from one extreme of feeling they pass to the other. So unbounded is their delight that they resemble people dreaming. All seems too brilliant and blessed to be real. That they "believed not for joy" is profoundly significant. There is more of the bewilderment of bliss than of calm credence. They will probably be thinking that if it is indeed the Master He will show his accustomed fondness and familiarity. Many a time before now has He, by anticipating their need or wish, carried conviction straight into their souls. What they will be sure to look for occurs.—"He said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave unto Him a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb. And He took it, and did eat before them." Thus up to this time they have the general testimony of their senses to the resurrection of Christ. They have seen Him, heard Him, handled Him, eaten with Him, and irrespective of any other evidence, would be amply justified in saying to the world what has already been proclaimed in their own circles, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Time would fail us to tell of other instances in which He proved Himself the conqueror of death. Luke, elsewhere summing up the evidence, says, "He showed himself alive after his passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," Acts i. 3. Central among those "things" is the Atonement.

What has all this to do with the acceptance of that great work? The Resurrection is an overwhelming proof that He was no impostor, but what He persistently claimed to be—Messiah, Son of God, Redeemer of the World. Had He been a deceiver, or had His mission in its crowning purpose been a failure; had His atonement for sin been unsatisfactory to divine justice, supplying no adequate reason for pardon; had it failed to maintain the law while providing for the manifestation of mercy; then would there have been, instead of resurrection and glory, corruption and shame. But Christ comes forth in triumph, and resurrection is ratification—the first grand stamping with the government seals—His dying cry coming back in echo from His Father's throne—the vocal supplemented by the practical—the declaration demonstrated. "Risen indeed" and "Finished" go together; the evidence and emphasis of one are made to be the evidence and emphasis of the other; they are linked in eternal union.

3.—*The Endowment of its Author, in His mediatorial capacity, with the highest authority and might.* He said, "All power is given unto me, both in heaven and in earth." Is He not thus put at the head

of all departments of administration and operation that general nature and providence may be made subservient to grace? But, practically, there is grace or no grace only as His great work is a success or failure. Thus viewed, all the advantages for the onflow of grace argue that the atonement channel thereof is properly scooped and approved.

4.—*The Triumphant entrance of His Human nature into the Celestial Palace.* "And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He held up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." It is very significant and solacing that the last act of Jesus below was that of *blessing* His disciples. In His disposition to bless He is immutable. His ascension, as it was His own act, demonstrates possession of the power He claimed; and as it was the act of His Father, who sent Him to die for sinners, it proves His full satisfaction with His Son's mission. Would He have allowed Him to take that nature there if He had not kept it pure, and accomplished in it the purpose of its assumption? Nay, if the Son had failed would He have cared to lift that poor, unransomed nature to the Throne? He could not, on such a supposition, have even attempted, much less have accomplished it. But it is *done*—humanity is *on the Throne*. The fact that "God manifest in the flesh" has been "received up into glory," proclaims as with voices mighty and million-fold the acceptance by all heaven of His great atoning work.

5.—*The gift of the Holy Ghost to His Messengers to make their Mission successful.* This, very early in the prophetic age, was promised by the mouth of Joel, in the transition period—between the two economies, by John, and finally by Him on whom the fulfilment of it devolved. After charging His disciples to publish everywhere His death for the world's life, He strictly prohibited them breaking commission till they should be hallowed and energized, penetrated and crowned by the power of the Spirit. "Wait," said He, "for the promise of the Father." At Jerusalem they tarried till, in answer to united, persistent, expectant prayer, "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Peter, preaching while this baptism was fresh upon him, described it as coming consequent on the Ascension of Christ—the fruit of His blessed mediation. "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear" (Acts ii. 32, 33). Without the promise had been fulfilled, they could not have succeeded in their work; the needful impression would not have been made, or their work be

spoiled by some irreverent touching of the ark. But if in the Gospel itself there had been some flaw—anything causing awithholding of the Divine approval, that special endowment would not have been granted them. Had the Father not been altogether and for ever satisfied with the work of the Son, He would not have received of the Father the essential gift. But the fact that He did receive it is made to come forth into the fullest prominence. It is *a rock jutting out of a great rock back of it*—that of the Atonement accepted. Every sermon the apostles preached “in the power and demonstration of the Spirit,” every miracle they were enabled to perform, established the farther-back fact. “They went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and *confirming* the word with signs following.” If that “word”—that Gospel of Atonement, had not been right, and cordially accepted, it would have had, instead of confirmation from heaven, crushing antagonism. The Infinite confirms not the false, puts His seal only on the true, ratifies that alone which is right.

6.—*General blessings bestowed through the mediation of Jesus.* “The God of our Fathers hath glorified his Son Jesus,” said Peter. “Him hath God exalted at his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins.” “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” Through Him in those early times, thousands found salvation—by His truth were melted, by His Spirit enabled to trust in Him, and for His sake alone were granted forgiveness. The accomplishment of this, the end for which He died, proves His death to have been all it was meant to be, and that it was so regarded by His Father.

Thus we see that the veil of the temple was rent in twain; that resurrection honour was put upon the nature in which Christ died for sin; that in His mediatorial capacity He was endowed with the highest authority and might; that His adopted nature was lifted up, and put upon the throne of the universe; that the Holy Ghost was given to His messengers, to make their mission successful; and that the general blessings of the gospel are given for His sake only. Taking these separately, they form a series of sealings, or ratifications; putting them together, they make one grand ratification of the Christian Atonement—a demonstration full of demonstrations, that the death of Christ for poor sinners is regarded and accepted by the King of glory as every way constituting a valid reason for the pardoning of any broken-hearted, believing transgressor.

What has been accepted *for us* should at once be accepted *by us*.

(*To be continued.*)

VANISHED HOURS.

OF the many circumstances which bear sorrowful testimony to the frailty and weakness of humanity, none perhaps are so impressive as those which wreath themselves in the memory with departed hours—hours vanished to the great Unknown, bearing with them a record of thoughts, words, and deeds irrevocable, sealed as a testimony against us for evermore. It is strange that we so rarely seem sensible of the stern fact which fleeting time should teach us, viz., that our brief period of probation is taking to itself wings with a terrific rapidity, and even whilst we muse and meditate is rushing from our grasp to bear witness against us at the tribunal of our Maker. The strain of life in all its multiform bearings, the varied incidents of our chequered careers, seem to obliterate our keen sense of this important truth; and it is only on certain solemn occasions that we are sharply reminded of the flight of those hours which should be prized so highly, and guarded so sacredly. One of our greatest masters of eloquence has illustrated this in a very touching manner by comparing the case to that of a lady sailing over the ocean in a boat asleep, having a magnificent rope necklace of pearls adorning her form. By some accident the end has become loosened, and, unobserved, the pearls are silently dropping into the depths of the sea. Suddenly the sleeper is aroused, and becomes conscious that one particular pearl of great value is just slipping away for ever; but alas! that special one is but a sorrowful reminder of many that preceded it—lost irrecoverably before the disaster was recognised and the remedy applied. The idea is pathetic and true, bringing to mind how often we have felt its force, when reflection sends us on a train of regrets and aspirations that refer to hours passed beyond our power of recall.

How thrilling is the thought also, that it is not until life is well on its way that we come to look on vanished hours as of any value, or as sounding forth any teaching to us from the Past! In the rosy flush of childhood, what care we for vanished hours? If we have been so happy in the bright yesterday, shall we not also be supremely joyful in the golden to-morrow? If the pathway we gambolled over a few short years ago was radiant with blossoms, shall not the road ahead also be filled with flowers still more gorgeous? The singing of birds that greeted us yesterday we think must ever sound sweetly around us in the future! If the hours of the few summers we have left speak only of the voices of loved ones, and the music of our young hopes, will not life in the days to come salute us with melodies still more rapturous and gleeful? So we heedlessly think; so we reason; but meantime the silent, stealthy march of time is bearing us on and away; the present merges into the past ere we realise it; and our dreams evanesce as their very music and flowers around us; they expire as they are born; while, although we think not of it, these vanished hours are quietly gathering up and storing in some corner of memory their unerring tales, to return in after years, when they

will be seen in the light of experience, and watered with tears of regret.

So also in youthhood. Vanished hours trouble us little even here. We are buoyant and free; if we have erred it weighs little on our spirits, for we say—have we not a lifetime in which to repair our mistakes and rectify all our misconceptions? Shall we cloud the present for the sake of the future, binding the cypress wreath to our brows because of the mutability of all earthly hopes and young visions? Thus we argue, and thus we are swept away from the present, and it is not until we are startled by the brown leaves of autumn falling around us that we come to see with painful distinctness that had we husbanded the golden hours as they came within our power, and turned them to the best account, we should have been able to gather a harvest to gladden the winter of our lives which, bleak and bare, waits us yonder!

It is but in advanced life that we reckon up our vanished hours, and not until the shadows lengthen, and the evening draws near do we fully value the worth of those hours, hours that might have been laden with blessings, but which we suffered to pass devoid of good to ourselves or others. Childhood, youthhood, manhood have all come and gone, and still there came little reflection on this most solemn of themes; but when the glamour and sunshine of life have gone, then the spirit seems to tire of outward visions, seeking inwardly, and retrospect becomes habitual, while the cry comes from many a weary heart—"O for some of the vanished hours of my life to return, how differently should they be passed!" Herein surely we may recognise the very essence of all that is fallible, offering a sad comment upon the weakness that marks us in a temporal state; but it bears a testimony also to the immortality we possess. If every child of the Fall feels thus dissatisfied at the close of life, if there is ever the same strong conviction of an incomplete existence, surely we are warranted in believing that what here is imperfect will yonder be perfected, in that glorious state to which we should ever aspire with undaunted faith and energy. If our vanished hours seem to make us long for a future in which we may fulfil all our noblest aspirations and remedy our errors, replacing our follies and misconceptions by earnest and holy thoughts and actions, then we may be certain there is a sphere in which we shall yet be enabled to work out our purposes by God's help; where also time misspent shall no longer menace us with remorse or unavailing regrets.

What shall we think of the refrain that greets us from so many sorrowful lips, as the procession of vanished hours approaches in silence and solitude to mock and sneer at the futility of all human desires, the emptiness of all human effort? It is painful to listen to; it rends the heart, and saddens the spirit, but yet its tones are not destitute of hope. Breathing the very soul of melancholy, still it leaves a lingering sound of gladsome energy! Not useless was the misery, if its outcome be joy and renewed usefulness in the hours to come. Not hopeless is the review of our vanished hours, if we so employ it as to treasure with all jealousy the little time left

us to work for God and His glory. By all the reproachful remembrances that cling to those hours long departed, let us then strive so to pass the present, that we may have fewer vanished hours to weep over in the coming Future. So let us guard our moments that the great trial at last shall not awe us with a tempest of remorse or the bitter upbraidings of an existence swallowed up in frivolity and uselessness!

Vanished hours! Breaking in upon the sacred solitude of our fellows, what scenes we might reveal, what heart-aches we might record! Here, it may be, we should find one musing with tearful eyes upon some dear friend who was the light of his eyes, and whose cheery voice was a fruitful source of encouragement. Years have fled, mayhap, since that voice was heard, or that glowing presence was visible to cheer and counsel. Have they therefore been forgotten? O no! From that vanished time—gone, yet not from memory—speeds the voice to the gloomy present, from the years departed returns the well-known figure; again they are with the thoughtful mourner, and all the poetry and feeling of a life are crowded in one brief, heart-broken cry,

“O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

Look again at some of the shipwrecked lives around us. We stumble daily and hourly upon such tragic stories of real life, such mournful illustrations of the fact that vicissitude and change are the common lot that it is impossible to overlook the forces connected with vanished hours. Think of some who have been cradled in luxury, and in the midst of refining influences; who at the close of a long vista of years find that by no fault of their own they are suddenly left without the necessities of life; compelled to labour hard for bread from day to day, receiving no words of love or comfort to alleviate a hard and bitter lot! Picture for a moment the avalanche of grief that must sweep over such in the solitary hours of night when none but God hears, and no solace save religion is left! Vanished hours! Painfully, slowly they float in upon the mind as sleep shuts the weary eyes and the sweet influences of dreamland come to give a brief respite from sadness, and transform the too vivid reality into a vision. Scenes long fled into oblivion; voices long hushed in eternal sleep; forms long ago cold in the grave come back;—once again all is happiness and joy, and the dreary truth is banished for that sweet and glowing past. Alas for the waking, for those vanished hours speed away, and with them the music and the flowers that made them seem so precious. The tried and suffering who pass such ordeals have no hope, no relief to look for, save that which is contained in the summons home to that other world, where loved and lost unite never more to separate! So it is, reader, in many a silent uncomplaining heart, that vanished hours return in quiet moments of meditation only to speak of joys never more to be realised; to whisper of loving words sunk so deep that no agony could efface them; to tell of scenes and circumstances which, while thrilling

every fibre of he being with pain, yet will lead to a blessing finally, in the shape of a lessening reliance on time, and a panting desire for eternity.

Fathers and mothers, too, are to be found, who in secret are pining over vanished hours. The world, perhaps, take little heed that the gradual fading is from this cause; little knows or cares that a great grief is eating away the life out of some who go in and out without murmuring, who seem to go mechanically through life, as though they saw or heard nothing, but were self-absorbed in some meditation too sacred for the common crowd to become acquainted with. Dreamers men call such, and they are passed by as of no consequence; harmless people who have some weakness or failing which renders them unfit for social life or merriment. Ah! reader, how little does the world know of the deeps of piety and sentiment to be found in such! At a little touch, a chance word, a passing thought—the face kindles into life; the eyes are filled with tears; choking sobs mar the utterance, for some vanished hours are recalled by that hidden link connecting the past with the present; a rush of memories comes upon them—little hands are stretched into the gloomy present; little voices come over the years that have intervened; little footsteps are pattering again in their ears, and the whole melody of their lives re-opens, to lacerate afresh wounds that never healed, and strike again the blows which were never forgotten.

O cloud of years, that hast mercifully hidden from us the errors and follies of our vanished hours so long, why at secret signs dost thou draw off and leave all our Past vivid and clear before us? Sad spirit of remorse, haunting us by thy rebuking voice, chiding us with unavailing regrets; why wilt thou thus torture our hearts by showing us the unattainable, and pointing to what we *might* have been and done? Hast thou no solace to offer with this long, weird array of hours misspent, no balm to pour into the wounded spirit? Yes, thou hast a comfort as well as an upbraiding; a lesson to give as well as a startling reproach! By these vanished hours, laden with our best and holiest imaginings, and filled with the records of our broken resolutions, we are to learn how sacred a gift is time; and by the wail of sorrow that escapes us when we moan over the blotted pages of the Past, thou wouldst urge us to a cheerful, manly burst of thanksgiving when we remember that hours are still left us to improve; for though we can trace a terrible host of vanished hours misemployed, yet can we in the "living present" act with all earnestness; and by redoubled energy redeem those golden moments which once so recklessly we cast away!

"Vanished hours"! From every silent chamber, from every musing heart we might gather the tales they whisper, recording the lessons they enforce. Not vainly, though, do we mourn over them, wasted and sinful as they may have been, if we can honestly say that we are striving to learn wisdom from the errors of the past, and are endeavouring to lessen the reproach that may reach us in the future from such as are now within our grasp. Let us build upon our failures such successes that not even the waning light of

life can destroy their vitality, and then we need not tremble or fear. May our vanished hours summon us to work while it is called to-day, and the Great Future shall not appal us by its record of our indolence and failure. Sad may be the refrain that is wafted to us from the Past, let it not then be carried over to the Future. Stern determination, and that fervent seeking after Divine aid which brings a certain reply, should enable us to set a right value upon these precious periods for action and usefulness, and to so live out the span of life that the shades of night may fall upon a career which was ended in the service of humanity, and the worship of our Father in the heavens. The poetry and romance of our lives is bound up in these fleeting hours, but from the tearful review we take of their histories, let us turn with fresh courage to the tasks before us. Even from the troubles and thrilling trials of some of them, we may be rendered fuller of tenderness and compassion for others, and learning heroism from the pathetic situations of life may see—

“How sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong.”

E. CLIFFORD.

THE HARDENING OF PHARAOH'S HEART.

Guernsey, November 21st, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will not be surprised that I am unable to accept your interpretation of the passage.* From the time that theology first began to engage my attention, I have felt a strong antipathy, if I may use such a term without giving offence, to your school of theological thought. You will, doubtless, tell me that *you* have no more sympathy with the “*Ultras*” than I have; that your leanings are to “the left,” rather than to “the right”; in fact that you belong to the “*moderate*” school. But if I am not mistaken the “*Ultras*” and the “*moderates*” adopt the same principles of interpretation; their theological creeds have the same basis. That there is a difference I admit, but it is here: the “*Ultras*” stand true to their principles, and follow them to their legitimate issue; while the “*moderates*” shrink from the conclusions to which their own reasoning leads them. In the one case we have Calvinism pure and simple, in the other we have a kind of milk-and-water article, which is neither one thing nor the other.

Your interpretation of the passage leads to, in my opinion, the most blasphemous reflections on God's character, and His dealings with men, that the human mind can possibly conceive. The conclusions which legitimately follow your interpretation not only fly in the very face of the plainest and oft-repeated declarations of the Bible, but they hold up God as the *greatest sinner* in the universe, and represent multitudes of men as being *sinned against* far more than they have ever sinned.

* See Romans ix. 17, 18.

In the light of your interpretation, you, if you will be true to the instincts of your own bosom, will *pity* Pharaoh rather than blame him. The blame must go in *another* direction. Much as I value *systematic* theology, I would rather, a thousand times over, that every theological system perished from among us than that the *slightest suspicion* be thrown on the character of God, or the mercifulness of His dealings with man. I take my stand on the words of Christ, words which it is impossible to misunderstand, or explain away. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whatever gives the lie to these precious words, whether it comes from the lips of man or angel, let it be accursed. You will say that my language is strong, but I cannot admit that it is too strong when I consider what your interpretation amounts to. It really amounts to this : that God brought Pharaoh into existence, raised him up to his exalted position, surrounded him with circumstances favourable to the development of the evil dispositions of his nature ; and that He did all this for the very purpose of manifesting His power in the wretched man's destruction ; the destruction of his body in the Red Sea, and his soul in hell. That from all eternity God has elected certain *persons*, not *characters*, unto salvation. He, therefore, places them in circumstances favourable to a Christian life, and brings irresistible influences to bear upon them, thus making their salvation sure, while the reprobated He places in circumstances altogether unfavourable to a Christian life, and withholds from them the influences of His Spirit, or, what is worse, what is cruelly tantalizing, gives just enough of the Spirit's influence to stir up opposition in their bosoms, that He may have some semblance of an excuse for damning them. And this is what you call the *Gospel* ! Preaching such blasphemies is preaching the Gospel !! Oh, my friend, what a cruel mockery, what an abuse of the term ! Banish the word from your vocabulary at once ; never let it be heard on your lips again. The Gospel indeed ! It may be a Gospel to you, though I am at a loss to know what you have done with your *humanity* ere you could bring yourself to *rejoice* in it. By the way, I have never known a believer in this theory who has not at the same time been fully persuaded of his own election to eternal life. Perhaps you will explain this very significant fact. I tell you it is HORRIBLE ! In God's name I protest against the monstrous libel, which makes Him, the God and Father of all, who has Himself declared that He "has no pleasure in the death of the sinner," but "would have all men be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth ;" which makes Him a monster of cruelty and deceit, the very chief of sinners, yea the only sinner in the universe. If no other explanation can be given let us close the Book—let us keep our lips silent, and leave it as it stands. Better, infinitely better, that *no* explanation be offered than that this be given. But thank God we are not shut up to such an interpretation of the passage, as I will endeavour to show.

We read, "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up." Now what are we to understand by the words "have I raised thee

up?" Do they mean, I have brought thee into being, I have raised thee up into existence? Some commentators give them this meaning. Others say that the words mean "I have raised thee up to the throne; I have placed thee in thy exalted position." But there is another meaning given to the expression, and which has been adopted by some of the ablest critics, viz., "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up" from sickness, I have preserved thee alive, I have restored thee to health. This is the interpretation which Dr. A. Clarke gives to the words, "I have restored thee to health by removing the boils and blains, and by respiting thy deserved destruction." Richard Watson reads the words thus, "Have I raised thee up from the effect of so many plagues, that is, I have not destroyed thee outright." Dr. James Morison, "I have raised thee up from thy bed of sickness; that is, I have restored thee to health." The Septuagint version reads, "For this same purpose thou hast been preserved," that is, preserved alive. Dr. Morison, in his exposition of the chapter, shows that such an interpretation is in striking accordance with the Greek term employed by Paul, and with the Hebrew term employed by Moses.

Now read the passage as it stands in Exodus ix. 16. The occasion on which the words were addressed to Pharaoh was this. For many long years the children of Israel had been held in bondage by the Egyptians. The time had now come when, according to the purposes of God, they should leave Egypt, and return to the land of promise. Moses was called to be their leader, and God sent him to Pharaoh with the request that he would let the children of Israel go: To this request the king gave the defiant reply, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." God at once took steps to vindicate His glory, subdue the obstinacy of Pharaoh, and deliver His chosen people. Plague after plague was laid upon the monarch and his people. But Pharaoh continued to harden his heart. Then God sent the plague of boils, "which was upon all the Egyptians, upon man and upon beasts." It was directly after this grievous affliction that God sent the message to Pharaoh which St. Paul quotes. The words, "I have raised thee up," therefore, evidently mean, I have raised thee up from thy sickness, I have removed from thee the terrible affliction with which I afflicted thee, I have restored thee to health, I have preserved thee alive. How merciful was God in His dealings with this man. God might at once have swept him from the face of the earth, when in the spirit of blasphemous defiance he said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice?" and thus have met his blasphemy with instant destruction. But no, God did not do this. He had compassion on him, and sent warning after warning. In those afflictions which came upon him the voice of mercy was heard calling him to repentance. And when he was brought down on a bed of sickness, instead of leaving him to die in his sins, God raised him up, and gave him another opportunity to humble himself, and turn from his iniquities. Verily He is a God merciful

and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.

Now what was the object God had in view in dealing thus with Pharaoh? The divine purpose was twofold. First—"That I may show in thee my power." God took steps to bring home his power to Pharaoh. He did this in afflicting him with a sore disease, and then restoring him to health; in bringing him down to the gates of death, and then raising him up again. In the wonderful miracles which Moses wrought in God's name before his eyes Pharaoh saw the power of Jehovah as he had never seen it before, and it did not fail to make an impression, for we are told on more than one occasion he exclaimed, "I have sinned. The Lord is righteous. I and my people are wicked."

Here then we have God's purpose in raising up Pharaoh from his bed of sickness, it was to show him His power, that thus he might be led to humble himself before the Lord, and be led to forsake his evil ways. But this does not exhaust the divine purpose. God further purposed that through His dealings with Pharaoh, "His name might be declared throughout all the earth." In Exodus xxxiv. 6 we have God's name as he proclaimed it to Moses. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." How well adapted were the means to the end. God purposed in His dealings with Pharaoh to show him His power, and so bring him to repentance. And we find that the king was more than once brought to his knees, and for the moment had to admit his guilt. And do not God's dealings with Pharaoh bring out in a most striking manner the Divine name as it was made known to Moses! The long-suffering mercy of God, and His justice. What means could be devised more likely to answer the end?

Take now the inference drawn by the Apostle from these facts, "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth." What does that mean, what *can* it mean, if not this? That God has the right to select the objects on whom to bestow His pardoning mercy; and that He will never allow this right to pass into the hands of another. It is for Him to say to whom He will extend forgiveness, and from whom He will withhold it. No one shall dictate to Him the principle on which pardoning grace shall be bestowed on sinners. But will He, in the exercise of this right, act unworthily of Himself? Will He confer His forgiving mercy without any regard to principle? Or will He do it on any principle which will tend to encourage sin, or discourage sinners in seeking His forgiveness. IMPOSSIBLE! In acting thus, would not God give the lie to His own oft-repeated words, and go in direct opposition to His own nature? The words *cannot* mean more than this—that God will not extend His forgiving mercy to all men; and that it is His prerogative to say on what principle He will extend it to any man.

God has very clearly made known the principle upon which He bestows His pardoning mercy. Here it is: "Let the wicked forsake

his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."* Where then are the doctrines of unconditional election, the giving of the Holy Spirit to a favourite few, exciting on their mind a necessitating influence, which it is not possible for them to resist, of which theologians of your school speak ? I challenge you to find them here.

But you say, "What of the hardening of which the passage speaks"? Let us take up the question, and while we do it with candour, let us do it with *caution*. The "Ultras" hold that the hardening spoken of was an influence which God brought to bear upon the heart of Pharaoh, necessitating his continuance in wickedness until the cup of his iniquity was filled, and be cast down into everlasting perdition, to the glory of God's Sovereign Power! This explanation is simply INTOLERABLE! *Atheism* would be *easy* compared with *this*! If such a God existed, *Love Him I could not!* and *worship Him I WOULD NOT*. The explanation which you "Moderates" give is "That God withheld the grace of His Spirit from Pharaoh, and left him without any way of escape to the evil tendencies of his own heart, until he was ripe for destruction." This explanation is too closely allied to the former for me to accept it; and is in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible. But you say, Does not the passage plainly declare that the hardening was *actual*, and *intentional*, on God's part? Just so. But let us bear in mind that the hardening is also said to be Pharaoh's *own* act. We want, therefore, an explanation which will harmonise the two. An explanation in which it is true that God did actually harden Pharaoh's heart, and yet equally true that Pharaoh hardened his own heart. Is it impossible to find such an explanation? Let us see.

It is a fact, which will not be denied, that all men do not bring to the consideration of the ways of God the same state of mind, they do not approach the subject in the same spirit. Some men meet the judgments of God with heartiness and pride, others with humility and self-abasement; some with daring and defiance, others with trembling submission. No one will deny this. Again, because of the difference of mind which men bring to the consideration of the judgments of God, His judgments produce different and entirely opposite results in the minds of men, softening some men, and bringing them to repentance, and hardening others in their unbelief. Here is another fact which cannot be denied. The same gospel which is to some men the *savour of life*, is to other men the *savour of death*. Once more, every man is responsible for the state of mind which he brings to the consideration of God's judgments and truth. Who can deny this? I appeal to every man's consciousness!

With these truths before one it is not difficult, I think, to see how it is true that *God* hardened Pharaoh's heart; while at the same time it is equally true that *Pharaoh hardened his own heart*. The

* Isaiah lv. 7.

heat of the sun softens the wax, but it hardens the clay; producing exactly opposite results. So the long-suffering of God softens some hearts, while it hardens others. Pharaoh met the long-suffering of God with a proud defiant heart, and the long-suffering of God hardened him, and thus he was fitted for destruction. This was no *mere accident*. God willed that it should be so. The hardening was the *just punishment* of his pride and unbelief. Had Pharaoh met the long-suffering of God with humility and penitence, how different the results!

How full of Gospel truth, then, is this passage. It holds out hope to every penitent heart, while it sounds a solemn warning for all who persist in unbelief.

We are having summer weather in November. If it continue, I am here for another fortnight.

Yours as ever,
B. W. KRAL.

THE WORK OF WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

THE Rev. Dr. Stanford, at the Zenana Mission Breakfast, thus spoke on this theme: If you will have patience with me (he said) for only twenty minutes, I will then give way to my brothers. In that time I do hope to say something that will somehow stir you up to give fresh help to the ladies in their Zenana work. My first argument is that this is a work which only they can do. (Hear.) We have all heard a great many statements—tabular and tea-tabular, furious, philosophic, and declamatory, as to the distinction between man's work and woman's work, and the difference between what man can do and what woman can do. I am not yet able to make it out mathematically, but this morning I have been reading in the Acts of the Apostles about Peter and Dorcas, and, taking this as a representative case, my conclusion is that Dorcas could do some things that Peter could not have done to save his life. (Laughter, and "Hear hear.") Cardinal Manning has spoken with stately eloquence about the primacy of Peter, but I think something might be said for the primacy of Dorcas. Peter was all very well for a man (of course I now leave out the mysterious element of the supernatural); he was "a rich, rough gem;" he had good sound sense; he was hardy, not fearing to let the wet wind whistle through his hair; he was loud, that superlative quality in a minister, and, with a voice accustomed to battle with the hiss and roar of many waters, he was the very man to make everybody hear him in a great crowd, that voice of his being doubtless one reason, along with others, why definite wisdom appointed him to be the preacher to the Pentecostal crowd. With all his distinctions, if he had tried to fill the place of Dorcas for only one week, he would have been made to feel his own nothingness. (Laughter, and "Hear, hear.") He was no shy violet hiding in the foliage and pouring its fragrance from the shade. A sick room would not have been his sphere. His hand would have been too clumsy, his

voice too noisy, and his foot too tremendous on the stair for a nurse, and he would have provoked a saint to say, if a saint had been familiar with the quotation, "a ministering angel—thou!" (Laughter.) Could you have seen him, with fumbling fingers and with eyes sweeping the horizon, essay to cut out coats and garments, you would have seen directly that whatever else he might become, he would never become a sempstress. No; but the lady of Joppa knew how to make the very needle evangelical, and she did such beautiful kindnesses with it for the women and children, that with grateful delight they fondly lingered on her name, calling her "Gazelle." For her dear sake her Saviour got a hearing, and we are quite sure that if there had been any Zenana work to do in her country she would have been the first to do it. (Applause.) As to the question, "Which is most important, man or woman?" if I may be allowed to speak in editorial style, I should say "the discussion must now stop." (Laughter.) Let those who like it "sit apart upon a hill retired," and discuss the kindred questions, "which is the most important, convex or concave, night or morning, east or west, green land or glancing water?" For ourselves, we are, I hope, content to take Florence Nightingale's advice—"Keep clear of all jargon about man's work and woman's work, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart," each one to do what each one can do best. (Hear, hear.) Now we know that as a rule some things that women can do right nobly at a crisis are not best for them to do when men are to be had. As a rule, I think it is not best for women to man a lifeboat—(laughter)—but one black night at Teignmouth last year, when the men were all out of the way, or else were not sharp enough, the women got the lifeboat out. With shrill, quivering cheers they carried it through the battling breakers, dragged a vessel off the sand-bar, and saved precious life. When we hear that they did all this without any help from the unfair sex—(laughter)—who can help saying, "Well done!" I go farther, and say that, as a rule, in my private opinion, it is not best for women to preach in public, but where in exceptional cases and with extraordinary gifts, women like Mary Fletcher and Priscilla Gurney go out of their way, and all by themselves publicly launch the life-boat of the Gospel to snatch souls from the sea of sin and from the rocks of death, again, I say, to the praise of grace, Well done! (Applause.) They remind me of the Roman who said, "I have broken the law, but I have saved the State!" They are under a higher law than the law they violate, and I am no more able to doubt the validity of their orders than I can doubt the sanity of the New Testament. Of course the loving common sense of Christianity will spare our ladies as far as possible all public work, all loud work, all rough-and-ready work, and will be quick to recognise it as best that their Gospel preaching should specially be on the principle of woman to woman. This is the principle of the Zenana Mission. But if men were qualified to take part in this work, they are not permitted. Peter is out of the question; only Dorcas will do. If all the twelve Apostles were on earth again, and wished to enter the Zenana, they might wish as

long as they pleased—the answer would be, “no admittance.” (Laughter.) But Providence, pointing to the sanctum so long shut and guarded, says to the Christian women of England, “Behold! I have set before you an open door.” (Applause.) Clear as day, another argument for the Zenana work is its singular importance. This it is scarcely possible to exaggerate, for there is now no other way of introducing the blessings of Christianity to the women of India. A clergyman of the old school, preaching about the sphere of woman, took for his text the question and answer, “Where is thy wife? Behold, she is in the tent.” “There she ought to be,” said he, “and the less she is heard outside the better.” (Laughter.) So he lifted his testimony, and “nailed it with Scripture.” A Conservative Hindoo, and more especially a Mahometan, would have admired that discourse, for, behold, his wife is in a tent with a vengeance, or in the Zenana, which is far worse. Talk to him about woman’s rights! You might as well talk to a hippopotamus. In fact, as James Smith, of Delhi, has said, “not woman’s rights, but women’s wrongs, claim first attention in India.” (Hear, hear.) It is an intolerable wrong that she should be shut up for life in a Zenana with no education, on the theory that she has no mind to be educated! Faculties are apt to perish from disuse; even the sharpest eyes grow blind if left long enough in darkness; so, there being nothing for the mind to do, the Zenana mind dies down. Of course the trial is almost maddening to those who have any mental life left. The *Times*’ correspondent, making note of this mission a little while ago, reported that “a young married lady in one of the Zenanas said to the lady who visited her, ‘This sort of life is like frogs in a well—all around life and beauty, and we buried.’” The Zenana may be a loquacious place; I dare say it is; but they have nothing but nothings to talk about. It may sometimes be a gay place, but the gaiety plays like a will-o’-the-wisp over stagnation. It may be a place of physical ease, but it is interest, not ease, that makes life; and there is nothing to inspire interest, there can be nothing to make a centre, nothing to fix a point of rest, nothing answering to home. True, it may be so even in England sometimes. “Home, sweet home!” is not always the song of a mother’s heart. “Home!” says the lady to the man at the carriage door, when sometimes the word has a sarcastic sound, and seems to crash through her soul like a saw. When, however, an Englishwoman’s house is not her home, it is through some fault of married life; but the women of India have no true home, entirely through fault in the organic framework, or at least in the fixed habit of native society. It is impossible to look at these things with holy indifference. We feel an emotional hurry and a Divine impatience to reach the prisoners of the Zenana, first for their own sakes, poor souls! but also because, until they are reached, the Word of the Lord cannot be glorified in India. (Applause.) Should we expect it to be glorified in England if the ministers only had men in their congregations, and we had no agency for reaching the women and children except in the very lowest social stratum. This has ever been the case over there. Talk about the wonder that

after 80 or 90 years' missionary labour in India only so many thousand natives have made a profession of faith in Christ!—the real wonder is that it has made any way whatever. The regeneration of a community must begin with the mothers; you must teach the next generation through the mothers. One of the English unbelievers of the last century declared that he had begun to be an unbeliever before he was five years old! In India, as well as in England, you may pitch life to a right or wrong key before life has left the nursery. Then mind the mothers. Once inside the Zenana, I think the gospel has facilities which it has nowhere else in India. Pioneers of the Cross, working amidst the old, grand, but arrested and petrified civilizations, have to clear their way through much subtle and evasive disputation before they can get at the real work they come for, and they are, therefore, comparatively slow in making impressions on the men; but I should think that the women, not having been under the same special and false education, are more easily led to the point at once, and that where they are taught by the Holy Spirit they are more sensitive by their very trials to the simple charm of the truth as it is in Jesus. It is the joy of their visitors to teach them, not in the first instance, about a system, wondrous as our gospel system is, but about a Person. The Sun, the Star, the Vine, the Rock, the foundation are the different names of a Person. The Way of Salvation is a Person. "Which is the way out?" was once the cry of two little children. They had been playing by the sea, and before they were aware the tide had come up, the racing waves were beyond this peak and that peak of the crescent of rock that walled them in; but just then a horseman came splashing round one of the peaks, right up to them. "Which is the way out?" they cried. He caught them up to the saddle, and said, "I am the way," and so carried them off through a sea of death to their own happy home. Is it irreverence to be reminded by this of Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life?" And can we help feeling glad that we can tell the women and children of India about "Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation through trust in a Friend? Who will take part in this work? Is the cost of the mission a difficulty? The French people find no difficulty in collecting £18,000 annually for supporting a society which only aims to secure the baptism of heathen children *in articulo mortis*—(hear, hear)—and shall we find a difficulty in generously supporting efforts to make the mothers of India know the Gospel, so that they may bring their children to Jesus, that He may put His hands upon them? If there is any Christian young lady here, a lady in every sense of the word, who is sighing, "My life, and what shall I do with it?" let her lay the subject of the Zenana before her wisdom, and say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Who, then, is willing to consecrate her service this day unto the Lord?" Who will now "come up to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" Help the Lord? you may be ready to say. Preposterous! How can I help the Lord? Help the sun to shine; help the wind to blow; help the tender tremble of the dawn to

burn on and conquer the power of darkness; help the spring to awaken the charmed atoms and the sleeping colours of field and forest into life and kindling beauty; help the tidal wave to travel up in gathering might, and to stamp in trampling thunder on the shore! Can we? Yes, more easily than we can help the Lord to save souls. For all that, I will not call back the phrase, for it is God's own phrase. It was He who brought the charge against Meroz, "Ye came not up to the help of the Lord." There is a sense in which we are called upon to do this thing, and in which He waits for us, allowing His work to stop until we are ready. This is no order of sovereignty without a reason. One plain reason for it, at any rate, is the benefit thus given to His people. He could do without us in this matter, but for ourselves He will not. He graciously permits us to work as the instruments of His Almighty Spirit, though He graciously calls that work help. There is no mystery in it. Love can see through it all. You do the like in your own little world. There is a little daughter helping her mother to comfort the sick poor. There is a little son helping his father to drive, or helping him to build a house, or helping him to dig a garden, or helping him to write a book, by handing him a fresh pen from time to time. It is, in fact, a part of education—not the child helping the father, but the father helping the child. So if you, who have any money, or any influence, or any life to give away, help the Lord to bless the poor women of India, by so doing, the Lord will help you.

AN ARGUMENT FOR DISESTABLISHMENT.

DEAR BROTHER,—The following paragraph is from the "London correspondent" of the *Hampshire Independent*, and is no doubt a true representation of the foolish mummeries that are practised on a large scale in many of the churches of this Protestant country on a Sabbath-day. The readers of our Magazine will, I am sure, regard it as a practical and lively argument for the "Separation of Church and State."

J. TREMELLING.

"I went to Church on Sunday morning in a strange place, and the net result of that devotional exercise was that I came away a convert to the principles for the advancement of which Mr. Miall has devoted a long and honourable life. I am, I trust, a good Liberal, but like many more not less sound in politics, I have never 'gone in for' the disestablishment cry. If I ever thought seriously of the matter at all, I concluded that if some of us like to go to church and attend a service performed in any particular manner, no one had a right to complain, seeing that he also was at liberty to worship as he pleased. I am afraid that that was a superficial way of looking at the matter, and I make my recantation with circumstance, not because my particular views or experience are of any moment, but because I believe my case is that of hundreds of thou-

sands of Liberal Churchmen throughout the country. What struck me as a new light is that people who live in large towns are in a great measure disqualified from passing judgment on the Disestablishment question. We have in London, for example, as many churches as there are main roads. We have the very highest talent in the pulpit, and if we do not like its development in one street we can seek fuller satisfaction in the next. Of course this is not the case in rural districts. There is in a parish one church and one minister, and if the latter does not suit the intelligence of the parishioner, he must needs go without his Sunday service.

"The church I was in last Sunday morning stands on a hill overlooking a quaint old town on the South coast. At its feet lies the sea, behind it a swelling upland of green fields, still bare woods and brown earth fresh from the plough. The church itself was built in the ninth century, and it and its little churchyard are full of solemn associations. It is a place where one might hope to find simplicity and the soothing charm of our elder fashions. What I actually found in the service was a weak and impotent imitation of the ritualistic mummery performed in some of the London churches. It is still held that the cross has no business on the altar of our English churches. But there is no law against shaping a few handfuls of spring flowers in the form of a cross and placing them on the altar. Before this, at every opportunity, the Vicar was on Sunday discovered kneeling. There was a full congregation, but it had no more to do with the service than the people in the stalls at the opera have to do with the chorus. Men and boys in white gowns did all the singing—not, of course, the simple hymns we used to hear, but fine concerted pieces in the arrangement of which no place was left for the articulation of the words of praise or supplication. This might have been endurable not being uncommon; but the curate upon whom the burden of the service fell whilst the Vicar was prostrate before the floral cross! Shades of Ridley and Latimer, the Curate! A thing in a white gown with hair nicely parted in the middle, and a ring on his little finger!

"It is too little to say he read the psalms and the matchless Litany without reference to the meaning of the sentences. If one had not known them by heart, or been able to follow them in the book, the service might just as well have been in Latin to me. Of course the prayers were intoned, but this particular curate being, like his prototype, the Rev. Charles Honeyman, gifted with a tolerable voice, actually, though not ostensibly, intoned the lessons, wholly disregarding sense or meaning, anxious only that a certain number of words should fit an inexorable swing of intonation. Afterwards, the choir having through the medium of the Athanasian Creed cheerfully and musically cursed everyone who differs from us in matters of belief, we had the sermon, which turned out to be a sort of penny-reading from Scripture—a quantity of texts strung together by a ligature of the baldest remarks by the curate, who, of course, still wore his white gown, and intoned from manuscript. It was a pitiable, soul-depressing spectacle amid such surroundings. Still, for my part, I would say that if there are people who like this

sort of thing, and who find comfort and strength in it, heaven forbid that I should set up the infallibility of my opinion, and say they are wrong to indulge in their conscientious belief. But here was the parish church—the only Church of England establishment within a radius of ten miles. It is supported by the State, and these poor creatures in white gowns, with rings on their fingers and hair parted down the middle, are appointed by the State to minister to the people in this town. But it apparently depends (within certain limits which it seems very difficult to define) upon the vicar so appointed what sort of spiritual meat the people shall have. In this little town, it so happens, they have served out to them gingerbread of the most meretricious quality, and if they don't like it they must needs go without. Thus it has, as Adam Bede's friend Dinah Morris says, been "borne in upon me" that people who live in large towns get only a partial and misleading view of the Disestablishment question, and thus I, a churchman all my life, begin to see that in justice to the people in rural parishes the close preserve of the Church and State must be broken up.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

SIMON KEVERNE.

A BRIEF MEMENTO.

THE power of religion is even more manifest in life than in death. There are infinitely worse evils to encounter than dying. The foes of our faith which haunt life's pathway, and in a thousand subtle forms seek to destroy our peace and blight our prospects, are worse than death itself. It is not the end of life which, to the Christian, is a source of trouble, but the commencement and continuation of a right course of action. It certainly is more difficult to live than to die. To die "is but to fall asleep," but to *live* is to *fight*; and fighting is much more difficult than sleeping; hence Christian biography becomes a source of instruction and consolation to the church. Christianity as embodied in creeds and systems is a theory, but as developed in the experience of God's people, it is a *living* fact. By the force of argument we may upset a theory, but we cannot gainsay a fact. We are grateful for the *words* which Jesus uttered, for none spake like Him, but equally grateful are we for His *works*. He *said* much, but He also *did* much; and His doings are as imperishable as His sayings. His doctrine was of God, but His work was equally divine, and while His words are misconstrued, and turned into ridicule by His enemies, His works defied contradiction, and through the ages stand as unalterable evidences of His divinity and power. Christ's life was a practical unfolding of internal principles and forces, which belong to Christian life in general. Believing and working are God's method of setting forth

the power of the Gospel. Religious belief that is not followed by corresponding sanctified activity is a deception. We are not converted merely to be intellectual spectators, but earnest workers in Christ's vineyard. He who works not, and in the right spirit, is not Christ's. Work, as it springs from holy love, is everything; believing, if it lead not to Christian activity, is nothing. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Perhaps none would assert that there is too much faith, but there is certainly too little practice; hence there is not sufficient *definite, earnest* toil. Religion must show itself in doing, not in saying. Every life rightly lived is an additional evidence for the truth of the Gospel, hence the church must always find in its annals a place for the record of noble deeds, and the biography of faithful men. We are drawn into this line of remark by the life and death of an excellent Christian worker, whose name stands at the head of this paper. Not that we consider him as perfect, or as standing head and shoulders above all the prophets in Israel. It is not necessary that a man should be in all things right in order to instruct his fellow-man. As a rule, we learn more, in the economy of life, from our failures than our successes, and if in the religious world we are bound to wait for a perfect man before we write a biography, the church must be content to sit in mournful silence until the Millennium, because such moral gems of heavenly worth are not found in this world. But there is no need for this; the infinite necessities of fallen humanity give ample scope for the right appropriation of all the diversified materials of which the church on earth is composed. Every shade of character finds its necessary sphere of existence in the filling up of that broad and beautiful outline of Christian character which the Gospel brings so vividly before us.

The subject of this memoir was born in the parish of St. Keverne, Cornwall, in the year 1826. His father was for many years a consistent member of our society at Ponsongath, and at his house the preachers, when in that part of the circuit, found a happy and welcome home. The deceased, like most young people, was in youth forgetful of right things, but not viciously disposed. His general character was respectable, and his turn of mind thoughtful and steady. The writer and he attended the same Sunday-school for many years, and belonged to the same class. In those days spelling was a part of Sunday-school discipline, and many a hard battle did we fight for the ascendancy, the best speller being at the head of the class. In the year 1859, a most blessed revival broke out at Ponsongath, when, among others, Br. Keverne was brought to see and feel himself a sinner. In believing for salvation he had great difficulty, being nearly six months before he found peace. Soon after his conversion he began to exhort sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," and was subsequently put on the Local Preachers' Plan. As a preacher he was thoughtful and intelligent. Possessing naturally great force of judgment, and a fair education, he was qualified above many for usefulness.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 3rd, 1878, he preached his last sermon at Ponsongath chapel, the place of his spiritual birth, and where

he had earnestly struggled for salvation. His sermon in the afternoon at Zoar was attended with much power, but in the evening he spoke of not having had the same amount of liberty. This feeling is not unusual in the order of public speaking, and the cause is more physical than moral. The effort put forth in connection with what is called a "good season," is sure to be followed by some degree of physical reaction, hence the lassitude and sluggishness which generally follow an extraordinary effort. Nature refuses to repeat great efforts in quick succession. Many a good man has allowed himself to be unnecessarily dejected, in attributing his failure, after some great success, to satanic influence, whereas the explanation should be sought for on purely physical grounds. Some time after the deceased had preached for the last time he caught a severe cold, which was followed by severe inflammation of the lungs. Being naturally disposed to asthma, he experienced great difficulty in breathing. It was not supposed at first his sickness would be unto death, but in a short time it was evident the disease was fast gaining the mastery. His brother Richard, who was younger than he, and who visited him faithfully in his affliction, also caught a violent chill while attending him; on returning home one evening he was taken suddenly ill, and, to the consternation of many, in a few days passed away from the stage of life. At the time of the funeral, the subject of this memoir was supposed to be a little improved in his condition; but ah! the revival was of short duration, and ominous of a serious and sudden change. It was like the last feeble effort of the glimmering light before it goes out in darkness. In one short day after this flattering indication of improvement his spirit bade adieu to all that is earthly. Separated only for a few hours, the brothers met again on the beautiful shores of the spirit-land. The deceased being much respected, the whole neighbourhood was filled with gloom, and inexpressible grief. During Br. Simon's illness he suffered intensely, but was lovingly resigned to the will of God. At times he manifested great concern for his wife and children, to whom he was much attached, and from whom he was conscious he must soon part. But the Lord is ever true to His promise. A bright revelation from heaven cheered his drooping spirit in the hour of need, and into the hands of a loving spiritual Father, he quietly resigned his charge; and the spirit thus confined, as though glad of having performed its last earthly duty, bounded from its painful prison-cage to the land of liberty and light, and to the rest that remains for the people of God.

"The memory of the just is blessed," and the memory of our departed friend will be cherished most by those who knew him best, and can appreciate genuine friendship, manliness, and Christian candour. He thought for himself, and did not chide others because they did the same. He was not a religious sentimentalist, but neither was he a narrow-minded dogmatist, but a trustful, honest-minded man, in whose company one always felt the power of unflinching friendship.

Like everybody else he had his failings, but he would not have been human else. To those who so readily wait to "cast the first

stone," our advice is, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." There is a class of persons remarkably fond of throwing stones, and as a rule they are not themselves the most faultless. We must take Christian life as it is, and be grateful for so much that is good; carefully remembering that not always the sweetest and best things in a man's life teach the most powerful lessons, but often the most bitter and painful. Br. Keverne was a good man, and much better than most. The following Resolution of the Quarterly Meeting of the Helston Circuit will show the general esteem in which he was held.

"It is with the deepest sorrow we record the removal from our midst, by death, of our dear brother Simon Keverne. The dispensations of divine providence are to us mysterious; but though we cannot understand the why and wherefore of God's dealings, we believe the Great Judge of all the earth has done rightly, and therefore we bow in humble submission to His will. We are deeply and painfully sensible of the great loss the circuit has sustained by the death of so acceptable a preacher, and such a sincere and earnest Christian worker.

"We beg hereby to express our unfeigned Christian sympathy with the widow and family in their sore bereavement, and earnestly pray that sustaining grace may be given them, and that in all the future of their lives they may be able to rest with perfect confidence on Him whose promise is, 'I will be a father to the fatherless and the Judge of the widow.'"

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "To die is gain."

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
He lives, whom we call dead."

J. TREMELLING.

WILLIAM CLARKE,

THE son of John and Ann Clarke, was born at Harracott, in the parish of Tawstock, February 14th, 1822. He was the eldest of five children, there being besides him two sisters and two brothers, one of whom lived twelve years only, and then died very happy in the Lord. The conversion of the eldest child took place when he was fourteen years of age in a cottage at Yarnscombe. There was then no chapel in the parish, but divine service was carried on in a house belonging to a shoemaker. The news of his second birth brought much pleasure to his mother, but from his father he met with much persecution for several years. Eager to do something for his Saviour he became a class-leader, and then a local preacher.

Several of the members of his class still live, and it is their delight to talk of the many precious seasons they enjoyed under his leadership. In the work of his Master he always delighted; many times has he started from his home on a Sunday morning, walked between twenty and thirty miles, and preached three times. At this period his father had four horses in the stable, but would not allow him to take one of them. Sometimes when returning from his Sunday night appointment he would hear, just as he was nearing his home, the cocks crowing. These things did not however discourage him, so zealous was he in his Master's work. His week-day meetings were well sustained. No matter how hard he might work during the day, nor how early he was compelled to rise the next morning, he would attend his class-meeting and the preaching service. Returning late sometimes he would find the door locked against him. Although his mother longed for a different state of things she dared not contradict the orders of her husband. Before his conversion he was addicted to card-playing and every kind of amusement, but after the great change had been wrought, he was as devoted in the service of his Lord and Master as before he had been diligent as a servant of Satan. Such a change from bad to good, from sin to holiness, from Satan to God, his earthly parent could not and would not understand, and hence arose his opposition. But William's heavenly Father did not permit this always to last. A reconciliation was effected, and he was allowed to ride his long journeys on the Sabbath. After some years the zealous convert received an impression that he was called to the work of the Christian ministry. When his father was made acquainted with this, he again occasioned his son much trouble and anxiety. The father's opposition arose from two causes: first, because there was a large estate to farm, and he had no other son capable of taking his place; and secondly, because he cared not for a son of his to enter entirely on the work of making known the glorious gospel. But in 1846 the son left his home and went for twelve months to Shebbear school. The next year he received an appointment to the Winkleigh Mission, at that time an exceedingly long and rough circuit. The chapels, though numerous, were long distances apart, the roads were rough and stony, and the preachers suffered many inconveniences.

In 1848 the Conference stationed him at Tenterden with Mr. Ching as pastor. Often has he been heard to speak gratefully of Mrs. Ching, who acted as a mother to him. Her kindness he never forgot. As an example of the opposition he encountered whilst working in this field, one instance may be mentioned. A number of young men inserted a squib in the wall behind the pulpit, and whilst the service was being conducted, the powder was fired, the squib fell among the congregation, causing quite a scene of confusion. Amidst it all, the work of the Lord prospered.

In 1850, he travelled with Mr. Wm. Hill at Chichester, and devoted a fourth part of his labours to the Portsea Station with Francis Martin. He attended the Hicks Mill Conference in 1851, to be received into Full Connexion, along with Wm. Rowe, Wm. H. Hosken, and Thos. Harris. The same Conference appointed him

to labour on the Taunton and Milverton Station with his former pastor, Francis Martin. Here he spent two very happy years, and then went to Cornwall where he worked with zeal and determination for a great number of years. First at St. Austell with Matthew Robins, for two years, then at Truro, with R. P. Tabb, for the same period. In 1857 he became the pastor of the Penzance Circuit, and three years later of St. Just. He travelled for three years at Callington, four in the South Devon Mission, two at Hatherleigh, the same number at Redruth, and lastly four at Taunton. His health, which had been declining for a long time, at length became so enfeebled that the Conference of 1877 superannuated him, but he only lived for about eighteen months longer.

During the twenty years that he was pastor, chapel building was not neglected by him. Whilst in the Callington circuit he erected a beautiful structure at Gunnislake, and another at Albaston. To mention the numerous chapels which he built, bought, and renovated, would occupy too much space; it is sufficient to say that in every circuit, with the exception of his last, he zealously laboured to extend the connexion in this way.

Within the last few months he seemed to have had a presentiment that the time of his departure was drawing near. Often would he say, "I don't think I shall be long with you, somehow I have an impression of that sort, but I have made all things right for you, and it is all well with me for eternity." On New Year's eve his soul was much drawn out after God, and he longed to be with God's people in the sanctuary. He exclaimed, "How many scores and hundreds are now enjoying themselves in prayer and praise to God! how I should like to be with them, if it were His will. I would gladly walk to His house in snow up to my knee, but God's will be done." On New Year's day he felt poorly, and so he did the next day, but came downstairs as usual. On Friday he did not leave his bed. In the night, when suffering, he compared his pain with what Christ had undergone for him, exclaiming—

"Oh what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!"

On Saturday morning he appeared very peaceful and calm, and when Mrs. Clarke entered his room he said, "Do you know I have some shares in a bank?" She seemed rather surprised, and said, "What do you mean?" He answered, "Sit down, and I'll tell you." He then continued, "But that bank will never break. I have three shares, Faith, Hope, and Charity. 1. Faith, building on Christ as my only foundation. 2. Hope, for I have a hope beyond the grave. And the last, Charity; I throw the mantle of love over everybody." On Sunday the doctor was summoned, not because he appeared worse, but for satisfaction. On Monday, Mr. Dymond called to see him; he talked and prayed with him, and under the influence of the prayer the once active but now suffering servant of the Lord felt very happy. When Mrs. Clarke

came to him after Mr Dymond had left, he said, "Ma, I have been telling Mr. Dymond that I have thrown all my good works and all my bad ones overboard, and I am going to heaven simply clinging to Christ."

During the week he often expressed himself thus, "My sufferings here are great, but what are they compared with what my Saviour suffered for me; I deserve them all, but precious Saviour." We thought he was getting better, but it is likely he knew his state, as he tried to prepare our minds for the event so soon to take place. Speaking to Mrs. Clarke he said, "I have made everything comfortable for you for time, and all is right with me for eternity." This pointed language affected us much, but we had no idea that death was so rapidly approaching. He continued, "I must tell you, and you must know it."

The first change we saw in him for the worse was about 6 o'clock on Friday evening (Jan. 10th). Between this time and the hour of his departure he said, "Oh what mercies have I to be thankful for." Frequently did he respond to the words, "Christ is precious," in this way, "Oh yes, my precious Saviour." These were the last words we could clearly understand, and they were uttered about an hour before his death. He then became unconscious, and his happy spirit winged its flight at 20 minutes after 9 o'clock.

What is our sad loss we know to be his eternal gain. In his calling he was an active servant of the Lord's, and in his home a kind husband and an affectionate parent. It is our consolation to know that he is better off in that land of pure delights, and that

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

MRS. BRANTHWAITE.

"THE memory of the just is blessed." Their names are like "ointment poured forth." "They shall be had in everlasting remembrance." The subject of this brief memoir belongs to this class.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BRANTHWAITE was born at Catta, in the parish of Kinniside, in the county of Cumberland, in the year 1835, and died at Stoney Wath, Lamplugh parish, on the 30th of December, 1878. Up to within a short time of her death Mrs. Branthwaite—though strictly moral—did not experience that change of heart without which no man shall see the Lord. That she subsequently became the subject of saving grace there is no doubt in the mind of any person intimately acquainted with her. How it was brought about will be best told by a letter I received a few days since from Mr. T. Richards, an auxiliary local preacher on the Cleator Moor plan. Br. Richards writes:—"According to promise I pen you a few lines giving what information I can with regard to our much respected sister, Mrs. Branthwaite. From the time your society first commenced holding services at Kirkland, I have taken appointments there quarterly, but it was after the chapel was opened

I became intimately acquainted with the deceased. She was always present when I was there, and a more attentive hearer I never saw. She seemed to drink in the word with greediness, and not unfrequently did I see the tears rolling from her eyes as she listened to the simple but sweet story of the cross. She generally remained to the prayer meeting at the close of the service, and for a long time she seemed deeply impressed. Her tears and her countenance depicted her sorrow. Like Mary, she sat at the feet of Jesus, washing His feet with her tears. The Lord opened her heart, and she attended to the things which were spoken. On one occasion she seemed much more distressed than on any other. In the prayer-meeting I spoke to her, and urged her to press into the kingdom, but the way seemed dark. We closed the meeting. When she was leaving I told her to look to Christ as her Saviour, and never shall I forget the expression of her countenance: she wept profusely and tried to speak, but her utterance failed, and in this sorrowing state she left. But I have, with others, reason to believe that this was the turning point in her religious history, and that her sorrow was soon turned into joy; that the Day Spring from on high visited her, and that she received 'the peace of God which passeth understanding.' The last time I saw her present was when we held our quarterly love-feast. How changed she seemed to be on this occasion. She wept, it is true, but now her tears were tears of joy; her countenance was radiant with happiness, and I believe the place was to her the gate of heaven. She made an attempt to rise and speak, but she seemed to be so overpowered with joy she could not do so.

'Joy through her streaming eyes did break,
She *felt* the thanks she could not *speak*.'

"From what I have seen and heard her say since, I have not the least doubt that our dear sister has entered into her rest, and has obtained the reward of the righteous."

Little need be added to the above concerning the change of heart experienced by our dear sister; but of her excellences much might be written. She was a most devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a kind-hearted friend. Her love to the cause of Christ and the people of God was great, and she was unwearied in her exertions on behalf of the chapel at Kirkland, and wrought with her own hand for the Christmas tree to clear the debt but a very short time before her decease. It was a grief to her, and probably a loss to us, that she could not attend on the occasion. She said to me the last time but one I saw her, "I fear I shall not be able to attend the Christmas tree, but you will be able to get on all right." She seemed to have premonitions of her death—though it was quite sudden—consequently she "set her house in order;" not only the spiritual, but the temporal; acquainting her eldest daughter where everything might be found, and giving all necessary orders how things should be carried on in case she should not live. She often talked about dying, and on one occasion said she was not afraid to die. The last time I saw her was the day after Christmas-

day. She had been confined a few days previously, and seemed to be doing well. I talked and prayed with her, and she was cheerful and happy. Four days after, on moving from the bed to a chair, she sank in a fainting fit, never spoke after, and in a few minutes the soul had quitted the clay tenement for the house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She leaves behind her an aged mother, a sorrowing husband, and eight bereaved children. Their loss is intensely great, but her gain is infinitely greater. That they may meet her in heaven, is the earnest prayer of

R. ORCHARD.

In Memoriam.

OUR dear and highly-esteemed brother R. P. TABB died at Southsea, April 29th. His end was blessed! On the previous Saturday he had called on Messrs. JAMES and HENRY ASH, and afterwards at Mr. HONEY'S, and just before he got home was taken very ill, and on the Tuesday following, at 3 a.m., he passed away. He was buried at Kingston cemetery on Saturday, May 3rd, close by the grave of Br. Pine, and near the resting-place of several of our friends. The President and Br. Lark conducted the service; the Brethren C. Dening, J. Tremelling, J. Martin, and J. Stephens were also present. Thus another "good man and true" is removed from our midst. His zealous and successful labours, and his cheerful yet devout piety, will be a precious memory to multitudes for a long time to come. (Br. H. Ash, of Portsmouth, was so ill at the time of Br. Tabb's death that no hope was entertained of his recovery; but it will be a pleasure to our readers to know that the Lord mercifully heard earnest prayer in his behalf, so that he is now gradually recovering, and our hope is that he may be spared to his family and the church for many years.)

Br. H. WERREN had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long and painful illness, on the 2nd of May. One of her latest utterances was, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed."

CAMELFORD CIRCUIT.

MEADROSE.—Our church and congregation in this place have recently remodelled and beautified their place of worship at a cost of about £300. The internal arrangements of the chapel, which were just as awkward, inconvenient, and uncomfortable as they could well be made, are now, for neatness and comfort, for strength and appearance, almost everything that can be desired. The old organ, which proved a very costly instrument by so often getting out of

repair, has been exchanged for a splendid harmonium, and the platform on which it stood, behind the pulpit, bringing the preacher out nearly one third into the chapel, has been removed, and a beautiful rostrum has been erected in its proper place. About two-thirds of the floor having been laid below the surrounding ground, without any ventilation, had become so fearfully rotten that it had to be removed, and new flooring, raised about one foot at the entrance end, provided with proper ventilation, has been put in its place. The entrance has been changed from the side to the end against the road; a new boundary wall, with iron gates and railing, has also been erected. The chapel throughout is newly seated in the modern style, with best pitch pine, with a magnificent lobby of the same material; the seats are hollowed with reclining backs, every attention having been paid to the comfort of the worshippers. The two windows in the pulpit end are walled up, and a new one put in the side where the door used to stand. A beautiful centre piece has been made in the ceiling, an ornamental ventilator placed in each corner, and a tastefully moulded cornice run around. The chapel is lighted with six chandeliers, each containing two lamps, suspended from the ceiling, and also a lamp on each side of the rostrum. The aisles are covered with matting, the rostrum and communion with carpet. A furnace-house with furnace has been erected for the accommodation of tea meetings, hot water being brought by a pipe into the school-room. The architect, Mr. Westlake, of Camelford, and the contractors, Mr. Blake and Mr. Paul, of Delabole, have given every satisfaction. The chapel, though incomplete, was re-opened the day after Christmas-day. A sermon was preached in the morning by the writer, a bazaar was opened, and a tea provided in the afternoon, and a public meeting held in the evening, presided over by Br. S. Tickell, of Camelford, and addressed by the Brethren G. Bickle, W. T. Ennor, and G. Daniel. The following Saturday and Sunday Br. Mundy kindly favoured us with his valuable assistance, giving his able lecture on "The highest style of man," and preaching two interesting and profitable sermons. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday the regular anniversary was held. Br. J. Maynard, of Plymouth, preached three sermons, gave a speech on Friday, and a lecture on Monday, evening. The tea was largely patronised, the chapel on nearly every occasion was crowded with people, and the services were of a character not soon to be forgotten. The financial results are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
By Collecting Cards	28	17	0
Donations and Labour given	18	5	0
Tea, Bazaar, Collections, &c.	55	5	10
Old Materials sold	6	12	8
Anniversary on Good Friday, &c.	15	5	6
Total	124	6	0
Debt on the Chapel prior to alteration	150	0	0
Cost of Alteration, about	300	0	0
Total	450	0	0

The present debt is about £326. This, though a large sum, does not alarm our excellent friends who have worked so nobly and unitedly in the past (and where all have done so well it would be almost invidious to mention names), and are determined to continue their efforts until the debt is altogether removed. We have in this place a church thoroughly united, a beautiful chapel, capable of accommodating some 300 persons, an accomplished musician, and a choir of singers making rapid improvement. And, best of all, since the alteration a glorious revival has been realized, resulting in the conversion of about sixty men and women (many of whom have been notorious for wickedness), and the good work is still in progress. We take this as an evidence of the fact that God is pleased with the efforts of his people; that He has condescended to re-consecrate His beautified sanctuary, and to stamp with the seal of His divine approval the work which has been done. Our hope and prayer is, that the future of Meadrose may be even more bright and glorious than the past.

BOSCASTLE.—About twelve months ago the old pulpit in our chapel in this

ancient and picturesque town, and almost the last in the circuit, was replaced by a very neat and convenient rostrum. A large pew for the accommodation of the choir has been put up in one side of the chapel, and two additional seats for the greater convenience of the congregation in the other. The chapel is now lighted by two splendid chandeliers, with three beautiful lamps in each, instead of by candles, as formerly. A few other improvements have been effected, making our little sanctuary almost as neat and comfortable as can be desired. The cost, about £23, was more than met by the anniversary, and a bazaar at Whitsuntide. As intimated in the April Magazine, we have since been favoured with a blessed revival, resulting in between 30 and 40 conversions. We have in this place a band of able and zealous workers. With unity, I know of nothing to hinder us from realizing continued and lasting prosperity.

CAMELFORD.—Our premises in this place have undergone extensive repairs, and a thorough renovation. The chapel woodwork has been painted, grained, and varnished, and the preacher's house papered, painted, and cleaned throughout. A good harmonium, at a cost of £15, has also been procured for the use of the chapel. The cost of these improvements is £50 18s. 3d., which with £5 10s. back interest and current expenses, has been met. Collecting books have been successfully employed, and a bazaar has been held for the purpose. Our great want in this place is a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

I am thankful to say that at *Trevalga*, *Bossinney*, and *St. Minver*, during the past few months, we have been favoured with the droppings of a shower; some remarkable conversions have been realized, and several have yielded their hearts to the Saviour. The cloud which for a long time brooded over us in darkness seems to be dispersing, and the holy fire kindled in some places will, I trust, extend to every place in the circuit, the Connexion, and the world. We are truly thankful for past mercies, and hopeful for the future. We are determined to

“Labour on at God's command
And offer all our works to Him.”

May 3rd, 1879.

G. DANIEL.

Missionary Meetings.

EXETER.—Having held the last of our Missionary meetings for the present year, the readers of the Magazine and the Executive of the Society, may be encouraged by knowing the result.

Juvenile Meeting.—The officers and teachers of Exeter school take a deep interest in the annual Juvenile effort. Early after Conference we laid the claims of the society before the monthly teachers' meeting, when it was resolved to ask the elders to allow collections all day, instead of at the afternoon service only. This was readily agreed to, and Missionary sermons were preached morning and evening by the resident minister, and a children's service held in the afternoon, followed on the Wednesday by the Juvenile meeting. The pastor took the chair on the occasion; the attendance was very good, the recitations excellent, the people were delighted, and the monetary result £20 15s., or £3 a-head of the previous year, beside £1 10s. since voted from the school funds.

On Sunday, February 9th, sermons were preached at *Credition*, morning and evening by Br. W. T. Penrose, afternoon by Br. Trengove; at *St. Cyrus* by Mr. J. Parkhouse, and at *Hookway* by Br. Penrose and Mr. S. Hawkins. Meeting at Hookway on Monday; evening very wet, but the speaking pleased the people, and the financial result was something over last year's. Tuesday, most enthusiastic gathering at Credition. Mr. Stoye (Wesleyan) in the chair. Rev. W. A. Bevan (Congregationalist), and Br. Penrose addressed the meeting. Collections £3 6s. 1d., being 30s. over last year's. Thursday, meeting at St. Cyrus. Several friends kindly came out from Exeter, although the evening was unpropitious. Mr. A. Bowden presided with great efficiency. The deputation and the pastor delivered addresses on the work and claims of the society. Collections and cards nearly 10s. more than the previous year.

Exeter.—Missionary sermons were preached on Sunday, April 20th, by the

Editor. The usual efforts were put forth to make the services widely known, but owing to the distress prevailing through the West of England Bank failure, the day was anticipated with unusual anxiety. The congregations were good, morning and afternoon, and in the evening very large; the preacher fully sustained his reputation in this city; visitors from church and chapel, equally with our own people, were delighted; the services were rich in spiritual influence, and the collections 30s. ahead. The meeting on Monday was largely attended; the attendance has been gradually improving during the past three years, but it was this year by far the best. Prayer having been offered by Br. J. H. Batt, in the absence of Mr. James Horswell, who had been unanimously requested by the elders to take the chair, Mr. W. Denness kindly consented at the last minute to occupy the position, and he did his work greatly to the delight of all present. The report was presented by Br. Trengove, and the Brethren Bourne, Honey, and Dymond delivered excellent addresses; the interest created at the beginning was fully sustained to the last; the meeting was distinguished by pertinent facts, apt illustrations concerning the society's work, earnestly and convincingly put, and on all there rested a blessed heavenly influence. The collections at sermons and meeting, £17 4s., which sum was increased by a few donations obtained by the pastor to £23 18s., or £10 5s. more than the sum realised at the annual meeting last year. Thus, Mr. Editor, whilst sustaining local interests, paying off £100 from the Exeter chapel, and £20 from the house, improving Crediton chapel at a cost of £25 which will be raised, we hope to return at least £18 extra for missionary purposes, and we earnestly hope all will do something to relieve the present pressure on the Missionary fund.

Yesterday was a blessed day at Exeter, and although only a fortnight after the missionary sermons, the collections for the ministry were upwards of £4, and, better still, one person found peace after the evening service.

Exeter, May 5th, 1879.

TRURO.—DEAR BR. BOURNE.—A very interesting Juvenile missionary meeting was held here on Sunday afternoon, May 4th, addressed by the following young men of the society, the greater number of whom are members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement class, and have been lately converted, viz., Messrs. E. Mitchell, W. H. Solomon, T. J. Brewer, T. Jane, T. Farr, W. Rawle, and W. G. Polsue. Mr. Roberts presided in his usual able and inspiring manner, and the writer presented the Report. The speaking was very good, and the singing by the chapel choir excellent. Collected by persons connected with the school:—

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Miss Roberts	-	-	3	3	0
Miss James	-	-	2	10	0
Miss Penhallwick	-	-	0	13	0
Mr. T. P. Mundy	-	-	0	6	6
Miss J. Ferry	-	-	0	5	3
Miss B. Sara	-	-	0	5	1
Miss A. Roberts	-	-	0	4	8
Miss B. Stephens	-	-	0	4	6
Miss Skellett	-	-	0	4	3
Miss A. Mundy	-	-	0	3	6
Mr. W. Dally	-	-	0	3	6
Miss B. Mitchell	-	-	0	3	2
Miss A. Johns	-	-	0	3	0
Miss M. E. Husband	-	-	0	3	0
Mr. Thos. Philp	-	-	0	3	0
Mr. E. Allen	-	-	0	2	10
Mr. W. Keast	-	-	0	2	6
Mr. O. Allen	-	-	0	2	6
Mr. E. O. Roberts	-	-	0	2	6
Mr. A. Allen	-	-	0	2	6
Sums under 2s. 6d.	-	-	0	17	8
Collection	-	-	0	11	8
Total			£	10	17 7

This is the first meeting of the kind held in Truro, but will not be the last, as the young people were so deeply interested in it.

Very truly yours,

T. E. MUNDY.

Chapels.

EDISTONE.*—This neat little chapel, pronounced by the Secretary of the Conference at a missionary meeting as "a model country chapel," was opened for divine worship on Thursday morning, December 5th, 1878. An appropriate and excellent dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. B. Nott. Luncheon in the new school-room at 10 o'clock. Bazaar in Mr. Cook's barn in the afternoon. Public tea at 5 o'clock, and a public meeting in the evening. The attendance was good; services excellent, and the takings of the day satisfactory. The Rev. B. Nott, J. Foster (Independent), and J. Coles, rendered valuable service in connection with the opening. The chapel will accommodate ninety-six persons. The cost of chapel and school, exclusive of drawing materials and other labour, is £262 12s. 1d. Receipts as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Foundation stone services	..	20	1 6
Bazaar, Luncheon, Tea, and Collections on day of opening	..	62	12 4
Collected by Mr. James Cory	..	18	2 0
" John Cory	..	28	4 0
" William Elliott	..	1	10 0
A Friend through Mr. R. Spencer	..	2	2 0

£132 11 10

Leaving a debt, including £20 on the old chapel, of £150.

The following ladies gave the provision for the tea:—Mrs. Cory, Mrs. W. Heard, Mrs. R. Hopper, Mrs. J. Jeffery, Mrs. J. Pillman, Mrs. C. Walter, and Mrs. J. Williams. The following are the principal subscribers in cash and horse labour:—J. Haynes, Esq., Mr. R. Hopper, Mr. T. Cook, Mr. J. Burrows, Mr. R. Heard, Mr. J. Pillman, Mr. J. Walter, Mr. D. Newton, Mr. C. Walter, Mr. W. B. Croscombe, Mr. S. J. Ashton, Mr. W. Yeo, Mrs. Gorman, and, though last, yet not least, the brothers James and John Cory. For promptitude, heartiness, and constancy in God's service, they remind me of the James and John, a pair of brothers mentioned in Matthew iv. The new chapel has been already the birth-place of several souls.

R. SPENCER.

BROUGHAM ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.—A bazaar in aid of the debt liquidation fund was held April 15th, 16th, and 17th, 1879, with the following gratifying result:—

Receipts	£202	2	4
Disbursements	7	10	2

Net profit £194 12 2

By taking a small sum from the surplus on the current account, we are thus able to pay off £200 of our debt.

We omit the names of the stall-holders, with the amount realised by the respective stalls, as such details are mostly of local interest. The names of all persons who deserve mention would occupy more space than we might reasonably expect to be available for this notice, and we therefore content ourselves with saying that we have never seen a bazaar so tastefully got up, conducted so orderly, nor carried through with heartier co-operation by friends generally—the members, the congregation, the Sunday-school, and the choir all doing their part in this successful effort. Just such friends as make glad a pastor's heart.

J. C. H.

CRONDALL.—On Easter Tuesday the memorial stones of a new chapel were laid. The edifice, which is about to be erected by Mr. W. Jenkins, builder, of Aldershot, is from designs by Mr. Gillett, architect, of Bristol, and will cost about £450. After devotional exercises, Mr. W. Hill, pastor of the circuit, asked Mr. G. R. Warren, of Liphook, to lay the first stone, remarking that the presence of

* But for sickness a fuller account would have been presented before.

Mr. Warren had been anticipated with pleasure by many friends on account of his and his father's, the late Mr. W. Warren, connection with this circuit.

Mr. Warren then proceeded to lay the stone in a cavity, under which was first placed a bottle containing (1) the 57th Annual Report of the Bible Christian Missionary Society. (2) The printed notice of the laying of the stones. (3) A document stating that the present building is intended to take the place of a smaller and less attractive structure which had been built in 1838. That the site of the present building had been given by Mr. D. S. Stevens. The names of the trustees of the chapel and of the superintendent, and (4) the circuit plan for the current quarter. The stone having been duly laid by Mr. Warren, he placed upon it the sum of £6 5s., Mr. Noyce also very kindly placed a cheque for £10 on the stone, and Mr. Brooker subsequently gave a cheque for £3 3s. Mr. D. S. Stevens laid the second memorial stone and placed a cheque for £20 upon the same, after which Mr. and Mrs. Bourne laid the third memorial stone and placed the sum of £5 upon it. Various other sums, amounting to about £6, were laid upon the stone (or collected from the congregation).

Mr. Hill stated that among other donations he had that day received a cheque from Miss Smither for £5, and from C. J. Maxwell-Lefroy, Esq., also a cheque of £5, and that R. J. Chaundler, Esq., had generously given tiles to the value of £10.

Mr. F. W. Bourne then gave a short account of the rise and progress of the Bible Christian Connexion. Mr. Hill then expressed the thanks of the friends to those who had so kindly come to lay the Memorial Stones, and for the contributions so freely offered. After another hymn had been sung, and a prayer of thanksgiving by Mr. Bourne, the National Anthem was sung, and the open air services brought to a close.

A tea, of which about 140 friends partook, was provided in the Congregational chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), after which there was a public meeting, T. Wonnacott, Esq., of Farnham, presiding, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. F. W. Bourne, C. Deming, G. King-Pryor, S. Leete, W. Hill, G. R. Warren, and other friends.

The total cash received amounted to about £100.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £987 7s. 5d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
HOLSWORTHY CIRCUIT—				Forest Hill, Rev. W. Lee	-	0	5	0	
Mr. Coles, Ashwater -	-	0	10	0	Mr. W. Green	-	0	2	6
TORRINGTON—				Three Friends	-	-	0	3	0
Mr. Brown, 2nd instalment-	0	5	0	CAMELFORD—					
Star of Peace Lodge, I.O.G.T.	1	1	0	A Friend, Blissland	-	0	10	0	
HICKS MILL CIRCUIT—				Cards, Limehead	-	0	4	8	
Mr. A. Rowe, donation	-	0	10	0	KILBURN—				
SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT—				A Friend	-	0	10	0	
Mr. Bartlett, donation	-	0	10	0	E. C.	-	0	2	6
LAUNCESTON CIRCUIT—				Second collection	-	0	10	6	
Truscott, Miss Bray, book	-	0	12	6	JUBILEE—				
WOOLWICH & FOREST HILL—				Second collection	-	0	11	10	
Woolwich, Mr. Topley, don.	0	5	0	Mr. G. F. Treverton, 2nd don.	1	1	0		
Mr. Vanstone, donation	-	0	5	0	BRIGHTON—				
Miss Standing, do.	-	0	5	0	Mr. Lipscombe, donation	-	0	10	0
Mrs. Standing, do.	-	1	0	0	Mrs. Gould, do.	-	0	2	0
The Misses Bland	-	1	0	0	Friends	-	0	4	0
Lee, P. Carter, Esq., don.	-	0	10	0	Mrs. Lisle	-	0	2	6
Miss James, do.	-	0	2	6	CHULMLEIGH—				
Miss Cocks, do.	-	0	2	6	Rev. R. Grose	-	1	0	0

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—We venture to ask all subscribers to the College Extension

sion Fund to kindly pay their promises now due. Again we venture to ask the ministers to audit all the books and cards put into the hands of the collectors, and to give them a word of encouragement to proceed with their work. We are not without hope that the whole debt will be removed; we await a kind and general response to our repeated applications. We think our friends and supporters are increasing, and that they will speedily help us.

We are, dear Sir, yours truly,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer.*

W. HIGMAN, *Secretary.*

Correspondence.

ANGLO-ISRAELISM.

20, Claremont Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol, May 9th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In your May number you give extracts from papers by the Rev. E. R. Conder, published in the *Evangelical Magazine*, and you also notice favourably a lecture by Robert Roberts, of Birmingham, each being in opposition to "Anglo-Israelism." I have read both the papers and the lecture, and having given considerable attention to the other side of the subject in dispute, I am constrained to say that I am one of those *not to be convinced*, by the reasoning of Messrs. Conder and Roberts, "that if the advocates of 'Anglo-Israelism' are to find arguments in its favour they must seek them elsewhere than in the Scriptures." There is not one important argument by which the doctrine of our Israelitish origin is sustained, that receives the least injury from the assaults referred to, whilst much of what Mr. Conder says, only helps one to reason on its behalf, with additional point and cogency. Truth loses nothing by ventilation and fair discussion.

If you will kindly insert this short letter in your next issue, you will greatly oblige,

Yours faithfully,

J. DYMOND.

Brief Notices of Books.

Wycliffe to Wesley; Heroes and Martyrs of the Church in Britain. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A MOST attractive book. The volume contains twenty-one ably written sketches of distinguished leaders and standard-bearers, whose names are "as familiar as household words," and a very large number of excellent illustrations.

The Person and Offices of the Holy Spirit. By the late Very Reverend ACHILLES DAUNT, D.D., Dean of Cork. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THE titles of these able lectures are, *The Promise, The Person, His Coming, His Work at the Beginning, and His Work at Present.* The Bishop of Cashel truly observes that all who are willing to peruse these sermons will find them "deeply profitable." "But it is to those who had the opportunity of once listening to the preacher, that they will come with peculiar force and impressiveness." The preacher is a safe and trustworthy expositor of the great verities of our faith, as one brief extract will clearly indicate. "In the statements of Holy Scripture we do find Baptism and Regeneration intimately connected; but to transgress the fair limits of interpretation (as Augustine, in particular, seems to have done) and to make Regeneration absolutely and unreservedly dependent on Baptism, to maintain that all who were baptized were regenerate, and that none could be regenerate but the baptized only, was to propound a doctrine unscriptural and pernicious, the germ of evil, which was not slow to fructify, and which has been

fruitful of consequences deadly and disastrous. For if you examine in their proper context those expressions of Holy Scripture to which I have referred, *e. g.*, that in St. John iii., where the Lord speaks of the necessity of being 'born of water and of the Spirit;' that in St. Peter, where he says that 'Baptism' (in a figure) 'doth also now save us;' and that in our text, where St. Paul speaks of 'the washing' (or bath) 'of Regeneration,' &c., you will find, that they can, none of them, be fairly understood to indicate more for Baptism—in respect to the result—than an instrumental efficacy, a visible embodiment of the truth." Our author further properly contends that Regeneration is not simply "a capacity for being good, which may or may not be developed"; but that it is, as Dr. Mozley forcibly puts it, "an actual state of goodness and holiness."

Boston Noonday Lectures.

Transcendentalism.

Conscience.

Orthodoxy.

Biology.

Heredity.

MANY persons will heartily welcome Mr. Dickinson's new edition of these wonderful lectures by the Rev. JOSEPH COOK, *revised by himself*. The volumes are handy in size; price 1s. 6d. each.

Plea for Mercy to Animals. By JAMES MACAULAY, A.M., M.D. Edin. Religious Tract Society.

A POWERFUL and persuasive plea, skilful, comprehensive, convincing. The claims of the Lower Animals to humane treatment from man are effectively urged, various forms of needless suffering inflicted by man are vividly described, the means of prevention are clearly defined, and the somewhat difficult subject of Vivisection is considered in a calm and impartial spirit, so that Dr. Macaulay's conclusions will command, we think, all but universal assent.

The Early Years of Christianity: A comprehensive History of the first three centuries of the Christian Church. By E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D. Vol. I. The Apostolic Age. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS reproduction of the "History of the Early Years of Christianity" is not a mere translation of the French edition, but the presentation of that work in a considerably altered form. The author has, in the first place, dispensed with the long introduction treating of the history of religions prior to Christianity, partly because this has already appeared separately in England, and partly because a very full *resume* is given of it in his book on "The Life, Work, and Times of Jesus Christ," to which the present work may be regarded as a sequel. He has further endeavoured to bring the English edition into a smaller compass than the French, without curtailing it in any necessary or important branch. By this means he has condensed into one volume the whole history of the apostolic age.

Works of this kind, ably written, are of special value and importance in this age, and can be only fully appreciated by persons acquainted with the subtle and persistent assaults made by men of the highest ability and attainments on historical Christianity. "We are persuaded that the best method of defence against the shallow scepticism which assails us, and which dismisses, with a scornful smile, documents, the titles of which it has never examined, is to retrace the history of primitive Christianity, employing all the materials accumulated by the Christian science of our day; for it must be well understood among us that there is in truth such a theory as Christian science in the nineteenth century." To do justice to such a subject eminent qualifications are necessary, and it appears to us Dr. Pressense is *facile princeps* among contemporary writers. A clearness and ease of style that is positively fascinating is combined with great firmness of grasp, keenness of discrimination, and breadth of view.

The next volume will comprise all the great conflicts of the Church with Paganism, and will be entitled the "Martyrs and Confessors." A concluding volume is to embrace the entire history of Christian thought and doctrine, treating of all that bears upon theological and ecclesiastical questions during the same period. The price of this work is 7s. 6d., but subscribers can have the four volumes for one guinea.

The Fulness of Blessing; or the Gospel of Christ, illustrated from the Book of Joshua. By SARAH F. SMILEY. Third edition. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

WE have read this work with much pleasure and profit. It is a healthful and stimulating book. A suggestive sentence in *Westcott's Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, contains the principle on which this volume has been constructed: "The existence of an abiding spiritual sense underlying the literal text of the Old Testament is sufficiently attested by the quotations in the New. Unless it be recognised, many of the interpretations of the Evangelists and Apostles must appear forced and arbitrary; but if we assume that it exists, their usage appears to furnish an adequate clue to the investigation of its most intricate mazes." The dangers to which Christians are liable in the *application* of this principle, Miss Smiley appears to us to have avoided with singular skill. Her intense earnestness, her deep spirituality, her marked sobriety of judgment, and her literary competence have furnished ample safeguards. There are no traces of straining after effect, or searching after novelties, or strange disregard of all safe rules of interpretation, so painfully conspicuous in many works we might name, and which have prejudiced many sober readers against even that class of works to which "The Fulness of Blessing" belongs.

Nuts to Crack for Moderate Drinkers. A Useful Manual of Facts and Figures for Total Abstiners. By J. MILTON SMITH. John Kempster & Co. (Price 4d.)

A CAPITAL fourpenny-worth! Here is one of the nuts: "We have now 150,000 licensed drink-shops in England; 18,000 retail places in London alone. In 1873, the year of unexampled prosperity, the drink-bill, which in 1871 was £118,000,000, rose to 140,000,000, so that the high wages were simply squandered in useless drink. Then, in Durham, Newcastle, and South Wales, colliers, iron-workers, and puddlers earned wages averaging from £3 to £10 per week. To-day these men are in rags, literally starving, without even the prospect of work. The gloom and long-continued depression of trade is so serious that Parliament cannot long ignore the distress everywhere prevailing. And yet, amid the general decline, one so-called trade rears its head, feeds, fattens, and thrives on the ruin of others. This thriving exception the '*traffic in strong drink*,' which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up everything else."

The Study and Homiletic Monthly. May. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 1s.)

A GREAT variety of matter, and much of excellent quality.

Our Miscellany.

SHEBBEAR AND THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.*

ON the north-east—the extreme north-east—of Cornwall, in what is known as "Woolley Moor," in the parish of Moorwinstow, a small spring of water rises. The spot, in all its surroundings, is very uninviting. The soil is poor, and thin, and boggy; and it is in the boggiest part, on a slightly raised ridge, that this spring, in the tiniest flow, bubbles forth. More than once have we soiled our shoes and damped our feet in our efforts, at different points, to find its much secreted centre. We did that in our anxiety to trace things noted in their results to their beginnings; for in this obscure place we have the origin of two famous rivers,—the Torridge and the Tamar. The former, taking first an easterly direction, then turning direct north, receives at Torrington a tidal greeting from the mother of waters, whence the two, by way of Bideford, in majesty sublime—the majestic sublimity of labour and love—pass on, and out, and home; losing their identities amid the perpetual surgings of the Bristol Channel. The latter

* This is the article referred to by Br. Higman last month.

takes a southerly direction, forms, mainly, the dividing line between the two counties,—Devon and Cornwall,—and after passing Saltash, constitutes the noble harbour of Hamoaze, near Plymouth, where at Mount Edgcumbe—Torridge-like—only at different points, north and south,—it too merges itself into the sea. Though not in harmony exactly with the point we want to make, yet we can scarcely forbear saying, how life-like in its courses, pursuits, and issues. Two children shall spring from the same loins, grow up in the same home, but in their moral tastes, purposes, and ends, be altogether divergent; and yet both with increasing force, gliding out into one common sea, the ocean of eternity.

But, who, standing on Woolley Moor, in the midst of a swamp renowned only for its sublime meanness, and unacquainted with the law of forces in their accumulative grandeur, could possibly conceive of such openings in usefulness, of such land-and-water soul enchanting scenery; of such sounds—the solemn, sacred, awful harmonies of pebble roll, and ocean seething in tidal lavation, as that which obtains at Instow Point on the one side, and Mount Edgcumbe on the other?

Leaving the spring named above, in less than five minutes we cross the border line, and pass from Cornwall into Devon; thence through the parishes of Bradworthy and Putford, and a few hours bring us to Shebbear. Shebbear is the centre of a group of parishes known as the north-west of Devonshire. Locally, it has no special attraction. Its roads are irregular and narrow, its land shallow, and, in the main, poor. Its homes are neat and plain; its people, on the whole, are healthy, hearty, honest, and most of them, in this world's goods, neither want nor abound. Its village-town is exceedingly old-fashioned—houses low, chiefly built of earth,—generally known as “cob,” with straw-thatched roofs. It is an inland parish, about ten miles from the nearest market town, and void of mine, or factory of any kind; nor can we recall now a single house whose social head writes Esq.—the lowest title among the titled kind.

Such is Shebbear in its local, its material, and social relations; and yet in this obscure, out-of-the-way parish,—and more especially so sixty-four years ago—we have the birthplace of another river, not such as that which finds its source on Woolley Moor, but a religious denominational river, whose current is holy thought and living, loving sympathy, characterised by faith, and love, and prayer, the waves of whose influence, to-day, kiss every shore, and through the abundance of whose refreshing, its converts, in fruit and song, are to be found and heard throughout the church universal,—the church in earth and heaven.

Within its own denominational area, there are 304 Itinerant preachers,—ministers conferentially recognised, authorised and sustained; 1,835 local preachers,—persons who give their time and talent, and influence to the work of the ministry, so far as ability, and reason, and nature, and business will allow—persons too to whom the connexion and the world are greatly indebted, and who have never been by the people properly appreciated, nor legitimately encouraged in their work of faith and labour of love. These persons preach the Word of Life in 932 chapels—churches—and 185 other places, that is, in rooms, public halls, and in the open air, at any time, where and when the need presents itself, and the opportunity occurs. There are also 9,973 Sabbath-school teachers, who labour to instruct and thereby uplift in thought, desire and feeling, the souls of 53,585 children and youths—the constituent elements necessary in a vigorous, aggressive church growth; while of Christians—whether ministers, local preachers, teachers, or private members, 30,688 are recorded as in connexional fellowship—the fellowship of a holy Christ-like endeavour.

The above numerically accumulative denominational status, may, however, when compared with other larger and more influential bodies, seem small, as also the mouths of the Torridge and Tamar in contrast with that of the Mississippi; and yet, when we consider the difference in the rise, the distance of their flow, and contributory resources, our admiration is no less real or profound, whether standing at the mouths of the former or the latter. We are no fabulist, “circumstances do alter cases.” From a human stand-point, the circumstances attending the origin of the Bible Christian Connexion were altogether unfriendly. It had not the advantage of thickly-populated districts, nor did its stream, for years, wind in their direction; nor the nucleus of seceding thousands, like the Free Church of Scotland, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, or the New

Connexion, and the United Methodist Free Churches; nor the excitement consequent upon a peculiarity in creed, like the Baptist; nor the influence of any high-standing clergyman like John Wesley, or Peereus, like the Countess of Huntingdon; nor the wealth, novelty, nor, happily, the subtle sophistry of the Plymouth Brethren in the work of proselyting; and yet, in the face of all its surroundings—its lack, at first especially, in all human embellishments—its results, to-day, as seen in the light of conditions, bear favourable comparison with other religious bodies, and are, in our judgment, monumental attestations of the divinity which shapes its ends, rough hewn as they may have been. Its existence is not the result of periodic showers, or floodtides, or occasional swells, either human or divine, from earth or from heaven; but a steady, natural, regular, healthful flow, and in vigour of thought, in earnest loving deed—in all real moral worth, its channel, or stream, as we see it, was never deeper, or broader, or fuller, or purer, or richer than now; nor doubt we, if there be a rigid adherence to “first principles” in the maintenance of truth, and purity, and earnestness, and economy, and simplicity, that its future, river-like, will not only increase in volume, in numbers, and extent, but in soul-saving power—the real end of her mission—the mission of mercy to man.

But what has Shebbear to do with this? Just what Woolley Moor has to do with the openings in usefulness at Mount Edgecumbe, and Instow Point. Woolley Moor is notorious only as the place of a little—almost unnoticeably small beginning, whose issues are tremendously vast, and indescribably grand. So it is with Shebbear. Here on the 9th day of October, 1815, in the ever-to-be-remembered Lake Farm House, the first society was formed—the spring-burst of the Bible Christian Connexion. In the same house, December 25th, under the same date, the first prayer-meeting was held, and from within the Society's own circle of 22 members the first sermon by a young man who, in that effort, preached for the first time, was delivered. That young man was James Thorne, who at the first Quarterly Meeting was put on the plan, and at the first Local Preachers' meeting was recommended “to travel,” and a few remaining grey heads know what, under the then existing circumstances, the words “to travel” meant. However, the young Shebbearian was equal to the occasion, and stepped at once to the front as an orator, soon as a liberal organizer, and a common sense, if not a brilliant, literary director. In temperance, politics, and education, he was the eloquent, earnest, and successful reformer; in temper, and conduct, and spirit, the exemplary Christian, and for 56 years “this root out of a dry ground”—“this good out of Nazareth”—was, in pulpit influence, in power of intercessory prayer, and in universal esteem, the “sheaf among the sheaves,” around whom all others in unfeigned respect delighted to gather, and before whom, under the weight of the glory of his great life-work, all bowed in the most profound admiration.

“His was the active frame, the busy brain,
He loved to work, nor did his labours cease,
Until God stilled him with the touch of pain,
And made him ready for his perfect peace.”

It was also at Shebbear the second love-feast was held, and the first denominational Pentecost witnessed, when, at the close of a sermon, twelve persons prayed before rising from their knees. Of the 932 chapels now recorded, the first was built here, in which the third Conference sat, and in 1830, during the session of the twelfth Conference, the first Missionary meeting was held. It was at this meeting, where, wrapt in a cloud of glory, and under the inspiration of the ancient Seers, the seraphic John Bassett exclaimed, “If this be missionary meetings, Mr. Chairman, I'll agree we'll have more of them.” The sentiment was endorsed, is in acceptance universal, and its blessedness who can estimate? That, moreover, was not only the first missionary meeting held by the Denomination, but the first of the kind—a home missionary meeting—held within British domain. In home mission work, on an organized plan, the B. C. Connexion leads, and Shebbear was the place of its inauguration. It was at a Shebbear Conference, No. 14, in 1832, that John Hicks Eynon accepted the appointment to labour in Canada West, and he is to-day the acknowledged father of the Canadian Conference. It was there, too, at the Conference of 1850, stood

Messrs. James Way and James Rowe, in heart and soul heaving, throbbing to the highest pitch, when, amid the prayers, and tears, and farewells of brethren, and friends, and kin, they, as pioneer missionaries, left home for Australia—seemingly farther away then than now. It was at the commencement of the tenth Conference, held at this place, that William O'Bryan—whether right or wrong—vacated the Presidential Chair; it was also here at the seventeenth Conference, three years later, that a re-union was proposed, and, with all but himself, consummated, he having decided to leave England for America, which he did. Here, too, William Allin—more widely known as "Uncle Will"—the first, and, up to this time, the last, itinerant class and prayer leader, the connexion has publicly recognized—a man said to be mighty in prayer, and at times in exhortive power overwhelming—was born, and died, and where in peace his ashes sleep to-day.

But among the many settings in this coronal of holy deed, which, like an halo, encircles the dear old homesteads—Lake Farm, and Prospect Place houses, together with the twin chapels, front and rear, a connexional commonwealth, shrines of beauty to which some day our children in pilgrim steps will move, and which in harmony with the rest—another thread in the silken skein which holds us captive to the place, and helps to turn the otherwise threadbare parish name, Shebbear, into poetry and song, are its educational associations, making it classic as well as historic ground.

In November, 1839, a company of friends, in shares of £5 each, started and established the "Bible Christian Proprietary Boarding School"—which has been more generally known as the "Shebbear Institution," it being located there. It was afterwards taken up by the Conference, and though at some cost, and under some difficulty, has been preserved to the Connexion. Chief among the difficulties were its location, and building accommodation. These, in great measure, however, are overcome. Railroads have been opened, more land obtained, and a building proportionate to the demands erected, and henceforth to be known as the Bible Christian College. This result is the outgrowth of an internal need—an enlargement of the heart demands an enlargement of the body. It is well when an outside improvement springs from an inside necessity. The Denomination is waking up on the subject of education, not only so, but an education *that shall be education*—a judicious blending of the classics with the ethics in the mental and moral philosophies of life. In this, the people honour themselves; hence our heart rejoices at the position taken on this subject by the Bible Christian Church, and our judgment also concurs in the location, Shebbear, as its educational arena. The sacredness of the spot, its high and healthy position, its rural quiet, and its freedom from the temptations which, more or less, abound in the more largely populated centres, are a few of the reasons why we so concur.

But, as in most ointment boxes there is a fly, and with every rose there is a thorn, so, alas! with most church buildings, there is a debt. We would like the rose without the thorn, but if that cannot be, we prefer the thorn and rose, rather than no rose at all. The College is no exception to the general rule—it is in debt, and which, at present, appears to be its only drawback. It should be removed, and with an eye to that end, an agent—the Rev. W. Higman, and surely no fitter man—has been appointed to canvass the churches, and obtain subscriptions. He is now a good way on in the second year of his arduous and unenviable work, and yet the end is not reached. With him and his work, we are in full sympathy.

Well do we remember when the "Jubilee Memorial Chapel" was built, and appeals were made throughout the church for help, how the people outside of London excused themselves from giving, on the ground that the benefit to be desired was local. Wrong in the premise, they were also wrong in conclusion, for nothing is strictly local in denominational work, whether in woe or weal, but even that cannot be said of the College. It is no sense local. Its pupils are expected to come from all points, and from all points they do come, come mentally blind, and naked, and poor, and return to parents, and homes, and business, and in some instances to the church, enlightened, and enriched, and clothed in knowledge, and wisdom, and power. Nor is this altogether confined to England, for into whatever part of the connexion, into whatever part of the globe we enter, we find one or more of the "Shebbear Boys." Local, only in

the surges of its youthful mental agitation, and mind-inflation, while the spray of its blessing is universal in its providential career. But some will say we have no boys to send. That may be so. But do you not pray that the ministry may be more effective, more powerful for good? Surely. There are scores of young men, to-day, thirsting for that power, but have not the means in full to obtain the elementary principles so essential thereto. *Why not help them?* and in helping the College you will be so doing, and back to you will come the return in an elevated, enlarged, and more attractive pulpit, and in the elevation of the pulpit is the elevation of the pew—the people—*yourselves*. All religious bodies are, in great measure, what their individual ministers make them. “Like priest, like people,” is a statement based in fact. While the Christian is the highest style of man, the minister should be the highest style of Christian, and of scholars the greatest. The minister of the Gospel needs more than piety. To be a minister of Christ he must be pious, but every pious man is not a minister. In this matter, the College holds a vital connection, and in order to its full force in blessing it must be free. Shall it be?

And, just here, allow us to make one suggestion, viz., that 300 persons give fifty dollars (£10) each, payable, say, with interest at five per cent, within five years; let the time be longer or shorter, according to ability, only carry the interest, and the estate is relieved at once. Of the 300 persons, cannot 50 be found on this side—we mean in the United States, Prince Edward Island, and Canada. Notwithstanding the heavy claims upon us already, our note is ready for that amount as above, and you can reckon on us as one, perhaps more.

In conclusion, we wish it to be understood that we are not writing for the sake of writing, but because of our sympathy with the object, our desire for its success, and the burning jealousy we bear in our heart for the well-being and good name of our beloved people. The sacredness of the spot, the worthiness of the object, the imperativeness of the need, ought to culminate in one feeling—the feeling which leads to prompt, decided, universal action. Geographically, the College stands at the fountain-head of the denomination, shall it so stand as a monument of our ingratitude, our selfishness, or of our grateful devotion to the connexion, to the fathers, and to God—which? Water always finds its level. By the way of Shebbear, God has happily and blessedly found His way to the hearts and homes of thousands of us, and now, by the way of Shebbear, in practical gratitude, let us go back to Him. James Thorne, William Reed, William Courtice, and others, whose voices we have heard in prayer, in exhortation, in song, first rallied around the cross at Shebbear, and from thence went forth to watch, and work, and die. They are dead, what of them is mortal rests at Shebbear;* the work in weariness has ended, but not so the watching. From off the “hills eternal” they watch, and watching to us shout as did the brave Hedley Vicars, when on the Crimean heights, face to face with fifteen thousand Russians strong, he cried, “To your pins, 97th, and charge! 97th, follow me! This way, this way!” The gallant captain fell, but his brave 97th—his praying 300—rushed into the breach, and victory rose on the wing of the morning. In like manner do they—the Shebbear dead—a knight-errantry who, in illustrious deed were the connexion’s pioneer chivalry, cry to us “To your pins,” 300 “and charge!” 300, follow us! “This way, this way!” God help us to heed the call, and in honour of the men, the place, and the supreme importance of the need, each one charged with fifty dollars, in number at least 300 strong, advance on Shebbear, take the debt, and on its College front write, FREEDOM!

THE LORD’S PORTION.—HOW MUCH?

TWENTY years ago the writer adopted the system of proportionate giving to the cause of God. His income has never been large; his family as regards number, sickness, education, and deaths has entailed at least an average amount of cost and responsibility; yet, thanks to a loving Father’s gracious providence, the Lord’s

* It is generally known, we suppose, that our venerable Brother Courtice was not buried at Shebbear, but at Plymouth.—ED.

purse has rarely been quite empty; and although the contributions to many objects have been small—smaller than he would have preferred—scarcely an object has ever been refused. Many persons—it is believed a steadily increasing number—give systematically, but probably few give as large a proportion as they ought, and *still fewer increase the per centage with the increase of income*. The increase of per centage is almost as important as the principle itself of systematic beneficence. Ten per cent. out of an income of £1000 is really much less than the same per centage off a smaller income. From a too tender regard for the domain of their brethren's consciences the proportion is seldom suggested by either writers or preachers. A layman wishes to indicate what he thinks a fair proportion, and in the following Table believes the actual case of most persons is met—showing the proportion proposed to be given, and the *amount left*, after deducting the Lord's portion.

Will the reader try the plan for a single year?

Income.	Per centage given away.	Clear Income remaining.	Income.	Per centage given away.	Clear Income remaining.
£100	£5	£95 0	£1,500	£22	£1,170 0
200	7½	185 0	2,000	23	1,540 0
300	10	270 0	2,500	24	1,900 0
400	12½	350 0	3,000	25	2,250 0
500	15	425 0	4,000	26	2,960 0
600	16	504 0	5,000	27	3,650 0
700	17	581 0	6,000	28	4,320 0
800	18	656 0	7,000	29	4,970 0
900	19	729 0	8,000	30	5,600 0
1,000	20	800 0	9,000	31	6,210 0
1,250	21	987 10	10,000	32	6,800 0

DR. MOFFAT AND THE ZULU WAR.

SIR,—A number of friends to whom I feel deeply thankful have forwarded to me an extract from your valuable paper of yesterday, which from having come up from Yorkshire to attend the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society I did not see, and about which they express their extreme astonishment. It runs—“The Venerable Dr. Moffat has found energy in his declining years, to preach the extermination of the Zulus in the cause of Christianity.” It is evident that one who can make the above assertion and others of a like spirit is an enemy of missions to the heathen world. Nothing can be farther from the truth than the above declaration, and the writer, I try to persuade myself, would blush with shame did he but know the character and history of one who has spent the greater portion of a long life unceasingly proclaiming the Spirit of Him who came to the world to preach “Peace on earth and goodwill to men.” Ever animated by that spirit, he has at the risk of life prevented collisions of warlike tribes, and on more than one occasion been surrounded by men eager to destroy him, while doing all in his power for their own sakes that they might “bury the spear.” Again and again he has escaped amidst a shower of spears, war axes, and clubs, and all arising from his undying desire to prevent war. As to the charge brought “against a large section of the missionaries, looking at the present destruction of human life as a jihad, or holy war, waged in the interests of the spread of the Gospel, and therefore to be sanctified by all the company of the preachers,” is like the above, which I believe to be utterly without foundation, so far as I have known missionaries, and I have known many. So far from preaching the extermination of the Zulus, I have repeatedly, in public and in private, expressed my opinion that the Gospel cannot be enforced by the sword, and that mission work all over South Africa has been thrown back fifty years by the present war with the Zulus.—Yours a Constant Reader, ROBERT MOFFAT.—*Daily News*, May 9th.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS.

“For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, *and* hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.”—JEREMIAH ii., 13.

NOTHING can be more striking than the imagery of the prophets. In their writings the natural tendency of the oriental mind to the use of glowing imagery is brought under the influence of the Divine Spirit, and so directed and restrained as to prevent exaggeration, and yet to clothe the truth in the most striking and impressive form. How graphic is the picture of idolatry presented to us in this passage. Jehovah represents Himself as the fountain of living waters, and complains that His people have committed the double evil of forsaking Him, and hewing out to themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water. The figure conveys us in imagination to some oasis in the desert, where, while all around is barrenness and desolation, a copious fountain of clear, living water gushes out of some fissure in an overhanging rock, or issues from the earth, surrounding itself by its fertilizing influences with verdure, life, and beauty, and inviting the parched and fainting traveller to its restoring and life-giving streams. How strange a scene would the neighbourhood of that fountain present to us did we see there a company of weary, thirsty, fainting travellers, under the influence of some strange infatuation, turning away from the fountain, and attempting to make for themselves cisterns in the sand; and, though again and again disappointed by finding that they hold no

JULY, 1879.

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water, persisting in their fruitless attempts until they perish with raging thirst and burning fever within sight of the fountain, one draught of which would have saved them. Yet this is the scene which the prophet sets before us to illustrate the idolatry of Israel. And this is only a type of the general conduct of men in relation to God. The Lord has ground indeed for that pathetic complaint, "My people have committed two evils."

"The fountain of living waters" most truly represents what God is to the inanimate and unintelligent part of the universe, and what He wishes to be to all His intelligent creatures. It indicates to us His all-sufficiency for the supply of their wants. Each term in the representation gives us a stronger, fuller idea of this all-sufficiency. Water, so absolutely essential to the maintenance of life and happiness—living water, marking its purity and excellence,—a fountain of living water, shewing the abundance and inexhaustible nature of the supply. What such a fountain would be in the burning sands of the desert, where no other water can be obtained, that is God to all the worlds He has made, to all the creatures He has called into being. In Him they live, and move, and have their being. The dependance of every animal for its life, of every plant for its nourishment, and of every atom for its continued existence, is absolutely and entirely on the continued communication of that unexhausted and inexhaustible fulness which dwells in Jehovah. Let the supply be cut off, let the fountain cease to flow, and not only universal anarchy and disorganization, but instantaneous and complete annihilation must be the result. But for the preservation and conservation of all His works He is all-sufficient. Those resources from which all the numerous and varied forms of creation were produced, were not exhausted in the production. All things immense, and all things minute, continue to draw their supplies from the source that first produced them. On Him depends the mountain for the permanency of its base, and the infinitesimal atom for that force which makes it cleave to other atoms, and form the objects we see. From Him proceeds the splendour of the sun, and the glittering beauty of the dewdrop. To Him looks the elephant for its strength, and the ephemeral insect of a summer's day for its power of agile flight. The streams of power, of wisdom, of light, of life, of happiness, are ever flowing from the Divine fountain, supporting, replenishing, restoring, gladdening all creation.

But if God is thus the fountain of living waters to the universe at large He is so in a special sense and degree to man. The Mosaic history of the creation shews very plainly man's proper relation both to the world in which he is placed and to his Creator. The earth,

“without form and void,” was reduced to order, then clothed with the beauteous forms of vegetation, then peopled with the various species of animals, capable of feeling and of some degree of enjoyment, and possessing some degree of intelligence, but without reason or power of moral action. The work, if left at this stage, would manifestly have been incomplete. There was no being capable of investigating and appreciating the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator, and of knowing, loving, and glorifying that Creator; and thus God said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” The creation of man was thus the crowning act of this great work; and he was to be the excelling creature, the noblest being, the connecting link between heaven and earth. And when man, in all the symmetry of his physical form, in all the dignity of that mind, and the purity and grandeur of that soul, in which the Creator’s image shone, stood forth lord of creation, Omniscience itself could see no flaw in all the workmanship of His hands, and, looking on it with infinite complacency, He said, “Behold all is entirely good.” Does not this clearly shew us that man was intended to shew his superiority to the creatures around him by seeking his happiness not in the mere gratification of his animal nature, as they do, but in the knowledge and love of God? And that God is all-sufficient for the supply of every want felt by man’s intellectual and moral nature is implied in His representation of Himself as the fountain of living waters. Let man make God the one great object of his worship and obedience, the great centre of his highest affections and desires, the foundation of his highest hopes, the great source of his highest joys, and he will realise this all-sufficiency. He will say, “All my springs are in Thee;” and drinking ever of the life-giving streams that flow from the fountain, he will find that there is produced in himself a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.

If all this be true, it necessarily follows that all substitutes for God are “broken cisterns that can hold no water.” A nature which God made for Himself He alone can satisfy. A being placed in such relationship to God as man is can never be happy if alienated from Him. The nature of the brute is satisfied with the animal enjoyments it gets because that nature has no higher adaptation. But the nature of man can never thus be satisfied. If he turn away from God he can find no other object of love or desire, no other source of happiness high enough for his exalted nature. Instincts are planted in his heart which meet with no response in anything earthly, desires are kindled in his breast which no object within the range of his senses can fully satisfy, powers are given to him which can never find employment high enough in the things of this world,

his soul is endowed with capacities which can never be filled by anything material or sensual. If then man forsake God, if he seek to satisfy a spiritual nature with carnal things, not only will disappointment ensue, but the harmony of his nature will be destroyed, all his expedients for recovering happiness will be fruitless, his toiling and scheming in obedience to the cravings of his nature will be but hewing out broken cisterns which can hold no water; and, like a planet torn from its orbit and no longer revolving around its central sun, he will wander, desolate and ruined, through the regions of space, further and further from the central source of bliss.

This is matter not of theory but of experience. Let us look at some of the cisterns which men hew out for themselves. Pleasure is one. Look at it first in its lowest forms. Ask the licentious profligate if his nature is ever satisfied with the deep draughts he imbibes from the streams of forbidden carnal gratification. To rise a little higher, ask the gay man of the world, who without stooping to the gratification of the lowest appetites, yet pursues a constant round of dissipation; whose days are all occupied with the most exciting field sports, and whose nights are divided between the fashionable levée and the fascinating theatre,—if he derives any satisfaction of spirit from it all? Ask the same question of the blooming beauty, the belle of the drawing-room, the centre of attraction in every company, who thinks only of invitation-cards and balls, and whom she will meet and what she will wear. All alike, if they tell the truth, will tell you of “an aching void the world can never fill.” You may go into the most dazzling scenes of fashionable pleasure, and beneath splendid robes and outward levity you will find burning, aching hearts, and weary, dissatisfied spirits. There is no capacity in the pleasures of the world to give happiness. Drink of those streams as deeply as we may, the thirst of the soul will be unslaked, will in fact be increased, for every draught inebriates. The same thing is equally true of wealth, of social distinction, of political honours; golden though some of these cisterns may be, they are all broken cisterns which hold no water, and that which they do hold, instead of the water of life, is a deleterious liquid which produces mental, moral and spiritual intoxication, instead of happiness. There are streams of which a man may drink without this intoxication, to be found in domestic ties, social intercourse, the cultivation of the mind, the pages of literature, the discoveries of science, the productions of art. These have not a tendency to increase the soul’s thirst like the other things we have spoken of; but neither can they fully satisfy it. They are good in their place, valuable and important contributions to happiness; but if put in the place of God they prove only “broken cisterns which can hold no water.”

We cannot be surprised that to forsake God and set up a substitute for Him in the affections and desires should be so graphically described by the prophet as a double evil. Forsaking God is an evil in itself, but resorting to broken cisterns is a further evil. To the sin of rejecting God it adds that of setting up an idol in His place. It matters not whether the idol be formally set up and worshipped, or whether it be only the idol of the heart, the sin is the same. It is a further evil. It decreases the probability of a return to God. It turns all the affections of the soul into wrong channels, debases all its powers, and intensifies its wretchedness.

This double evil has been the universal sin of men. "It brought death into the world and all our woe." The first man left the fountain, and the evil which was introduced into his nature by the forbidden streams of which he drank, spread through all his being and corrupted it. The proneness to forsake the true fountain and hew out broken cisterns was inherited by all his descendants, and though the fountain was kept in view, they turned from it continually. Means were employed to bring them back, but only a few availed themselves of them. This explains the state of heathen nations. They hewed out broken cisterns till they lost all knowledge of the fountain of living waters. God saw fit then to choose one nation in which the knowledge of Himself might be perpetuated, through which His purposes respecting man might be accomplished; but though they had drunk of the fountain and known its blessedness, they too wandered from it again and again. Thus has it ever been. Thus is it now. Is it not a wonder that the fountain has not been sealed up long ago? But such is the forbearance and long-suffering of God that it has not only been kept open, but another fountain has been opened by Him who shed His blood to bring men back to His Father. All who will wash in the fountain of purification which Christ has opened up in Himself, may return to the fountain of living waters.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Let us each one obey this invitation, and return to Him from whom we have wandered so far and so long, saying—

"Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace,
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay."

Falmouth.

W. S. DEWSTOE.

HENRY VINCENT, PUBLIC LECTURER.

HENRY VINCENT, who died on the last Sunday in 1878, is known to the present generation chiefly, if not exclusively, as a Public Lecturer. His impassioned and flowing eloquence made him one of the best known and most popular of the class of gentlemen, lay and clerical, who are usually engaged in the winter months for lectures at Young Men's Associations, Literary Societies, and Reading Clubs, in every part of the country. The announcement of the name of Henry Vincent in the programme of entertainments and lectures of a winter's session to give one of his famed orations was always enough to insure an appreciative and usually a large audience.

The life of Henry Vincent is worth recalling mostly however, because it was bound up with stirring and grave events that took place at the commencement of the reign of Her Majesty, and that somewhat beclouded the first days of the public life of the young queen. Henry Vincent was a Chartist; and because of his splendid enthusiasm and great powers of speech one of the best known and most influential of the men who led that movement. His easy and strong grasp of the far-reaching principles that should direct the social and national life of a people, made him an avowed champion of liberty. In times when there were few to stand by his side, or to sympathise with him, he was the fearless advocate of Human Progress; and every question that bore on human wrong could make sure of enlisting on its side the service of his unsurpassed power of eloquent declamation.

Born in London, in 1813, amid comfortable surroundings, his first glimpse of childhood was sunny and joyous enough; but the clouds of family adversity gathered quickly even at sunrise; and when Henry was eight years of age his father met with misfortunes in business that made the child's career a chequered, and even a hard one, for many years from that time forward. At eleven he was doing something for a living at Hull, whither the family had removed; and before he was sixteen, and at the time he was serving as an apprentice to a printer, he lost his father; and the widow and six children, Henry being the eldest, were left to do the best they could. Henry's master was very kind to him all through his apprenticeship, and the boy did his best to be the stay and comfort of his widowed mother. It is pleasant to think of him after coming home from the office and tea over, sitting down for the evening with his mother and reading Shakespeare aloud, imagination lending her kindly wings to bear their minds awhile away from the hard reality of their lot to regions of colour and warmth, whence they could return invigorated as though mountain breezes had played upon their souls, and wide prospects of enchanting scenes had refreshed their eyes. Shakespeare was by no means the sole companion of those apprentice days, but with the zest peculiar to a youth who is conscious of the awakening within him of a strong and insatiable spirit of inquiry, he devoured, during his spare half-hours, all the books he could get hold of.

But reader as he was, Henry Vincent was influenced rather by events than by books. Things transpiring in the life of the people awoke his youthful interest more profoundly than did aught else. His observation of what was taking place in the external world had more to do with the shaping of his opinions than had his reflection on what he read. He was an actor rather than a student. Of a practical, energetic and enthusiastic turn, he was easily caught and borne along by the current of popular feeling that so powerfully moved his own class. His indignation of what is wrong in public life and love for what is right and just were awakened, it is said, by the recital of the conduct of George IVth. toward the Princess Caroline, his consort, whom he had discarded before he ascended the throne and from whom—as one of the first steps he took as King—he sought to obtain a divorce by an act of Parliament, after a trial which wore the character more of a persecution than a judicial inquiry; but the popular indignation was so great that the prospect had to be abandoned. When about seventeen years of age the news of the French Revolution stirred him to political activity, and he began to feel a profound interest in public affairs. Passing down the street one day, he saw at the shop of a news seller a bill headed “Revolution in France”; he ran home in great excitement to get the money to buy the paper, and having read it, went about eagerly telling his acquaintances what had happened. He now began to take part in debates, was elected member of a Political Union in the town, and began to warmly support all movements that embodied the progressive ideas that were taking hold of the people all through the country. The treatment the Princess Caroline received from the Prince Regent and the French Revolution were the two events that awakened the youth to inquiry and activity in politics.

At the termination of his apprenticeship he removed with his mother and the rest of the family to London, where he obtained a situation at Spottiswoode’s the King’s Printers. But just at this time a small independence came into the possession of his family through the death of a relative, which relieved him from the care of the family, and set him free to pursue as ardently as he wished the career of laudable ambition in public life on which he had set his heart.

The winter following the accession of the Queen to the throne was a very severe one; work was scarce, and many of the people of the lowest class were starving. There existed a good deal of distress in the nation, and as a consequence there was wide-spread discontent. The people lent a ready ear to the many projects that were named to redress their grievances, and they caught frantically at now one and now another remedy, doubting not that almost any kind of change must be for the better, and might be hoped to bring good to them. The rising of the peasantry in Kent in 1835, under the insane Thom, who was shot with several of his followers at Canterbury in a brush with the military had only showed how ready the people were to revolt if only an agitator could be found to organise and lead them.

At a great Radical Meeting held at Birmingham a petition was started which was afterwards known as the Chartist Petition. The Liberal Party intimated at the opening of the Queen's Parliament that it was intended to bring forward the Reform Question. Lord John Russell, who had passed the Reform Bill of 1832, said, however, in the debate on the Queen's speech, he believed that the majority of the people "did not think it would be for their interest to go on adopting fresh changes, to be made in their turn the foundation of still further operations, and to end in a plan for universal suffrage." An amendment upon the address on the Queen's speech was moved and seconded, but only twenty members voted for it. It may be thought that times were not ripe for a new reform measure, but there were those who did not hold this opinion. A conference was held between the members who voted for the amendment and a deputation from the Working Men's Association. A programme was drawn up, which was afterwards known by the name of the Charter. The name "Charter" is said to have been given to it through the following incident. When it was completed, O'Connell handed it to William Lovett, saying, "There, Lovett, is your charter. Agitate for it, and never be content with anything else." Large meetings were held in London and Birmingham, and elsewhere, at which the document was adopted with enthusiastic approval. Looking at its contents through the progressive political events of the last few years, one is astonished that a manifesto of so harmless a character should have created so much suspicion and alarm. It included Manhood Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, Abolition of Property Qualification for Members, Payment of Members, and Equal Electoral Districts. Three of these points have been already obtained, and one of them emanated from the policy of a Tory government. So it is that what is considered revolutionary in one generation becomes the accepted policy of the sober minded of the next. The meetings held in advocacy of these claims were the occasions that first brought Henry Vincent before the public, and revealed his mastery of popular and impassioned oratory. Mr. Molesworth, in his *Contemporary History* (vol. ii., p. 275), styles him "the Demosthenes of the new movement." The men who banded themselves together in order to further these political interests were called Chartists; and, as may be supposed, the strangest misconceptions prevailed as to what the intention of the movement was. It is said that the Bath District Meeting of the Methodist Connexion passed a resolution that any member who joined the Chartist agitation should be expelled from their body. A story is told to the effect that a witness examined before the Lord Mayor described the defendant as a Chartist, but when asked what he meant by the word, he said that really he could not tell, only when a person was in the habit of abusing others for not letting him do what he liked it was usual to call him a Chartist! No doubt some joined the agitation whose ulterior purpose was revolutionary and dangerous enough, and a few might be found here and there who were actuated by ill-will and a vulgar dislike of whatever appeared in the lives and circumstances of

others that was superior to their own; but our lack of sympathy with these undesirable people must not lead us to underrate the healthful spirit of progress and excellence of motive that such men as Henry Vincent brought to the movement. His purpose was pure and lofty, and at much inconvenience and frequent loss to himself he travelled far and wide on behalf of the policy he had adopted. But many of the authorities in the land were hardly in a mood to distinguish what was good from what could not be defended in the agitation that the Chartists headed; if they could only root up the tares they hardly cared, it would seem, if they did root up the wheat also: accordingly we find Vincent unexpectedly getting into trouble with the government, and enduring for a time the hardships of imprisonment.

The Chartist agitation had led in various parts of Wales to insurrection; rioting and intimidation were rife, requiring the employment of the regular and volunteer forces. At Newport, Vincent was arrested "for attending a riotous assemblage." He had been addressing a large audience on the questions above referred to that formed the items of the Chartist programme, and in the minds of the authorities was classed with the insurrectionary agitators in neighbouring places. Some might doubt whether he was as cautious and temperate in his utterances as he might have been, especially considering the inflammable state of many of the people he spoke to; but it reveals a hasty and nervous fear, scarcely creditable, on the part of the officers of the law that a man who was simply affirming and advocating principles which are now dominant in the nation, and recognized in the Constitution, should have been hurried to prison, and treated with contemptuous cruelty, as though he were a felon.

Vincent was tried at the Monmouth Assizes, August 2nd, 1839. The counsel for the defence elicited from the Mayor of Newport, who was one of the witnesses for the prosecution, that Vincent had, at the meeting in Newport, told the people to disperse quietly and keep the peace, and that, so far as he knew, no riot had taken place whilst Vincent was in Newport; but, notwithstanding this, Vincent, with the rest of the prisoners, was found guilty. The warm-hearted young Chartist was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment; and his application that he might have the use of his books and writing materials was refused. Shortly after his conviction, Lord Brougham drew the attention of the House of Lords to the condition of the Chartist prisoners, and especially to that "of a person of the name of Vincent . . . The sentence pronounced on this person was, on account of the great excitement which prevailed in the neighbourhood, a very severe one. . . He complained that this individual was treated as a convicted felon, although his offence was not of a felonious nature." Other steps were taken on behalf of the young man, but, notwithstanding what was done, he was destined to spend a good many months in Monmouth Gaol.

About three months after Vincent was sentenced, a mob of miners, about 10,000 strong, and armed with such weapons as came

first to hand, came down from the neighbouring hills to Newport, under the leadership of Frost, a respectable inhabitant of Newport, and a magistrate. An affray took place between them and a company of the 45th Regiment, at the Westgate Hotel, in which ten of the Chartist were killed and fifty wounded. One object of the rising was to obtain the release by force of Vincent and his fellow prisoners. This led to Vincent being put upon his second trial, when he was condemned to a further term of twelve months imprisonment, to commence at the expiration of his present sentence. He was charged with "being in league with John Frost to subvert the constituted authorities, and alter by force the constitution of the country." He had been, too, a prominent contributor to the *Vindicator*, a periodical which circulated chiefly in the West of England and Wales, and which was viewed by the authorities as simply an insurrectionary firebrand. Vincent had conducted his own defence at his second trial, and had performed his part so well that he won the regard of Serjeant Talfourd who conducted the prosecution. In the June following, on the occasion of presenting a petition to Parliament from Birmingham for the release of Vincent, the good-hearted Serjeant-at-Law said, "This young person's decent manner and demeanour, and, he believed, unspotted character, except as to his being connected with these meetings, excited a considerable feeling in his favour." He spoke, too, of the manner in which Vincent's self-defence had been conducted—"the temperance, the forbearance, the talent, and even a certain degree of grace which the young man displayed." The effort proved at last successful, and Vincent was liberated, it being only required that he should find sureties for his good behaviour during the period over which the remaining portion of his sentence extended. He had been in prison altogether a little over twenty months. Within a month after this he married. He took up the *Vindicator* with new spirit, and began to give public lectures. His first efforts in this direction were on the British Constitution. He for some years contested numerous boroughs with the object of entering Parliament, but without success. Many facts prove that his sentiments and methods were too pure and lofty—as we are obliged to admit—to render success likely in this direction. Attempts were made on one occasion to tamper with his principles, and to induce him to lower his flag, but he said "he had only a fourpennypiece in his pocket, and he would stick to his fourpennypiece and his conscience." Had Henry Vincent continued during the last fifteen years to contest elections as he had done during the twenty previous years it is highly probable he would have got into the House. But he did much useful political work outside the House among the people as a popular speaker, which after all was perhaps *his* work, and which led to his being called "a Member of Parliament without a seat." He did not forget in advocating popular rights to warn the people of their faults, and to tell them "that their degradation and suffering were more owing to their low tastes and vices than to any political disadvantage." His long career as a Lecturer was most

successful and useful. His orations on Cromwell, Elizabeth, Wickliffe and Wesley, for instance, are remembered by many thousands in this country and America. It will surprise many to learn that those elaborate and highly finished lectures were not written out before delivery, but such appears to be the fact. So perfect were they and well compacted that we doubt not the general impression produced by them was that they were completely written out and committed to memory. He received tempting offers to become a Temperance advocate; but though a teetotaler he seldom appeared in this capacity. On one occasion he was present at a meeting held in Exeter Hall to raise funds for Father Mathew, Lord John Russell being in the chair, when a part of the audience seeing Vincent there clamoured loudly for his presence on the platform, and called for a speech. He spoke, and was at his best, Lord John complimenting him by saying that after so eloquent an address the claims of Father Mathew had no need of further advocacy. Mr. Vincent took two lecturing tours in America; and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. Lecturing seems to have been his delight, as it was his *forte*, and it was whilst in the midst of his lecturing engagements last winter that he was finally stricken down. After a few weeks of suffering, during which he displayed the beautiful tenderness and piety that those who were acquainted with his private life best knew that he possessed, he fell asleep in the faith and hope of the gospel of Christ. His active life, so large a part of which was passed under the public eye, has ended, leaving behind it the memory of a brave and bold English heart that beat true on every question that effects the social and political welfare of the people, and of a tongue that was always eloquent and impassioned, but always on the side of what the possessor of the gift believed to be the cause of righteousness and truth.

J. H. BATT.

ELECTION.

December 16th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—So you conclude that, because I am unable to adopt *your* theory of the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, therefore I have "thrown overboard" the doctrine of Election; that, in fact, the principles which I have advanced go in the very teeth of Election so completely that in holding the *one* it is impossible consistently to hold the *other*. But I am at a loss to see how you can come to such a conclusion. If you mean by Election, the *Calvinistic* doctrine of Election, whether of the "Ultra" or "Moderate" school, I am ready to admit that *that* has no place whatever in my creed, for I regard it as nothing better than a *libel* on the Divine Character.

You refer to the "Westminster Confession of Faith." But I submit that, with Protestants, neither the Westminster Confession

of Faith, nor any other framed by men, whoever they may be, and whatever their capabilities, can be the standard of appeal. We have but *one* standard of appeal, "*The Word of God.*" My reverence for the learning and piety of the men who framed the "Westminster Confession" is second to none. I do not for one moment deny that it contains very much which is truly admirable, and which I have no hesitation in accepting as a clear exposition of many of the great doctrines of the Christian Faith; but its theory of Election I reject *in toto*, and I do so on the ground that, in my opinion, it has no countenance whatever in the Scriptures of Divine truth. It says, "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others are preordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestinated and preordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of His mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creation as conditions or causes moving Him thereunto; and all to the praise of His glorious grace. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath He, by the eternal and most free purpose of His will, fore-ordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore, they who are elected, being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ; are effectually called unto faith by Christ, by His Spirit working in due season; are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by His power, through faith unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved, but the elect only. The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice." When you say you "take your stand on the 'Westminster Confession,'" I understand you to mean that you adopt this theory of Election, and I honestly tell you that I reject it as a God-dishonouring theory; and I challenge you to find a passage within the covers of the Bible which, by any fair interpretation, can be made to teach it. I can bring you a host of passages which are in direct antagonism to it.

Let me say, moreover, that the Primitive Church knew nothing of the principles of Calvinism until the fifth century. You may trace the Calvinism system back to Augustine, but no further. In fact, it originated with him. In none of the Christian writers prior to the fifth century will you find anything of those principles which are peculiar to your school of theological thought. *Augustinism*, rather than Calvinism, would be the proper designation of the system.

I do not deny then that I have thrown aside your theory of

Election, if a man can be said to throw aside what he has never taken up; but that I throw aside the Bible theory of Election I deny. There is, I readily admit, a great deal of Election in the Bible, but not the Election which you teach.

Your friend, Miss V., called yesterday afternoon, and spent the evening with us. You know with what tenacity she holds the "Westminster" theory of Election. I happened to say that I had heard from you within the last few days, and hinted—nothing more—the subject of your letter, when I saw at once that I had put my foot into it. She was about to treat me for the twentieth time to a discourse on—she called it—"the incomparably glorious doctrine." She assured me that she "had most clear views of the precious truth, and had never found any difficulty in expressing them, which was a matter for great thankfulness," though I question if any other person regarded it in that light. I told her, with as much politeness as I could command, that, "while I did not pretend to her clearness and fluency of expression, yet, as she had favoured me with her views of the doctrine on several occasions, I should like, if she would honour me with an hearing, to set before her the views I held on the question." To this she, rather reluctantly I am afraid, assented. Here is an outline of what was said.

"Let us first inquire," I remarked, "as to the meaning of the word Election. No one, I suppose, will deny that the verb 'to elect,' means to choose, to select, to separate, to set apart, therefore Election may be defined as the act of choosing, selecting, separating." Mine auditor nodded assent, and I proceeded. "Now the ideas which you and all of your way of thinking, invariably associate with the word Election as inherent in the same as *eternity, unconditional salvation*, and so forth, do not grow out of the word; they are in fact altogether foreign to it. For instance, we read of the Jewish nation as God's chosen people—His elect. In Deut viii. 5, we read of the tribe of Levi as elected to the priesthood. 'For the Lord thy God hath chosen, that is elected, him out of all thy tribes to stand to minister in the name of the Lord, him and his sons for ever.' David was elected to be king over Israel. In 1. Kings viii. 16, God says, 'I chose, that is I elected, David to be over my people Israel.' The twelve Apostles were elected to the Apostleship. In Luke vi. 13 we are told that Christ 'called unto Him His disciples, and out of them He chose, that is He elected, set apart, twelve, whom also He called Apostles.' St. Paul was elected to carry the Gospel to the Gentiles. In Acts ix., 15 God is represented as saying, 'For he is a chosen vessel unto Me, that is, he has been elected, set apart unto Me, to bear My name unto the Gentiles.' And further, there are passages in which Election is affirmed of the lower orders of creation, and even of places and things.

"So then, it is clear that such ideas as *unconditionalism, effectual calling*, and so forth, do not come from the word—the word itself would never suggest them. They have been brought *to* the word rather than *out* of it. The word itself points only to some act of

choosing a particular object, separating it, setting it apart from other and similar objects." To this I received an "indeed," very slowly uttered, and, after a slight pause there was added, "I should like to see *where* you are leading me." I told her "that for the present she must be content to walk by faith; that it was with the *truth* as with the *light*, it must be gradually unfolded to us." So we proceeded to examine the election of believers, by God, unto eternal life.

"We have seen," I said, "and you have admitted that Election is the act of choosing, selecting, setting apart. The Jewish people were elected from among the nations of the earth to be the progenitors of the Messiah, the repository of Divine truth. The tribe of Levi was elected from among the tribes of Israel to fulfil the duties of the priesthood. The twelve Apostles were elected from the other disciples of Christ to the Apostleship. St. Paul was elected from the other Apostles to be the Apostle to the Gentiles. And believers are elected from the unsaved, the unbelieving portion of the human race, unto eternal life. The elect, therefore, are those who have been chosen, separated by God from the world, that is the ungodly. Do you admit that this is a correct definition of the elect?" There was a little hesitation, and then, "I suppose I must admit that it is." "Well then," I continued, "the next point to consider is, What is this act of separation which is spoken of as Election? What is its nature? The Bible says that believers are elected by God, separated, set apart from the ungodly. Are they separated *locally* or *morally*? Is it separation as it regards *person* or as it regards *character*? It is plain that in *person* the elect are not separated from the non-elect. They dwell together in the same city; they do business with one another in the same market; they walk side-by-side in the same street; they sit together in the same sanctuary; they inhabit the same house; and, in multitudes of instances, they are members of the same family. God has not made one world for the elect, and another for the non-elect. On the contrary, the elect are commanded to live among the non-elect as lights, to show forth among them the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.

"If then the separation is not and cannot be *local*, the separation of *person*, then it must be *moral*, the separation of *character*. It is in their *moral character* that the elect are separated from the non-elect. Have you never observed that in the Bible the term 'elect' is never applied to an *unbeliever*? If your theory of election be true, it is difficult to see why it should not; because a man is as truly one of God's elect *before* he believes as *after*. But the New Testament never applies the term to one who has not undergone the change of heart; and why? because, as I have said, the separation is that of *character*, and a man cannot be one of God's elect in *fact*, until he is thus elected—separated. Election, therefore, is that separation from the world which we speak of as Regeneration, as being born again." The only answer I received was a look of bewilderment, which rather amused me. I proceeded, "If this be correct, then

Election must of necessity be a transaction, not of *eternity*, but of *time*." Mine auditor was silent no longer, but exclaimed, "Really, Mr. K—, where are you going?" "Not out of time," I quietly answered, "though you seem so disappointed at my not doing so." "But," she continued, taking up the Bible and turning to Ephesians i. 3, 4, "what do you make of this?—'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world'—and this," turning to 2 Thessalonians, ii. 13: "'God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth?'" With an air of triumph she paused for an answer. I replied, by calling her attention to Dr. Morison's remark, in his essay on Election,—an Essay, by-the-way, to which I am deeply indebted; nowhere have I met with such a clear exposition of the doctrine; it is worth volumes on this question,—viz., "That it is important to distinguish between Election in *purpose*, or God's *purpose* in Election, and Election in *fact*, or Election *proper*." The difference must be kept in view if we are to understand the subject. "For instance," I said, "you may purpose making me a present of a few choice works which I very much need,"—you know how great is her liberality!—"but it may be a long time ere your purpose is put into execution. Now the passages you have quoted say that God hath from the beginning chosen us, that is, *chosen us in purpose*, or purposed to choose us—to elect us. There are many similar expressions in the Bible. In Joshua i. 3, we read that God said unto Joshua, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you,' which means, I have purposed to give unto you, for in fact Joshua did not at the time possess it.

"Now all God's *purposes* must be *eternal*, but God's *acts* are not eternal. You might with just as much propriety speak of eternal *creation* as eternal *Election*. God's purpose of creation must be eternal, but creation proper must be a transaction of time. Is Election a separation? then it follows that the parties to be separated must be in existence before the act of separating them can take place. There is no more *eternal Election* than there is *eternal creation*. True there was an eternal purpose in Election, but Election must be a transaction of time." Before she had time to make any reply, I said, "Now let us gather up our points, and see our exact whereabouts as it regards this question. We have seen that to elect is to choose, to separate, to set apart. We have seen further that the *word itself* teaches nothing whatever of *necessitarianism*, and *unconditional salvation*, because it is affirmed of nations and communities as well as of individuals, of places, and things, as well as of intelligent beings. The unfortunate word has somewhat acquired another meaning beyond what it etymologically implies. We have moreover seen that Gospel Election is the separation of the elect from the non-elect, and that such Election cannot mean the separation of *person* but of *character*. We have also seen that though the purpose of Election is eternal, Election itself must be a transaction of time because a man cannot be separated in *fact*,

from his fellow-men before either he or they are in existence, and that therefore eternal Election is an absurdity, as it involves one of two things, either that those elected have eternally existed, or that God eternally elected, set apart, beings that had no existence. Election therefore is that moral separation from the world which brings the elect with the possession of the privileges of the Christian life here, and by which they become heirs to that eternal inheritance of glory which God has prepared for them that love Him.

"The question, 'Who are the elect?' is not difficult to answer. They are all those who have thus been separated from the world, and have become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"The means by which such Election is effected are beautifully brought out in that passage in the Epistle to the Thessalonians to which you have referred. 'God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth.' It does not say that we are elected *to* 'the sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth,' but *through*. How this fits in with what has already been said. There is a striking harmony between the *nature* of Election, and the *means* by which it is effected. Theologians of your school reverse the Divine order, they put it thus: God having elected men unto salvation, sends forth His Spirit to exert on them an irresistible influence, necessitating their belief of the truth, &c. 'Nay,' says the Apostle, 'we are not chosen *to* the sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth, but *through*. Your Election is the *result* of the sanctification of the Spirit, and your belief of the truth.' There can be no Election apart from the sanctification of the Spirit, nor can there be any Election apart from your belief of the truth; your *faith* is as necessary to your Election, as is the work of the Spirit. 'He that believeth shall be saved,' shall become one of God's elect, 'and he that believeth not shall be damned,' shall be damned because he does not believe, or, in other words, because he is *not one of God's elect*. The non-elect will be damned because they are not of the elect? Certainly, they are non-elect not because of the *decrees of God*, but because *they refuse to believe the truth*."

Your friend looked perfectly bewildered, she had never heard such heresy before, and after a few moments' pause, said, "She was not prepared to discuss the question as I had presented it, but that, while she could not gainsay the several points of my reasoning, as they had been advanced, yet the conclusions to which I had come were so foreign to what she had regarded as the most cherished of her beliefs, that she knew not where she was, but hoped to have the opportunity of renewing the discussion at no distant date."

You will see from this that I do not discard the doctrine of Election, but only the Calvinistic theory of the doctrine.

If you can have any further intercourse with such an heretic, and of course I am all that from your standpoint, let me have your criticism of the conversation.

Yours in Gospel Election,
B. W. KRAL,

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF LUKE; OR, THE ATONEMENT JUSTIFIED AND REVIEWED.

(Continued from page 251.)

REVIEWINGS.

THERE were first of all the merely human, in the wrong mood, from the wrong stand-point, with anything but satisfactory results, after which came the Divine, correcting both judgment and sympathy. Our work is to review those reviewings. We begin with

THE MERELY HUMAN.

When the risen Lord joined the two disciples they were reviewing in a sad way His grandest achievement. "They talked together of all these things which had happened." They were not in sullen, but in speaking mood. Very suggestive is

The fact of their talking. Conversation is often the means of illuminating the perplexed, and comforting the distressed. Alas that, instead of being made to promote social education, it should ever be allowed to dwindle down to small senseless talk! Not so in this case.

The subject of their talk—Christ, in relation specially to the closing scenes of His life. We do not speak enough of what He endured for our highest good. The *example* of our travellers is *that* and a *reproof* too.

The manner of their talking—"They communed and reasoned together." First, they "*commun*ed together"—gathered, compared, and linked their reminiscences—adduced the facts between them, so bringing them all under review. Excellent communing, with its giving and taking, each one supplying as required, or as able. This principle acted upon, how knowledge would increase! They "*reason*ed" too—tried their logical powers on the facts, sought with their own skill to solve the great problem, penetrate the thick veil. Having their facts like a heap of flowers, the thing wanted was adjustment according to the law of colours. With their materials resembling ancient chaos, there was required such a brooding over them as should secure the right combinations and marshallings. Here it was that they so sadly failed. Their logic was at fault. Indeed there is always something wrong, either in the views of the Atonement, or in the use made of those views, when the heart remains sad and burdened as before. If there is truth as to this vital doctrine there is not the whole truth; or if the whole truth, something associated therewith restricting its legitimate influences—its treble tendency, to soften, soothe, and sanctify.

Our two travellers reviewed their Master's work in the wrong mood, that of bitter disappointment; and from the wrong stand-point, that of national prejudice, instead of prophetic testimony, and the teachings of their Lord. They reviewed it in the

MOOD OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND DESPAIR.

There was a sad and general loss of confidence when Jesus died. What a state of mind in which to reason on that sudden and start-

ling turn in the tide of events ! No wonder their reasonings did not help them—supplied not a single ray. No wonder they concluded things had gone as they should not have done ; that an astounding wrong had been perpetrated ; that in the slaying of the innocent, the cutting off of the good, all their ravishing hopes had been withered past reviving, unless after all there should prove to be something with power to dispel all this gloom, and turn the tide the other way, in those timid whisperings about the uprising of Him that was murdered.

Their chief mistake was, that they began and went on with their reviewings from

THE WRONG STAND-POINT—

that of national prejudice. They were thorough Jews. With large, patriotic hearts they loved their poor Rome-conquered country, and cherished intense longings for its political redemption. Though their Master had distinctly said, “ My kingdom is not of this world,” they clung to the fond hope that He would free their nation from the foreign yoke, so heavy and galling.

Being thus largely under the influence of contemporary views, they were not sufficiently swayed by purely Biblical teachings. Had they kept close to the old inspired documents—Moses, the prophets, and the psalms—their perceptions, consequently their expectations, would have been more spiritual. Assuming as true what was utterly false—that the Messiah was to march forth in political glory, conquering to conquer the more, Himself never to be conquered, they were blinded to the distinctly expressed truth, that He was to be “ cut off,” “ stricken ” or “ smitten to death ”—be, *in appearance*, utterly vanquished, thereby as the Captain of our salvation to lay the peculiar basis of future operations, marching from the scene of ignominy, and not merely conquering despite that apparent defeat, but *by means thereof*; the *place* of it—Calvary, the rallying point, the *story* of it His chief war cry and weapon. If, while He kept trying to bring them back to what was written, they had not continued to swerve therefrom, they would in their own Hebrew Scriptures have seen foreshadowings of what His great life and death were to be, and have been prepared for the wondrous event of that morning ; they would have seen in Him the Anti-type of all the types, and in His history sufferings which were counterparts of predictions, all in beautiful agreement, the grand

CENTRAL IDEA

an atonement for sin, the essential condition of deliverances spiritual, universal, eternal.

Thus we see how they came to be so thoroughly wrong in their conclusions. They made the grave mistake of virtually

PUTTING ASIDE THEIR BIBLES.

And so, though things had swung as foretold ; though an atonement for sin had been made, such as the maintenance of the divine government, and the restoration of a rebel race required ; and though the acceptance of that atonement had been demonstrated as intended by the resurrection of Jesus, *they saw it not*. There are many who make a similar mistake now. Not strictly adhering to

the plain teachings of Scripture regarding this peculiar theme, they indulge in philosophic, rationalistic, or some other non-evangelical views, retaining the name while divesting it of its vital meaning and glory.

When we find the divine Logic is thus thrown aside for the merely human, what is to be done? Precisely what the Saviour did when with our two travellers—*silence the human, and make the Divine be heard.* “To the law and to the testimony.”

It was as Cleopas and his friend were gathering deeper gloom around one another, and with sharper pangs piercing each other's heart, that the Subject of their talk “drew near, and went with them.” How close they were to blessed experiences, yet knew it not! Jesus had come in fact, but it was in the guise of a stranger. Under

A THOUSAND GUISES—

troubles, disappointments, afflictions, &c., Jesus still comes to the sorrowful. The reproach of men, rage of demon foes, and the many nameless things which perplex and pain, are often the means of shaping and establishing the noblest resolutions, rounding, polishing the most excellent characters.

“And He said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?” This strikes them as a display of almost incredible ignorance. He that knows all seems not to know any thing, and will have them tell Him their trouble. We too must tell Him all that oppresses us. What a privilege! How often while doing it our griefs seem all to flee away? Not so while disclosing them to others. Human sympathy affords but slight relief, the great burden remains. The throne of grace, with a listening Saviour on it, is

THE BEST CONFESSIOAL.

“And one of them whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto Him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that are come to pass there in these days?” So special were the things in themselves, the Personage so extraordinary to whom they occurred, and so talked of were they, that if the veriest stranger, passing rapidly through their country, he could scarcely have failed to glean some information of those matters. They are amazed on finding Him so uninformed. Not stopping to answer their question, He asks another,—“What things?”

We cannot but be struck by the difference between Him and a stranger proper. Only a stranger! How intimately, vitally He knew it all! Only a stranger! It was He Himself who writhed in agony under the Olives of Gethsemane, who was charged with blasphemy, tried for treason, and condemned to be crucified. Only a stranger! It was He whose back was cut so with the terrible scourge, who was arrayed in purple, crowned with thorns, and, after other insults, lifted up in shame and torture. He, He, it was over whom the darkness spread, round whom the wicked raged, to accomplish whose destruction hell exerted her utmost ingenuity—He whose blessed head drooped in death, after that mighty cry to

which with immediate rendings and crashings the earth responded.

But they must not yet know all this. His question, "What things?" they proceed to answer,—“Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people.” They give His proper name “Jesus,” the local appendage, “Jesus of Nazareth;” His official designation, “prophet.” They ascribe to Him a double mightiness,—“mighty in deed and word.” If our deeds are not right our words will be light. A prophet publicly working and teaching—“before God and all the people.” Nothing secret; all open as the day. “This thing was not done in a corner.”

“And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered Him to be condemned to death”—not to be judged, and cleared if innocent, but “to be condemned,” innocent or not, wickedly ignoring His high claims, resolving on murder from inveterate prejudice, and its product—cruel hate. What a thing of mystery it seemed to them that the Much-Beloved should fall a victim to such malignity! But so it was—the confounding thing existed. Human perversity, allying itself to the Satanic, had accomplished its fell purpose—the passing and execution of the unrighteous sentence.

“And have crucified Him,” said they to the crucified. If at times things of smaller magnitude and range shatter or shake our confidence, no wonder things like these threw the friends of Jesus into temporary gloom and confusion. It would not have been so had they kept to the Word.

“But we had trusted it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.” In this marks their grand error. They looked for redemption political instead of spiritual, local instead of world-wide, transient instead of eternal. Israel He did redeem, not in their circumscribed sense, but in its deeper, larger meaning—with a redemption magnificent in its includings and enduring, realized by every believer in Jesus, mightily triumphed in by those above, who, giving Him the glory, cry, “For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.”

And now they begin to tell Him of what they would like to be true, only their Logic of Despair is against it. “Beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre; and when they found not His body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that He was alive. And certain of them that were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but Him they saw not.” We have seen how despair was beaten back, and how hope sprang up like sun with blessed beamings. As we come to the end of their statements we are compelled to confess that there are tokens of that honesty by which they were qualified to bear witness in regard to momentous events.

DIVINE REVIEWINGS.

After allowing, nay, encouraging them thus to ventilate their own mistaken musings, the patient stranger kindly set about putting

them right. So deals He with His people now, and often, before they leave His presence, the old ideas of things which distressed them are modified, or displaced by such as ravish rather than agonise. O the immense advantages of converse in prayer and Bible-reading with the intelligent and compassionate Saviour! In what He said to the two disciples, and afterward the same evening to the larger number, we have

HIS OWN REVIEW OF HIS OWN WORK.

It is remarkable for what it does, and what it does not, contain.

What it does contain. We begin with the first part of the review, in which He takes them to the true stand-point. It contains—

First, a recognition of the great fact—suffering and death endured—atonement made. Yes, the things they alluded to have indeed been “suffered.” How well He knew this who admits it!

Second, the fact put in a right light—the light of the Word. “The prophets have spoken,” foretelling these sufferings. The important question therefore is, What say they, rather the Holy Ghost by them? The thought of any other in regard to the peculiarly divine is nothing. If there is indeed a scheme of mercy for a guilty world, then everything must be as pleaseth God. How it pleaseth Him we cannot know, except He see fit to inform us. Information comes by His servants; we must therefore mark their words, investigate their import, regulating by their sayings all our musings and anticipations. Here the two disciples failed, and here many fail to-day. There is not sufficient deference to “the more sure word of prophecy,” the pith of which is, that Messiah should suffer and enter into His glory—the suffering first, the glory afterwards. To this view they found it difficult to give their entire assent; they shrank therefrom, were “slow of heart to believe.”

And men to-day are “slow of heart to believe” that the divine, providential, and spiritual plans are the best; that the atonement is a right expedient, though so distinctly predicted by the prophets. Their thought is, not true, or should not be. Sin might be pardoned, souls saved, without an atonement. What, in regard to this, is the verdict of Jesus? He brands it with folly. “O fools and slow of heart to believe!”—fools for not believing—for not doing it simply, taking prophetic words in their literal obvious meaning. To give full credence to the Word as inspired men spoke and wrote it; to take it as it is in its divine simplicity, without any wish to alter it in accommodation to our own or other people’s prejudices, is genuine wisdom, whereas the opposite is folly. As much as they did, do many now need the Master’s faithful though kindly rebuke for not taking the true out-look in regard to human redemption.

How can we help noticing the contrast between them and their Lord?—they habitually turning from predicted sufferings, He keeping them steadily in view, often alluding to them as anticipated, now as forever accomplished.

Third, a direct appeal to their judgment in consideration of fresh light. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? You are in trouble because He has suffered, and

things seem to you to have gone wrong; but would anything have been right if other than they are? "Ought not Christ to have suffered," since the prophets said He should? Since that was the divine plan, ought he not to have marched through humiliation, pain, shame, and death, to the triumph beyond? What would have happened if He had put Himself out of harmony with the Word? Would not His mission have been a failure—the world unredeemed? In their hearts they could only answer His appeal in the affirmative, though in doing so they would condemn their earlier musings and movements on that memorable day. Condemn themselves! and what then? In so doing they would justify and magnify their blessed Master. No matter how we sink, provided the Lord be exalted.

Fourth, the great fact unfolded in its importance and glory. The right view is enlarged from the right point, with the right feeling awakened. "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself." What a discourse that, of which we have but the text! Probably the substance of it is wrought into the later portions of the New Testament. We must linger a while with the infallible Expositor.

Notice the subject—HIMSELF—exhaustless, all transcending theme—chief topic of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles! Not Himself as to general perfections and achievements merely, but in regard to the suffering of death as the means of His finest self-manifestations, in His most peculiar work. He will get more glory from human redemption than from any of his earlier accomplishments, however stupendous.

As to the discourse, it was—

Expository in its style. The style adopted by the prince of preachers varied with the occasion and aim, now didactic, now figurative, this time expository—"He expounded unto them," &c. A little more of the expository would be better with us sometimes.

Heart-warming. By the new and sound principle of interpretation employed their sympathies are roused, sadness is banished, love and joy come in its stead. They said afterwards, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the scriptures?"

Mind-informing. They learned two vital lessons—that the doctrine of Atonement for sin by the death of Christ is intensely Biblical, and that it is peculiarly, pre-eminently comforting in its influences.

Heart-enlarging. It made those who heard it retrace their steps, to impart their new joys to others, that their companions in tribulation might from the same circumstances and conceptions reap a whole harvest of consolation. This is the proper tendency and intention of the truth as it is in Jesus. "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "The love of Christ con-

straineth us." Christianity, stirring the human sympathies so, is blessedly practical, incomparably philanthropic.

What the two gathered they imparted, facts and teachings together. As soon as they had done, their Lord came noiselessly and startlingly into their midst, breathing words and influences of peace. Make a special note of this, that while using the light they had more was given.

SECOND PART OF THE DIVINE REVIEWING.

It is essential that they all see clearly and largely the harmony between recent events and the shadows of them flung forward by types and prophecies almost innumerable. The others must be lifted up to those nobler perceptions and sublimer joys. He has come to them for this purpose. It is delightful to read the methods He adopts to prove His identity to them, and establish them in the faith of His resurrection. They were "terrified," supposing they had seen a spirit. To-day there are hosts of mistaken notions, which scare timid people, and there is an evil spirit who likes to have it so. Beware of

THE DEVIL'S SCARE-CROWS!

After composing His disciples, the Master reminds them of past teachings. It is very suggestive that, resuming His instructions under vastly altered circumstances, He begins where He left off. Nothing to be ignored—the past right—foundations well laid. "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me."

Things written—where—"In the law of Moses," &c. Messianic predictions, how diversified and continuous! *What written*—"things concerning me"—those "things" generally, such more particularly as relate to sorrow, rejection, cutting off, resurrection, triumph of His blessed cause, all in this order as natural and necessary.

What respecting those things—necessity of their accomplishment—"must be fulfilled." A moral necessity—Divine veracity to be maintained: governmental necessity—scheme of mercy to be established by an atonement for sin. Except He suffer, as foretold, there will be a double break-down—of the Divine faithfulness and plan of salvation.

All this He kept prominently before them, the value of which we see in its embodying *His own perception of what was paramount in importance*, also as showing that the false expectations which prevailed among His disciples arose from failing distinctly to apprehend the vital meaning of what was written—its deep spiritual import—that expiation of sin to be made by agony and blood, without which all else would prove abortive. So essential is it that this be clear as light to them all, that He puts Himself in close contact with their vital being to assist them in grasping the grand idea. "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures."

Recapitulation and enlargement come next. He "said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise

from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." The death of Christ a defeat! nay, it was a fighting of the grand preparatory battle, a removal of the most formidable obstacles, a cutting of a great highway into the broad territories of a possible salvation. By the atonement was all this done—a Scripture-fulfilling atonement. Putting away this doctrine, the Old Testament is an enigma; recognizing it, the aim of those inspired documents is manifest and magnificent. Christ will have it be remembered that He came to fulfil what was written. Had He taken our nature simply to teach, suffering and death might have been dispensed with. His main work is to make way for Mercy, whereas Justice has been deserved. To do this He must die. Since so the prophets foretell, so must the fact be. So indeed was it, as the compassionate Sufferer has now made clear to them all.

And now comes the *final statement*, having regard to the diffusion of these precious verities—"And ye are witnesses of these things"—witnesses of an atonement predicted, accomplished, demonstrated, medium of all spiritual good. Such witnesses are we. O for grace to be true to our charge!

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIR A. GORDON AND THE WESLEYAN MISSION IN FIJI.

WITHOUT the slightest disparagement to the interest and value of the other speeches delivered at the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall in May last, the able and statesmanlike address of Sir Arthur Gordon was, undoubtedly, the most weighty and important. As Governor of the Fiji Islands Sir Arthur Gordon had the fullest opportunity of making himself acquainted by personal observation with all the facts of the case; he had possessed all the facilities and advantages for the most searching and exhaustive inquiry; every objection and complaint that could by possibility be brought against the work of the missionaries was sure to come to his official knowledge, and therefore he could speak from the largest and most certain information, and with the surest and the strongest authority. And what could be more striking and more satisfying than the testimony he was thus enabled to give? Our missionaries themselves have never spoken or written of their wonderful work in terms so glowing, nor have we ever read in our notices or reports statements which have given us such a vivid impression of the genuineness and magnitude of the results achieved as we received from the speech of Sir Arthur Gordon. The entire islands Christianised—and that not nominally and externally, but really and vitally, pervaded by the living and transforming spirit and power of Christianity; the whole population, chiefs and people, young and old, with very few exceptions, placed under Christian instruction and influence; a church and a school in every village; the Sabbath reverently honoured and

observed as it is not in the most favoured parts of Christian England ; the public worship of God universally recognised, and not a native dwelling known to the Governor throughout the length and breadth of the numerous islands in which the Scriptures are not read, and prayer and praise offered morning and evening ; colleges established for the training of teachers and schoolmasters, in which a thoroughly efficient education can be secured ; and a native ministry raised up by hundreds, some of whom Sir A. Gordon pronounced to be intellectually and oratorically, as well as spiritually, not inferior to any preachers he had ever heard !—*Methodist Recorder*.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMATION.

It was the revolt of the human intellect and heart from mental and moral slavery. Christianity had brought such liberty at first ; Protestantism was its resurrection, after priestcraft had slain it, as it had slain its Founder.

It asserted triumphantly, once and for ever, the absolute freedom of the conscience in all our relations to our fellow-men. Rome had demanded blind obedience to the Church,—that is, in effect, to the individual priest, literally,—on pain of hell. Protestantism, for “the Church,” put God. It accepted no human Church or Church institution as free from error, or the possibility of it, either in itself, its acts, or its utterances.

It held up the Scriptures as the supreme rule of faith and practice, and put them in the hands of all, that they might follow them for themselves. It allowed no man to stand between the soul and its Maker. It held that salvation depends on no human mediation, or priestly acts, but flows directly from the self-revelation of God in His Word. It taught that the merits of the sacraments are dependent on no act of a priest, but on the direct communion of the soul with Christ.

It claimed the right of private judgment in all demands on our belief, and thus made each man’s conscience responsible only to God. While gratefully accepting all aids and demonstrations to guide to a decision, that decision was reserved absolutely to the individual himself.

In the political sphere it embodied the same grand principles. It demanded that no man should suffer for his religious opinions ; a principle long opposed, but now, at last, admitted to the full, in the rejection, by every English-speaking nation, of all religious disabilities. Force cannot be used, under Protestantism, to compel acceptance of opinions which conscience denies.

It secured protection to all in their fidelity to conscience. The right of all was established to express freely their religious convictions, and to associate themselves with others in a public profession of these. Thus all men were made free to form themselves into new religious societies, so long as the opinions advanced

were not clearly opposed to the public welfare. This principle also is recognized in all English-speaking nations.

It not only sanctioned, but imposed as a sacred duty, the frankest investigation of all questions. Its unchanging motto was and is "Prove all things." It was henceforth impossible in Protestant countries to imprison a Galileo, or to keep an Index Expurgatorius, and it became a religious duty to secure a sound education to the child of the poorest citizen. The very essence of Protestantism is to seek for more and more light.

It taught that men became true members of Christ not by any priestly acts, or by mere outward connection with "the Church," or obedience to it, as the vital condition, but by a living and active faith in Christ, shown by a holy life. And since this faith, which alone justifies the soul, is a personal act between it and God alone, the soul is responsible for its faith to no one but Him.

It proclaimed that all true believers, over the whole earth, form, as such, the one true invisible Church, whose members are known surely to God alone, and will in the end be acknowledged by Him at the Great Day.—*Geikie's English Reformation.*

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. BRAUND.

REBECCA, the beloved wife of THOMAS BRAUND, Shebbear, fell asleep in Jesus on the 4th of April, 1879, after a short illness of a little more than three days, aged forty years. Services with special reference to the solemn event were conducted at Lake by Br. J. Gammon, and at Frithelstock by Br. W. Beer. The discourses delivered were deeply impressive. Earnest appeals were made to the unconverted, to seek an immediate preparation for death, and believers were urged to gird up the loins of their mind, and hope to the end. The Rev. G. A. Brine, Vicar of Frithelstock, also made some beautiful and touching allusions to the departed in an appropriate sermon on the text, "For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain." At the two former services the following paper was read, which had been prepared by the bereaved husband in accordance with the wish of the brethren announced to preach, and other friends, who were anxious to get all the information they could about the last hours of the dear departed one:—

"My dear wife became a member of the Bible Christian Society at Frithelstock a little more than twenty-six years ago. She received her note of admittance from Mr. John Martin, whose short but fruitful ministry was blessed in the conversion of many persons in the Shebbear and Bideford Circuits.

"There were no remarkable circumstances connected with her

conversion. It was not by the fire or the earthquake, but by the still small voice that the Lord came and revealed Himself to her soul. Her heart, like Lydia's, the Lord opened, and she received the truth with all gladness. From her earliest years she was exceedingly amiable in her disposition, and her outward conduct was in strict accordance with the teachings of the Bible. All who knew her best, know how affectionate she was to her friends, how kind and gentle to all around her, how unselfish her spirit, how ready to think of the comfort of others before she thought of her own. By these and other kindred qualities she endeared herself to many. But she attached no importance to them, herself, and counted them as dung and dross that she might win Christ. The atonement of Christ was the only object of her trust. And so simple and child-like was her faith, that she enjoyed a very clear and an abiding assurance of God's favour. I have known others who have felt greater raptures of *joy* in their Christian experience, but I have known but few who have exercised such a constant *trust*, or realized such uninterrupted *peace* as she did. Being naturally of a retiring disposition, she said but little about her personal enjoyments, and what she said, was only to her most intimate friends, but the fruits of the Spirit were beautifully manifest in her life. No one could be long in her company without feeling that she had been with Jesus, and learnt of Him.

"For some years she was a teacher in the Sunday-school at Frithelstock, until prevented from attending by severe and protracted affliction in the family. It was at her suggestion that a few months after we came to Shebbear we commenced a Bible class in our own house. She always anticipated these meetings with pleasure, and the more largely the class was attended the better she was pleased.

"She took a very lively interest in the prosperity of every good institution, especially the Missionary Society. Not more than an hour before the end, she expressed a wish that the donation she had usually given to the Missionary Fund might be kept up annually after her decease. This, I believe, was her last request.

To the ministers of the gospel she felt a strong attachment, and she was never more happy than when ministering to their comfort. Not more than ten minutes before she breathed her last, she made reference, with thoughtful solicitude, to the health of one of my colleagues. In these days of severe pain, when she knew that her state was so critical, she seemed to have no thought, or care, or anxiety for herself. Several times during these three anxious days and nights she said to me, 'I am not afraid to die, but I should be glad to live for your sake, if it was the Lord's will.' 'It's all well,' she said, 'but I am too weak to think of anything now.' Repeatedly she said, 'I have no doubts nor fears.' The sting of death was completely taken away, and I scarcely think that the enemy was permitted to molest her for a moment.

"During her illness I felt but little liberty in prayer when asking for her recovery. When I attempted to pray thus, I felt as if I was asking for what would not be granted. But I did experience great

freedom in praying that if taken she might have an easy death. *This request was granted.* Her death was singularly quiet. There was no dying struggle—not even a lingering sigh or groan.

‘So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o’er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.’

“The most beautiful trait in her Christian character was strikingly manifest in her last hours. When at brief intervals her mind began to wander a little through weakness, her remarks on various matters relating to the Church of Christ and absent persons savoured sweetly of that charity which ‘thinketh no evil,’ ‘believeth all things,’ ‘hopeth all things,’ ‘rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.’

“None but those who knew the departed intimately can conceive what an unspeakable loss I have sustained.

“The call was unexpected, but she was not taken by surprise. Perhaps my surprise ought not to have been so great. Though I was blind to it while she was with me, yet I think I can see now that for some time she had been ripening for the heavenly garner. God had been preparing her by His grace to join the company of the spirits of the just made perfect.

“I do not claim for her freedom from all imperfections. No one was more deeply sensible of shortcomings than she was. But she walked with God. Through the written Word and by secret prayer she held daily communion with Him. Her soul was fully consecrated to Christ, and through His precious blood was made meet for an ‘inheritance with the saints in light.’”

Br. Gammon, in preaching at Lake, spoke of her as “a meek, unassuming, peacemaking, genuine disciple of Jesus Christ.” As such she constantly adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour. At home and abroad, alone and in company, she maintained the same even temper—the same gentle and unselfish spirit. None of her acquaintances or friends will ever forget that divine adorning which characterized all her movements—“even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price.” “He will beautify the meek with salvation.”

FREDERICK CHAPELL.

“THE memory of the just is blessed.” Those who in life have excelled in virtue, and been eminent for usefulness—in the church or in the world—should be remembered with respect when they are dead. Hence we wish to make honourable mention of Mr. F. Chapell in our Magazine, and thus perpetuate the memory of a good man. He died at New Brompton, March 21st, 1879, aged sixty-one years. His parents, William and Mildred Chapell, were among the first to join the Bible Christian community in this place. The late Mr. James Thorne preached his first sermon in New

Brompton on their door-step. The Lord so blessed the labours of His servant that soon the way opened for the erection of a chapel. A Sunday-school was at once established, in which Br. Chapell was a scholar for several years. No doubt good impressions were then made upon his mind which produced fruit to the glory of God in after life. When about nineteen or twenty he joined the London police force, in which he remained for twenty-one years. During that time, on account of his frequent Sunday duties, and partly from want of disposition, he seldom entered a place of worship; careless about "pure and undefiled religion," though living what is called a moral life. The prescribed term of service having expired he returned to New Brompton, and often afterwards expressed his thankfulness that he had done so, saying, "I don't think I should ever have been converted if I had remained in London."

He now occasionally attended Park Road Chapel, but manifested no concern for his soul until the time when Miss Hutchings laboured here; then, through her instrumentality he was led to Christ during some special services. For a few days he carried about a heavy load, under which he groaned and prayed. Once his wife found him in the cellar, in an agony of soul, where he wished to be left alone wrestling and praying for spiritual rest. One evening he went to the penitents' pew, and soon the Lord set him at liberty; his burden was removed, for he heard the sweet whisper, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee." He at once arose and followed Christ, and continued a zealous and consistent follower of Him until his death. The unanimous testimony is that Mr. Chapell was certainly a genuine Christian. He walked uprightly before the world, and reflected the light—"the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Mr. Chapell's life recommended the religion he professed. When converted, his great concern was for the success of the cause of Christ. He joined the Society here when the cause was low, and there were but few to work, and at once began to do what he could for the Saviour. He was very regular in his attendance at the means of grace. Every Sunday morning he was present at the 7 o'clock prayer-meeting, when sometimes he would sing and pray all alone, no other person coming to the meeting. He was elected chapel steward sixteen years ago, which office he continued to fill, with credit to the Society and honour to himself, until his death. Almost from the time of his conversion he undertook to open and light the chapel, and put people into their seats, without charge. Often has he hurried from the yard, hardly allowing himself time for tea, that he might be at the chapel in time. Sundays and week evenings, for years, he was the first at the chapel and the last to leave, his great aim being to make people comfortable in God's house, and so glorify his Master. And who can tell the amount of good he has done by a hearty shake of the hand, and the friendly word of welcome which he never failed to speak? Two or three have told us that he was the first to take them by the hand, and welcome them to God's house, and to encourage them in the way

to Heaven. By his winning way he succeeded in drawing many to the chapel who were not in the habit of attending any place of worship. If any worshippers absented themselves he would visit them, and try to influence them to return. At tea and other meetings he was always present, doing his best to secure success, looking only to God for his reward. We miss him at the chapel, but we do not wish him back. "He rests from his labours," we envy him not his rest. He was interested in the circuit, and indeed in the whole Connexion, as well as in our chapel at Brompton, and rejoiced when he heard, or when he read in the Magazine (which he took for many years), of souls being won for Christ. For fifteen years his house was the home for the second minister, and he, together with Mrs. Chapell, always studied the comfort of the servants of Christ. For several weeks before his death his breathing was difficult, and there were other signs of failing health, but no one anticipated that his end was so near. Yet he himself, for some time, had the impression that his life on earth would soon terminate. But "knowing Whom he had believed," he was not alarmed. In the prospect of his approaching end he calmly talked over his business matters to Mrs. Chapell, giving her the best advice as to how she should proceed when he was gone. He also sent for me to assist in making up the chapel accounts, so that his "house might be set in order," and he be found ready, in every sense. He was neither ashamed to live nor afraid to die, and was prepared for either; willing to stay, yet ready to go. He said to Mrs. Chapell, "I am willing either way, to die or live, just as it shall please God." If he had any desire to live, it was inspired by consideration for his wife; and it is natural that he should have felt it hard for that earthly tie to be broken which, thirty-four years before, united them in bonds of closest friendship. But still he felt he could safely leave her in the hands of Him who says, "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." His soul was preserved in tranquillity. Only a few days before the end, while sitting in his room engaged in holy meditation, he suddenly burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh! glorious hope!" And that was a hope well founded, a hope that shed a lustre over the closing scene, and triumphantly lifted him above the fear of death, because "the love of God was shed abroad in his heart." He expressed a wish to be able to write about what he felt and enjoyed; he said, "I cannot tell you what I feel;" but he supposed he could have described it in writing. Once a good man was dying; his wife said to him, "You are dying,—are you prepared to meet God?" He answered, "Oh yes, you need not trouble about that, *I am sure of heaven.*" It must be very blessed to die, feeling *sure of heaven!* It was thus Mr. Chappel died. He said to His wife, "*I know whither I am going;* and whither I am going you may go." When asked if he had any message for the friends of Park Road Chapel, he said, "Tell them I am gone to heaven." Though death is in itself a curse, yet to him it was turned into a blessing, for he was able to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" For a few weeks he suf-

fered much from difficulty of breathing, yet he bore it patiently. But as the end drew on he seemed to breathe more freely, and soon sank down "to everlasting rest, without a lingering sigh or groan, on his Redeemer's breast." A large number of the members of the church and congregation followed his remains to their resting-place, and in compliance with his request, sang the beautiful hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," over his grave. A funeral sermon was preached by the writer, to a crowded congregation, many of whom were visibly affected. May God mercifully sustain the widow, and help her from her heart to say,—

"Whate'er my God ordains is right !
 Here will I take my stand ;
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land.
 My Father's care
 Is round me there.
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to Him I leave it all."

R. SQUIRE.

MRS. JANE LANG.

To write a memoir of Mrs. Lang is a solemn and sorrowful task ; yet it is mixed with the most precious joy. We do not mourn as those without hope. This dark cloud has its silver lining. The liberated soul is with the risen Saviour, and the body sleeps more safely in the grave than ever babe slept in mother's arms.

MRS. JANE LANG was born in the year 1816, of humble parentage, in the city of Gloucester. About the year 1830 she came into South Wales, and obtained a situation as an under servant with the Llewellyn family at Baglan Hall, near Briton Ferry. Here she remained for twelve years, gaining the respect of all that knew her, and was several times promoted by her mistress. In the year 1842 she became the wife of Mr. Humphrey Lang. At her marriage began her acquaintance with us a religious body. She had obtained her early religious training in the Established Church, and continued to attend the services of that church until she married, when, with her husband, she became a regular attendant at a small preaching room at Briton Ferry, which at that time we used for public worship. For nearly two years she listened to the word of life proclaimed in that humble sanctuary, before she made that word her own by living faith in Christ. But the seed had fallen into good ground, and was destined to bring forth an abundant harvest. Her ticket on trial was given to her by Br. Joseph Hoidge, and bears date February 25th, 1844. From that time till she was called to enter the eternal rest, she remained a warmly attached and consistent member of our church. After a short period it was found necessary to abandon the cause at Briton Ferry, and for many years the services were discontinued. During this time Mrs. Lang and her husband met in church fellowship with the society at Neath. In all seasons of the year, and in the most inclement weather, they rarely failed to be in their place, in the house of God, on the Sab-

bath day; though they had to walk a journey of nearly two miles. When preaching was resumed by us at Briton Ferry in 1876, after an interval of several years, Mrs. Lang heartily entered into the new undertaking, and with all her power worked for its advancement. We shall not soon forget her zealous and loving co-operation in building the new chapel. No one in that little church laboured more arduously and freely to erect the present sanctuary than our dear sister. And when it was opened for worship, she joyfully expressed her devout gratitude to God that at last the Bible Christians had a chapel in the town of Briton Ferry. And she anticipated with pleasure spending many happy years in communion with God's people within its walls. But her heavenly Father has ordered it otherwise. He has taken her to the temple not made with hands; relieved from all toil and care, she now joins in the worship in the everlasting home. Among the most striking features of her character was her great and almost boundless tenderness of spirit. She possessed a true motherly heart. The love of Christ was so richly bestowed upon her that she loved all for His sake. The ministers of Christ especially were the objects of care and devotion. Her home was always their home. It gave her unfeigned pleasure to have a servant of God as her guest. Many of the brethren have borne testimony to these statements.

Br. J. Luke writes:—"For three years it was my pleasure and privilege intimately to know Mrs. Lang, and frequently to visit her house, and a better or truer woman I never knew. Her life was adorned with the beauty of genuine Christianity. And if known, one could not help admiring and loving her. Her spirit was gentle, her heart full of kindness and love, her interest in the Lord's cause strong and unwavering, and many were the sacrifices which she made for the people of God and for the church of Christ. Her removal will be much felt. Her husband has lost a faithful partner, ministers a true friend, the church a devoted member, and heaven has gained a saint."

Br. W. J. Hocking, who was my predecessor as the pastor of this circuit, has sent the following grateful tribute to her memory:—

"I felt very sorry to hear of the decease of Mrs. Lang: one whom I held in great esteem, and one of the kindest friends I have ever known. My numerous visits to her house, and the very great kindness I have there received, are among my most pleasing recollections. Many of God's servants have been partakers of her hospitality, and will ever remember with pleasure their great indebtedness to her considerate regard. Her piety was unostentatious; her hospitality was remarkable; and her gentleness, and other Christian virtues, excited genuine admiration. In her removal to a better world, the Denomination has lost one of its most devoted friends, and the Aberavon Circuit one of its most distinguished members. I feel much for her surviving husband: as they had been united for a long period, the separation now must be very painful. The death of such excellent friends does occasion a certain amount of gloom; but we sorrow not as those without hope. We cannot feel too thankful that Providence has given us such

deeply interested friends, and though we are filled with regret and pain when they are taken from us, we anticipate union with them in the Church Triumphant. I mourn over the event which makes this testimony necessary, but I give it with the greatest freedom, because I am satisfied too much cannot be said in the praise of our deceased and valued friend. The kindness which she was wont to manifest, and the beautiful life which she lived, will have made an impression that will not soon be erased. She is now 'with Christ which is far better.'"

She was also remarkable for her quiet usefulness. No publicity was sought by her for anything she did for Christ; and only a few knew to how large an extent she served God. Her's was truly a woman's work in the Lord's vineyard, and it was fervently and faithfully performed. Lastly we observe that she maintained an unbroken consistency of character from the first day of her Christian profession to the last day of her life on earth. None of those glaring imperfections which too often damage and destroy the beauty and usefulness of Christian character could be detected in our now sainted friend. Doubtless there were imperfections; but her excellences were so many, and so conspicuous, that they were hidden from human sight. Her bereaved and sorrowing husband says, "She was always the same, in her home as in company, the ever lowly, loving, earnest Christian." As she lived, so she died. In peace and full assurance she breathed her last on earth, March 18th, 1879, and was interred in the family grave in Baglan churchyard. About 200 persons showed their respect to the deceased by walking in procession to the grave. The funeral sermon was preached in Briton Ferry chapel to a large and sympathetic congregation. The service was characterized by deep feeling; the unction of the Holy Spirit richly rested upon the assembly, and we pray that much and lasting good may follow.

"Rest in peace, oh, happy pilgrim, who hast entered into life,
And forget amid the glory all the sorrow and the strife;
Take the glory Christ shall give thee, wear the crown, enjoy the rest,
For though earth has had its pleasures, and life is sweet, heaven is best."

J. JEFFREY.

MR. JAMES DOWN.

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." The following facts supplied to us respecting our deceased brother are another illustration of the truth of these memorable words.

JAMES DOWN was born at Chilla, Blacktorrington, February 16th, 1846, where he resided until 1864, when the family removed to Port Gate, in the Launceston Circuit. Although blessed with pious parents, surrounded from childhood with religious influences, and connected with the Sunday-school, from the early age of three years, he remained a stranger to converting grace until November, 1866. He then had a severe affliction. To loving friends he appeared very near the eternal world; but he was in the hands of One who had a gracious end in view; One "who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." For while thus prostrated, Br. Down was led to see and feel that he needed a Saviour. And he cried to God for deliverance. And true to His word God came to him in his extremity, and removed his load of guilt; and in his experience was verified the

promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." He looked to Jesus, the Lamb of God, to take away his sin, and he threw himself into the loving embrace of a reconciled Father, received the blessing of adoption, and rejoiced in a sense of sins forgiven. After several weeks' suffering it pleased God to partially restore him, probably to prove the reality of the change he had experienced; but though he was not so healthy and strong as before, yet he could say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes." For his religion, although beginning with a sick-bed repentance, was not, as is too often the case, like "a morning cloud, and as the early dew;" but more like a deep and ever-flowing river;

"Which summer drought does not affect,
And winter storms do only swell."

His subsequent life showed that his religion was reality; not for Sundays only, but something to take with him in every-day life; hence he succeeded in showing to the world that he had been with Christ and learnt of Him. He joined the church at Port Gate, and continued a consistent member until his removal to the church above. In 1873 he married, but the union was to be of brief duration, for in less than four years death dissolved the union. For five years he worked as a carpenter on the property of the Rev. S. B. Gould, by whom, and the tenantry, and his fellow workmen, he was greatly respected. The above-mentioned gentleman, in his letter of condolence to the widow, says, "There is indeed the comfort of knowing that he loved and served God here below."

For some months prior to his death Br. Down complained of his head; and although very fond of singing, could not sing himself nor hear others sing, without feeling the effects. The last day he worked was February 13th, 1877; he felt unwell, and resolved to rest a few days; he continued much the same until Sunday the 25th, when he appeared much worse. The doctor was called, who said that he was suffering from slight congestion of the brain, and that he would be all right again in a few days. On the Wednesday following, the physician who had been called in said there was no rope of recovery. It was also evident that he was rapidly sinking.

"Even then he was nearing the gate,
And waiting the call to be given."

On the afternoon of the same day he peacefully entered into rest. His last words on the subject of religion were spoken to his esteemed friend, Mr. G. Squire, who bending over him said, "Do you know me?" "Oh! yes," he answered. Mr. Squire then asked, "You love Jesus, James, don't you?" With light beaming in his eyes he exclaimed, "Yes, O yes, Mr. Squire." And thus he fell asleep, trusting in that Name which is above every name, the sinner's only hope. He is said to have been a tender husband and father, an obedient son, and a loving brother. On hearing of his death a neighbour remarked, "I do not want to know Mr. Down's dying testimony, his daily life bespoke what he was." He was interred at Port Gate chapel yard, March 3rd, 1877. His death was improved on the Sunday week following by the Rev. B. Nott, then pastor of the circuit. May it be the happiness of his widow and her two little children, and the other members of his family,

"To join him, when life's day is o'er,
To meet in heaven, and part no more."

J. C. SWERT.

MRS. MARY ANN MELLEN,

WHOSE maiden name was Martin, was the beloved wife of Br. Samuel Mellen, a local preacher in the Millom Circuit, Cumberland. Sister Mellen was born at Illogan, Cornwall, where she was, in early life, surrounded by religious influences. Her now sainted father, William Martin, was brought to God in our chapel in that neighbourhood, and his daughter Mary Ann, who was then only eight years of age, was led to Jesus at the same time, and they rejoiced together in the God of their salvation. It is an easy thing for a child to come to Christ, when encouraged to do so. It is a precious fact that "those who seek Christ early shall find

Him." This our late Sister Mellen, as have thousands of others, proved to the joy of her heart. It is beautiful to see the flower of youth bending towards "the Sun of Righteousness." God, who gave her grace to renew her heart, also gave her daily grace to keep it right; hence she trod the path of youth humbly depending upon her God. She maintained her integrity, and was a consistent member of society. She subsequently made the acquaintance of Br. S. Mellen, and became his wife, when about nineteen years of age. The life-long union was pleasant, for they were united in the Lord. For some years they resided at Lanner, in the Redruth and Camborne Circuit, where her father was class-leader, and whose house was a welcome home to our ministers in their toils and travels. The noble example of her parents, in this particular especially, their daughter worthily emulated. While she thus benefited others, she did not injure herself or family. "There is that *scattereth*, and *yet increaseth*." "Oh! that men were wise, and understood this." The Ark of God was kept in the house of Obededom for three consecutive months; and God blessed him and all his household. Owing to the mining depression in Cornwall, Br. Mellen, with his wife, came to Dalton-in-Furness, North-West Lancashire, where he obtained employment in the iron mines in the neighbourhood: This was about sixteen years since. Then we had no cause in the North of England; but, blessed be God, it is vastly different to-day. Then our Sister Mellen joined another branch of the Methodist church, and continued a member till Br. Kelley's arrival to open the mission, December 9th, 1870. In this she acted wisely in both particulars. Many of our members who migrate into strange localities fail to report themselves to any other church, and thus lose their first love. And on the other hand, there are many scores (perhaps hundreds) of persons in this district who still remain members of other churches, though formerly members with us for years elsewhere. Nonconformity knows no compulsion. We have never proselyted from other churches, but it is reasonable to expect that *our own* will reunite with us when they have the opportunity.

I first became acquainted with Sister Mellen in August, 1873. I found her cheerful, extremely kind, and deeply interested in the cause of Christ. The itinerant and local preachers, and the members of our newly-formed churches, always received a hearty welcome at her house. She took a pleasure in serving God's cause and people, in bazaars, anniversaries, and tea-meetings. She was amongst the leaders to promote schemes for the extension and consolidation of the church, and she gave according to her ability. The means of grace she greatly valued, and private devotions she faithfully observed. It was her daily custom for years to take her little boy Samuel with her into the bed-room, while her husband was in his labour, and pray that God would bless and protect him. These seasons were times of refreshing to her own soul, and her husband lives to-day, without having had so much as a hair of his head injured. These closet-devotions and her class-meetings she regarded as her best means of grace. Of late she seemed to be ripening rapidly for glory. Last winter her husband came to Millom to work, and about a week before Christmas she and the two boys rejoined him. Her state of health then gave every appearance of a long life, but she shortly took cold, which ultimately led to inflammation. Yet she continued to attend the means of grace, hoping the indisposition would pass away. She thoroughly enjoyed the last Watch-night service, and manifested a deep interest in our bazaar on New Year's Day last and the subsequent Saturday, when her cold seemed to be increased. Medical aid was sought, the doctor expressing the opinion that she would be quite right again in a few days. On Wednesday, January 15th, she took to her bed, but no one was in the slightest degree alarmed. I visited her on the Thursday evening, and conversed and prayed with her. It was a profitable season. During the conversation she said, "I know I am a child of God, and I am sure the dear Lord will not cast me off now. I dearly love Him, and He loves me. I know I have been unfaithful, but when I get out of this I will start afresh, and live nearer to God than I have ever done before. I have made up my mind to that." The following evening I saw her again. I had no hope then that she would recover, and feared the end was very near. She conversed a little, and when I quoted some of the "exceeding great and precious promises," she responded by speaking of her firm reliance on them. I saw her again on Saturday morning, January 18th, when she recognised my voice, though it seemed she could not see me. I spoke

a few words, and she answered, apparently conscious, but with some indistinctness, that her end was very near, but that she was resting on the merits of Christ. About two o'clock that afternoon she quietly breathed out her soul to God.

Sorrow and surprise was expressed by not a few at her premature end, and sympathy flowed from many a heart; and many earnest prayers were offered on behalf of the husband and the two children. On Monday, January 20th, her mortal remains were taken to Dalton, from which place she had only removed about five weeks. A very large number of persons from Millom and Dalton attended out of respect to the deceased and her husband. The cemetery chapel was filled, and while the burial service was being conducted by the Brethren Coomb, Orchard, and Hender, a Divine influence and power were felt, tears freely flowed, sobs and sighs were heard, prayers were fervently offered, and loud praises to God ascended. Many have testified that they were never before in any place where such influence and unction rested on the people. Her age was thirty-nine. Funeral sermons were preached in our chapel at Dalton the following Sabbath by Mr. Orchard, and at Millom by myself, when there was a very large congregation. A sermon was subsequently preached in our chapel at Barrow by Mr. Coomb. In the death of Sister Mellen many feel that they have lost a friend; and we are led to ask, Who will fill her place in the church, and on whom shall her mantle fall? May God speedily send us faithful successors, and grant that those surviving friends may meet the departed in heaven, for Christ's sake.

JAMES HENDER.

MRS. CATHERINE BENNETT

Was born at Mevagissey, Cornwall. In her early days her mother attended the Baptist chapel, and the daughter attended the Sabbath-school. When she was about twenty-six years of age she was convinced of sin while Mr. Vickery, one of our ministers, was preaching from "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." While seeking the Lord she suffered great agony of soul, but soon, justified by faith, she enjoyed peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. From the time of her conversion she was zealous for the Bible Christian cause, and took pleasure in lodging the ministers at her house. In the year 1842 she came to reside at Torpoint, and finding no Bible Christians there she invited the ministers of the Devonport circuit to hold a service on the Sabbath afternoon. They commenced preaching in a van house belonging to Mr. Cratt, and for a considerable time after this in a room at 39, Fore-street. Mrs. Bennett much desired to see a chapel erected in Torpoint, and during an illness, about the time when arrangements were being made to build, expressed a strong desire to live that she might know that the desire of her heart was granted. When she heard in her sick room that the little chapel was completed and opened, her language was, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

But she was spared for two years and seven months longer. When about to die she said, "I want to know nothing else but Jesus. He has been with me all these years, and He will not leave me now." "We must live well to die well." She had ever striven to do the right, and her mind by faith securely rested on Christ till summoned to the rest and joy of her ever faithful Lord. On Saturday, December, 28th, 1878, while battling with disease and death, she heard the loving whisper, "Come up higher, and behold My glory."

B. ROUNSFELL.

JOHN HICKS,

Of St. Agnes, Scilly Isles, died February 20th, 1879, in the 70th year of his age. He was brought to God through the instrumentality of the Bible Christian ministers, and has been steadily pursuing his way to heaven for the last thirty years. He was a consistent Christian, and by precept and example he endeavoured to impress the minds of his children with the importance of religion. Br. T. Brook, during his ministry in these islands, formed a teetotal society. Of this our departed brother became a member, and set his face against the curse of

our country, intemperance. He did not erect a family altar at the commencement of his Christian pilgrimage, but after a few years he became more devoted, and introduced family worship, and continued the practice to the close of life. Sometimes his wife would say, "We can't stay for prayers now, we are too busy." But he would answer, "Charlotte, we must find time to die, and we must find time now to pray." He was one of the few in St. Agnes who regularly attended all the means of grace, the class meeting included, so long as he was able. In these meetings he would speak very feelingly of the goodness of God, of his trust in Christ, and of his hope of heaven. I visited him several times during his short illness, and found him in a praying and trustful frame of mind. He spoke of heaven as his home. I asked him on what ground he expected to get there? His reply was, "Through my blessed Saviour; through the precious blood of Christ." He felt he was unworthy, but Christ was his all and in all. He passed away peacefully, and entered into his rest.

"How truly blest are all the dead,
That do in Jesus die!
From every sorrow they are freed,
And mount above the sky."

R. WESTINGTON.

Missionary Meetings.

NEWPORT AND RYDE CIRCUIT.—We have just held two interesting and successful Juvenile Missionary Meetings at Ryde and Littletown. The children in this circuit collect a large sum for the Missionary fund every year, but the above are the only places where Juvenile Missionary Meetings are held. We hope the following report will not only stimulate our schools and children, but others.

Ryde Meeting—			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Sunday School Box	-	-	1	3	0	Mary Cantlow	-	-	0	6	0
Alice Akers	-	-	0	2	6	Collection	-	-	0	13	10
William Taylor	-	-	0	5	0	Profits of Tea	-	-	0	8	0
George Mulock	-	-	0	2	6						
Eliza James	-	-	0	2	7	Total for Ryde			10	14	0
Ellen James	-	-	0	2	6						
Emily Mitchell	-	-	0	7	3	Littletown Meeting—					
Charlotte Philips	-	-	0	12	0	G. Barton	-	-	0	13	6
Lily Jones	-	-	2	0	0	J. Moody	-	-	0	18	0
Mary Holbrook	-	-	1	13	0	W. Masters	-	-	0	6	0
Ada Burnett	-	-	0	10	0	E. Masters	-	-	0	8	0
Vergina Taylor	-	-	0	7	0	H. Barnett	-	-	0	3	10
Kate Harvey	-	-	0	5	0	H. Johnson	-	-	0	6	0
Harry Taylor	-	-	0	2	6	C. Moody	-	-	1	0	0
Amy Taylor	-	-	0	2	6	A. Whittington	-	-	0	7	4
Mabel Taylor	-	-	0	8	0	E. Chiverton	-	-	0	5	0
Minnie Woodford	-	-	0	2	6	F. Barnett	-	-	0	5	3
Martin Chandler	-	-	0	1	0	L. Rashley	-	-	0	5	1
Ada Willis	-	-	0	8	10	A. Moore	-	-	0	4	2
George Allen	-	-	0	0	9	H. Masters	-	-	0	10	0
Frederick Allen	-	-	0	1	8	Collection	-	-	0	15	10
Emma Whilewood	-	-	0	4	7						
Samuel Cantlow	-	-	0	1	6	Total			6	8	0

J. STEPHENS.

STONEHOUSE.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The rapid stride made each year by the Juvenile Missionary collectors in connection with the Bible Christian Sunday-school, East-street, Stonehouse, has caused me, with many others, to wonder why a report of this year's proceedings has not already appeared in print, and feeling it to be an injustice to all parties concerned, I venture to ask you to give the following short

report a place in the Magazine. I see by the report our receipts stand second on the list in the whole Connexion. This, sir, is worthy of notice, especially as we have none to give us large donations, as in some other places. The receipts come mainly from our society, the teachers, and their friends. Our Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held March 12th, presided over by our esteemed Superintendent, Mr. Yeo, Mr. Drew leading in prayer. A good opening Address by one of the Teachers was ably recited by Miss E. J. Gerry; Master T. Pawley followed with a good recitation. After some very excellent singing, two good recitations followed, by Master Pillar and Miss Webber; then we had, in the order named, an interesting report from our secretary, Mr. J. Lose, which merited great applause; a short but pleasing address from our Pastor, Mr. Woolcock; an interesting dialogue by five young ladies, the Misses Hearn, Combe, Stidston, Fry, and Webber; a short but telling address from Mr. Drew, who appeared quite at home; a splendid Begging Piece, by Master A. Piper, capably recited; a delightful Anthem, "Awake the Song of Jubilee;" Miss Pawley reciting the closing address with great satisfaction. I should like to mention on behalf of our school the untiring efforts of our harmoniumist, Mr. Pawley, in training our young people to sing so as to gain the praise of all who hear them. I should like to have given the names of the collectors, and amounts they collected, but as that will appear in the Annual Report, I will only say that our receipts for 1878 were something above £39, and for 1879, nearly £43, or nearly £4 more. Trusting this short sketch may stimulate others to go and do likewise.

I remain, dear sir, ONE OF THE TEACHERS.

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.—The annual circuit tea meeting was held as usual on Downenny Green, on Whit-Tuesday, June 3rd. The weather being favourable, a large number attended. Receipts, £20 os. 3½d. Provisions were all given. No. 1 tray by Canworthy Water friends, and presided over by Mrs. P. Sloman, assisted by Mrs. Cobbledick, Mrs. Littlejohns, Mrs. H. Parsons, Mrs. J. Prout, Mrs. S. Prout, &c. No. 2 tray given by Rehoboth friends, presided over by Mrs. Matthews, assisted by Mrs. Blewet, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Matthews, &c. No. 3 tray given by St. Gennys friends, presided over by Miss Shepherd, assisted by Mrs. Shepherd, Miss A. Shepherd, Miss Baker, &c. No. 4 tray given by Eden friends, presided over by Mrs. Uglow (Broad Langdon), assisted by Mrs. Uglow (Tobarn), and the Misses Uglow, &c. No. 5 tray given by Bethel friends, presided over by Mrs. T. Colwill, assisted by Misses Davey, Smith, &c. No. 6 tray given by Tresparrett friends, presided over by Mrs. Wicket, assisted by Misses Routley, Marshall, Rawle, &c. No. 7 tray given by Mrs. Bendle, Mrs. Sloman, &c., presided over by Mrs. T. Sloman, assisted by Mrs. Burden, and Mrs. Bendle. A large number of other friends rendered valuable help. Mr. Dawe fetched the preacher from, and took him back to, the Launceston station. Br. Jabez Drew preached two very eloquent sermons to the great delight of the large congregations. The committee of management, under the direction of Mr. Pethick, did their work well, each one knowing what he had to do and doing it. The day passed off successfully, without a single hitch having occurred. Mr. P. Sloman presided at the harmonium, and was moderately well supported by his choir. To all we tender our best thanks.

June 7th, 1879.

J. BENDLE.

MISSIONARY DEBT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EFFORT.—SPECIAL DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged, £18 14s. 8d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Swarthmoor, Barrow, and				Sheerness	0	5	0
Dalton Circuit	0	10	0	Dodbrook, Kingsbridge Ct.	0	6	0
Bossiney, Camelford Circuit	0	5	0	South Ashford, Tenterden			
Ebberly Lodge, Barnstaple				Circuit	0	5	0
Circuit	0	10	0	East Cowes, Newport Circuit	0	10	0
King Street, Devonport Ct.	1	0	0	Brougham Road, Portsmouth			
Chatham	1	0	0	Circuit	1	0	0
Bristol Road, Brighton Ct.	0	10	0	Littletown, Newport Circuit	0	10	0

Those schools which have so cheerfully responded to our appeal will please accept our best thanks ; we sincerely hope many more will follow their example. We should like to report promises amounting to at least £100 in the next Magazine. Will the schools that have large balances in hand kindly held us ?

P. LABDON, *Secretary*.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £1,000 5s. 5d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT—				HATHERLEIGH CIRCUIT—			
Bradford, 3rd collection	0	7	6	Exbourne, collection	0	6	6
Putford, 2nd collection	0	7	3	NEW ZEALAND—			
A Friend	0	10	0	Mr. J. Farrow, donation	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0	Mr. J. Smith, do.	1	0	0
Thorn-Hill-Head, 2nd coll.	0	10	0	Mr. E. Reed, do.	1	0	0
Twitching, collection	0	7	4	Rev. W. H. Keast, do.	1	0	0
BARNSTAPLE CIRCUIT—				Mr. W. Knipe, do.	1	0	0
Chapel Town, collection	1	2	6	Mr. R. King, do.	1	0	0
Master Andrews' Book,				Mr. A. C. Reid, do.	0	11	6
1st audit	0	3	3	Mr. D. Lanyon, do.	0	10	0
Barnstaple, collection	1	0	0	Mr. J. Tregeagle, do.	0	5	0
Landkey, Miss Davey's				Mr. T. Novis, do.	0	5	0
Book, 1st audit	0	10	0	Mrs. Scott, do.	0	5	0
Sir T. D. Acland, 2nd don.	5	0	0	C. S., do.	0	2	6
BRISTOL CIRCUIT—				G., do.	0	1	0
Collections	11	0	6	BIDEFORD CIRCUIT—			
				Mr. A. Clements	1	0	0

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—We rejoice in a small improvement in our monthly subscriptions, and also that our friends in New Zealand have sent us a cheer. It is most praiseworthy in them, considering the great amount of work they have to do to establish themselves there. We hope our friends in older mission fields will be instructed by the good example of the members in our newest mission.

We think this department of God's work will prosper much more in the future. Our friends understand it better, and they are daily inclining towards it. The many books, cards, and promises made will soon, we hope, begin to make returns in money ; and as some of the very heavy chapel undertakings are becoming easier, that the way will be opened for a more vigorous College effort.

Our meeting in the Redcliffe Crescent chapel resulted, it is now reported, in money and promises amounting to £51 6s. It is thus proved that a people who have most to do for themselves, are most ready to do for others. It is a sad mistake to teach friends that home is the only place to mind. We, as a body, are one, and it ought to be felt that success anywhere is success everywhere. Our people are increasing in numbers, and, we hope, also in devotedness and in a kind and liberal spirit.

We think the true principle of giving weekly, as the Lord has prospered us, should be set before our congregations and friends by local preachers, and before the members by class-leaders. Giving is a healthy exercise for the soul, and equally healthy for the giver's circumstances. Worldly goods properly bestowed promote the growth of the soul. We again ask the pastors to do us the kindness to collect all the promises now due, and to audit the books and cards, so that we may close the year's returns in a satisfactory way.

We are, dear Sir, yours truly,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*.

W. HIGMAN, *Secretary*.

GOOD NEWS FROM CARDIFF.

THE year rapidly closing has been fraught with indications of the Divine favour. There have been *quite* difficulties and trials enough to remind us we are still members of the church militant, but so numerous, varied, and precious are the blessings we have received, that we dare only sing of the mercy and lovingkindness of God.

On 'Good Friday our second missionary tea and Juvenile missionary meeting were held. Both were well attended, the young friends who took part in them did their work capitally. A delightful feeling prevailed, and the monetary result was considerably ahead. The missionary receipts for Cardiff will be £20, an increase of £5 10s upon last year's, and nearly £10 on the receipts of the previous year.

A small bazaar was held on Easter Monday. The proceedings were very lively, and £7 secured toward the support of Br. Pascoe, the pastor's assistant.

The third anniversary of the school-room was held May 18th, 19th, and 20th. On Sunday Br. Labdon preached effectively morning and evening, and Mr. Ludlow (Wesleyan) in the afternoon. On Monday evening, Br. Labdon lectured on "Human Idiosyncrasies," with telling effect. The tea meeting on Tuesday afternoon was not well attended (we feared to push the sale of tickets lest it should interfere with the tea at the opening of the chapel). The public meeting in the evening was addressed by Mr. Maclaine (Congregationalist), Mr. Shrimpton (Wesleyan), and the circuit ministers. All the services were well attended, and the collections amounted to £7 8s. 2d.

After preaching Sunday evening, May 25th, on "The Church's invitation to sinners," the writer had the joy of leading six persons to the penitents' pew, who professed saving faith in Christ, and went home happy in His love.

On June 1st, the usual Sunday-school quarterly meeting was held in the afternoon. Mr. S. Campbell Cory (the young gentleman who laid the memorial stone of the school-room), presided. He evidently believes *golden actions* more become youth than *empty verbiage*. He uttered but few sentences, but the report indicating that the school was £2 3s. in debt, he modestly said, "I will pay off that myself." The children who recited, generally did their work creditably; the singing was first rate—great praise being due to Mr. Burn, the leader—and the attendance and collection were good.

In the evening of the same Sunday, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The attendance was much larger than on any previous occasion. Twenty-five persons were received into fellowship—five of the number came from distant churches, and twenty of them have decided for Christ during the past three months. We report ninety members, including eighteen on trial—an increase of thirty for the year—and still leave a reserve of twelve.

We are much encouraged with the result of our effort to raise money for the building fund. It is decided to open the chapel on Thursday, July 10th. The Rev. J. Jackson Wray (Wesleyan Minister), has engaged to preach in the afternoon, take part in the public meeting at night, and lecture the following evening. Br. Tremelling preaches the first Sunday, Br. Keen the second, and Br. Lee the third.

Friends who desire to evince practical sympathy with our great work will much oblige by sending their donations early. We want to raise as much as possible, so as to borrow as little as possible, for the simple reason that no interest will be paid on money raised, but interest must be paid on every loan.

Broadway, Cardiff, June 2nd, 1879.

W. F. JAMES.

BIDEFORD CIRCUIT.—The financial result of the bazaar just held in aid of the alterations and improvements in the premises here is about £135. Fuller information next month.

W. ROWE.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY "BEES."

A SPIRIT of rivalry, when applied to worthy and noble subjects, tends to good results, and is therefore praiseworthy. Few great or noble things are done in this age

that are not prompted, more or less, by a spirit of emulation. Nowhere, we think, is this to be more plainly seen than in our Sunday-school Unions, in connection with the yearly or half-yearly examinations. Every worthy officer, scholar, and teacher connected with the schools from which the competitors are sent, is interested in the result. Among others, our pastor, Mr. T. Braund, has observed this, and he has endeavoured to turn it to good account. Seeing the good resulting from "Spelling Bees," he has introduced into our circuit competitions of a somewhat similar character, Scripture History "Bees." These have one advantage over the former; inasmuch as there is no difficulty about choosing a standard of correctness, as the Holy Scriptures is announced at the outset to be the one book of reference. Several of these meetings have been held in different chapels and school-rooms in the circuit during the past two or three years, and they have all proved eminently successful. Among the number, two have been held in Lake chapel; the first two years ago, the second on Monday, May 19th. It is concerning the latter that we have to speak.

The weather was fine but cold, and at the appointed hour, seven p.m., a large number of people were assembled in that chapel, which is so dear to every true Bible Christian, on account of the many sacred associations connected with it. The congregation was to a great extent composed of the teachers, parents and friends of the competitors, and as the last mentioned came from almost all parts of the circuit, there was scarcely a single chapel that was not represented by one or more persons in the congregation.

Mr. Mallett opened the "Bee" by giving out a hymn, and offering prayer for the divine blessing; the pastor then, in the course of a few remarks, spoke of the way in which it was to be conducted. He expressed his sorrow that, on account of the weakness of his voice, he would not be able to ask the questions which he had prepared, in such a way as to make them audible to all persons present; but as one of his colleagues, Mr. W. T. Down, had kindly consented to lend him his voice, he would ask him, at once, to act as the Interrogator for the evening.

There were two classes of competitors; the first class for those under fifteen, the second for those above that age. The subjects for examination were, the Gospel of St. Matthew, beginning at the 8th chapter, and the first two chapters of St. John's Gospel, for the juniors; and the first twenty-two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles for the seniors. These subjects had been made known by an announcement on the circuit plan for the last two quarters, and by handbills distributed among the superintendents, secretaries, and teachers of the various Sunday-schools. The knowledge of the juniors was first tested. The questions which the Interrogator put to them were not arranged systematically, but were taken at random from the given books. There was this great advantage in this method: the answer that was given to one question did not in any way suggest the answer that should be given to the next.

After nine rounds of questions had been asked, the result was read. Norah Heysett, of Black Torrington, having answered all the questions correctly, won the first prize, value 7s. 6d. Eva L. Squire, of Langtree, the second, of the value of 5s. Susannah Chapman, of Black Torrington, and W. J. Bright, of Langtree, received books worth 3s. 6d., being considered equal. Many of the questions were difficult, and required an accurate knowledge of the text; and, on the other hand, the answers shewed that much diligence and patience had been exercised in studying the subjects.

After a short selection from the choir, which was led as usual by the head master of the College, Mr. T. Ruddle, the seniors stood up on the platform to show how they could stand the test that the juniors had stood so well. The Interrogator then put a large number of questions, the greater part of which were answered correctly. When the number of mistakes was counted, the percentage of which was found to be exceedingly low, it was ascertained that one of the seniors had not failed to answer any question that had been asked of him. It reflects still greater credit on this youth, John Jones, of Sutcombe, that he has not much time at his disposal for study, and that his educational advantages have been exceedingly small and few. Moreover, his daily labour is heavy, and therefore he is oftentimes more fit for repose after its completion, than for arduous application to study. Albert Brayley (son of the late deceased and much lamented Mrs. Brayley, of Milton), having failed to answer only one question, received the

second reward, and Thomas Martin the third. The books given to the seniors were of the same value as those awarded to the juniors.

Messrs. O. K. Hobbs and D. Allin spoke a few words, and the meeting was then closed by the pastor.

The proceedings throughout were of a most enthusiastic and at times almost excitable character. A small book is to be given to each of the unsuccessful competitors, to serve as a slight memento of the evening's gathering. The monetary success was considered by those interested in the "Bee" as the least important result. The proceeds, which were small, were devoted to the missionary fund. So enjoyable did the meeting prove, that arrangements are already being made by some friends to hold a similar one in another part of the circuit in a few weeks' time.

May they, and all who endeavour by this or any other way to spread the truth as it is in Jesus, meet with abundant success.

OWEN K. HOBBS.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

SIR,—We held our April quarterly meeting in the New Church, Addington, and there were present, Messrs Keast, Reed, Smith, Knipe, Tregeagle, Scawn, Cheverton, Harding, Lanyon, Peek, W. & F. Manhire, Wright, Potter, Glass, Farro and Guy. The following is the principal statment.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
By Collections	27	13	7
Quarterages	13	10	0
Quarterly tea	2	9	0
Mr. Knipe (donation)	1	10	0

£45 2 7

DISBURSEMENTS.

To W. H. Keast's Salary	12	10	0
do. Board and Lodgings	19	10	0
Rent of Church and Hall	11	18	0
Gas, &c.	2	7	6

£46 5 0

A deficiency of not more than £1 2s. 11d. so early in the history of this mission is very encouraging; we now consider ourselves to be self-supporting. Having disposed of the finances, a lengthy and interesting conversation then took place on the class-meeting question, and it was unanimously thought that while class-meetings were highly desirable they cannot be made the test of membership. When and where is this vexed question to find its solution? To have no test of membership, and virtually, as a denomination, we have none, places us in a painfully anomalous position. Might not the Lord's Supper be made the test? It is imperative there should be a test. Could not the next Conference take some step? It is extremely inconvenient, when asked by members of other churches what your test of membership is, to be unable to give an intelligent reply. At 6.30 an excellent tea was laid, generously given by our deeply interested friends, Mr. and Mrs. Straw. A public meeting followed, and thoroughly good addresses were given by J. Farro, F. Guy, (recently arrived from Chagford) D. Lanyon, and W. Knipe.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

In the Christmas we held a sale of goods, and thereby augmented the City Church building fund to the extent of nearly £40.

GOOD FRIDAY.

We held our annual tea on this day, which was well attended, and a full Hall at the public meeting. An interesting feature in this tea was that it was exclusively in the hands of the young ladies of the church, and the tables were presided over

by the Misses Reed (2), Misses Knipe (2), Miss Ray, and Miss Christian. At the public meeting Mr. Reed presided, and the society steward, Mr. J. Smith, made the following financial statement:—

QUARTER BOARD.			
RECEIPTS (for the year)			
By Collections	..	105	9 6
Quarterages	..	36	0 0
Teas, Donations, and Interest	..	17	15 0
			£159 4 6

I scarcely need say that these figures elicited the hearty applause of the meeting. The reader will remember that they do not include Addington.

DISBURSEMENTS.			
To Rent of Church and Hall	..	42	18 0
Gas, Cleaning Church, &c.	..	11	7 7
Quarter Board.. .. .	..	104	18 11
			£159 4 6

BUILDING FUND.

This fund has been augmented £75 during the year, making the total amount in it, in cash and promises, about £200. The public meeting was addressed by Messrs. Harding, Tregeagle, Parry, and Keast.

WALTHAM LIBRARY.

With a staff of fourteen local preachers, the quarterly meeting felt that more work ought to be undertaken, hence it was decided to hire the Waltham Library for Sabbath services. Waltham is a populous suburb of Christchurch, and is by no means adequately supplied with church accommodation. We opened yesterday, April 20th, Mr. Reed preaching in the morning, and myself at night. Both the attendance and the influence were very encouraging. The first collection trebled the first week's rent. May the Lord pour a rich blessing upon us at Waltham!

ADDINGTON.

This church prospers. The congregations are good, and there is a very promising Sunday-school, and also a Band of Hope, which is chiefly in the hands of our excellent brother, D. Lanyon. A few weeks back we held a tea-meeting, and realized £25 towards the building fund. Addington bids fair to become an important church. It is just in the heart of a rapidly growing township.

TEMPLAR HALL.

The Germans having resumed their service, we have had to return to the above hall again. It is not a nice place, but it is the only one available. We want a city church, but just now, a wave of the home depression having reached us, money is not easily attainable.

FRIENDS FROM HOME.

Nearly every ship that comes to this port brings us a little batch from home. Among the latest arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Potter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and family, Mr. and Mrs. Quick and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and family, Mr. F. Guy, Mr. and Mrs. Glass, of Northlew. I was at Dunedin for a change, and walking down Princess-street one morning, who should I meet but Mrs. Glass (Mr. Glass was some distance behind, and he is telling his friends that he had lost his wife, and when he found her again she was with Mr. Keast). Having no idea that they had arrived in the colony, you may suppose that to come suddenly upon them in Dunedin (they had landed that same morning) occasioned no little excitement. Mr. Glass was on his way to the Telegraph office to telegraph his arrival to me. The meeting was as pleasant as it was unexpected. I was very glad to see them. They brought me many kind remembrances from my dear friends in the Northlew circuit. Such remembrances are sweeter than honey. We are very glad to get Mr. Glass with us here. He will be able to help us in our great and glorious work of soul-saving. With pleasure I state that our friends get work as they arrive, and most of them are doing well.

DUNEDIN.

Having had an invitation to Dunedin, and not being well, the Preachers' meeting gave me permission to spend a fortnight there. Left Christchurch by 8.40 a.m. train and reached Dunedin, a distance of 230 miles, at 7.35 p.m. I expect some of my readers will be surprised to know we have a line here 240 miles in length. Let me add to the astonishment by stating that the Canterbury line extends from Amberley to the Bluff, a distance of 421 miles! I was met at the station by Mrs. Thomas, at whose house I was to be accommodated. Dunedin is a very large city and can boast of magnificent buildings, a splendid trade, spacious and handsome churches, a number of newspapers, tramways through her main streets, a mean museum, a very fickle temperature, and a population of 40,000! Unlike Christchurch, it is built on the side of a hill and is cramped for room. The inhabitants are largely Scotch, and therefore the Presbyterian Church takes the lead. My object is going to Dunedin was, in part, to ascertain whether there was any room for a Bible Christian Church. I learnt from Mr. U'Ren, that out of the 40,000 inhabitants there is church accommodation for not over 10,000! There is, therefore, ample space for us. If a man could be sent there, and I am fully convinced the next Conference should appoint one, I think he would soon succeed in gathering around him a good society. I think twenty-five or thirty members might be secured within a month. He would not, I am quite certain, find it very difficult to raise the main part of the expenses. At Mornington, a most promising suburb, a Mrs. Hocking offered a site for a church. I deeply regret, as do all our friends at Dunedin, that a man could not be sent when Mr. U'Ren applied for one. It is beyond doubt that we should now have a splendid position in the city. One must come to New Zealand to see what splendid opportunities we have lost. But do not let us, through lack of zeal, courage, self-denial, prejudice for colonial life, ignorance of colonial comfort and civilization, and antipathy to a sea voyage, lose the openings which are now presenting themselves. Do not let us hide ourselves behind that *sham* excuse,—"I am not called to the Colonies." Surely somebody is called to labour in these lands. The Colonies want men, yet all the ministers are saying—"I do not feel called." Then Providence is very illogical! I met with much kindness at Dunedin. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas paid all my expenses, and lodged me as well. I am deeply grateful to them for their great kindness. Much of my time was spent at Mr. and Mrs. U'Ren's, whom I found exceedingly kind and pleasant. I distinctly remember when Mr. U'Ren used to preach at Pensilva. Mr. R. U'Ren has called on me on his way North for his health sake. I also met two families by the name of Merritt, one by the name of Moyse, and one by the name of Newbury. Send a man to Dunedin at once, if possible; and we want a second *here*. The next Conference should send two men to this Colony. The expense need not be thought of. Colonial missions will do their utmost to raise funds.

W. H. KEAST.

Brief Notices of Books.

A Homiletic Encyclopædia of Illustrations in Theology and Morals. Selected and Arranged by R. A. BERTRAM, Compiler of "A Dictionary of Poetical Illustrations," etc. R. D. Dickinson.

WE accord a hearty welcome to this goodly volume of nearly 900 pages. "It differs essentially from all other collections of Illustrations, except *Parable; or, Divine Poesy*. Its distinctive feature is, that its arrangement is homiletical." "Care has been taken not to include in this volume anything that has already appeared in *Parable; or, Divine Poesy*, or in Bate's or Foster's *Dictionaries of Illustrations*." "Immense labour" a work so complete as this must have involved, but the compiler's reward will be the gratitude of many a busy preacher, who will find here "a handbook of practical divinity, and a commentary on Holy Scripture." We have examined the book with great care, and shall be surprised

if the general verdict of those who may come to use it is not that it is the very best of its class.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. S. Cox. Vol. IX. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 7s. 6d.)

THE interest, the distinctive excellences, and the general usefulness of this periodical are well sustained. Some of the papers in this volume will repay the closest study. Here is a suggestive sentence or two from an able article by Canon Farrar, on "A few Various Readings in the New Testament :"—"The task of the textual critic is to establish the soundest canons of criticism, and to search all available authorities, and having done this, to come to his conclusion with inflexible honesty, in spite of all doctrinal bias. The temptation to do otherwise may be very strong. We see that it is a temptation to which transcribers have succumbed in 1 Corinthians, vii. 5; in John v. 7 (the three witnesses); in Romans xii. 13; in John v. 34 (the angel at Bethesda); in Acts viii. 37 (the eunuch's profession); and in other passages. Even the translators of our English Bible have succumbed to it. They sacrificed accuracy to policy in Acts ii. 47 ('those that *should be saved*'), and in Hebrews x. 38 ('if *any man* draw back'), in favour of Calvinism; from a prelatist bias, in Acts xx. 28 ('overseers'); and from an anti-Romanist bias, in 1 Corinthians xi. 27 ('and' for 'or,' and in Galatians i. 18 (to 'see' to '*consult*' Peter). But it is one of many hopeful signs that in these days no dogmatic consideration is allowed to outweigh the force of evidence when we are estimating external authority for a reading; and it is the common aim of all to decide upon the actual text by questions not of policy, but of simple truth. Critics honestly decide, not upon the reading which they would like best, but on the one which seems to be best established."

Frederica and her Guardians; or, the Perils of Orphanhood. By the Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles," etc. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

THE previous edition of this work was issued under its second title, "The Perils of Orphanhood." The book is well written, and is very interesting, though spun out a little too much in some parts, and will perhaps put some persons on their guard against Jesuit wiles, whom words of warning would not otherwise reach.

The Early Years of Christianity. By E. de Pressensé, D.D. Vol. II. The Martyrs and Apologists.

WE need not, after our hearty commendation last month, of the first volume of this valuable work, do more than notify the publication of the second volume, and express the hope that this cheaper re-issue will secure that wider circulation, which it so well deserves.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review and Christian Ambassador. July, 1879. J. Dickenson, Primitive Methodist Book Depôt. (Price 2s.)

ANOTHER capital number, and so varied in its contents that the tastes of the readers, however diversified, can hardly fail to be met. From the admirably-reasoned paper on the "Future Consequences of Sin" we cull a single paragraph.

"Great stress is laid upon certain terms and phrases which, it is held, contain the threat of annihilation. We must do no more than furnish illustrative specimens. 'To consume,' 'devour,' 'cut off,' 'cut asunder,' 'destroy,' 'lose,' 'destruction,' 'perish,' &c. Now we shall find that men who have been 'consumed,' &c., are, nevertheless, alive and well. Genesis xxxi. 40 tells us how Jacob was 'consumed' every day by the drought, and every night by the frost. *Annihilated*, poor fellow, twice in every twenty-four hours. David tells (Psalm vi. 7) how one of his eyes is 'consumed' 'because of grief;' but in the next clause we find that the annihilated eye is only *growing dim* through age! In Psalm xxxi. 9, 10, we have the consumption of the eye again referred to; but we meet here with a far more wonderful phenomenon than that—a man alive and yet complaining that his 'bones are consumed!' In Psalm xxxix. 10 an annihilated man asks to be relieved from annihilation! We read, too, of strangers devouring (annihilating) the land; of Christians warned not to 'bite and devour (annihilate) one another;' of those who 'devour (annihilate) widows' houses.' Five texts are quoted to prove that 'to cut off' means to put out of existence. If that be the meaning of the phrase, surely

Mr. White himself will stand aghast at the result! For in Isaiah lxiii. 8, and Daniel xix. 26 it is predicted that Messiah shall be 'cut off.' In harmony with these predictions, Christ Himself declares that He must *perish* in Jerusalem. Was Christ annihilated? Are all our hopes in Him vain? Perhaps Mr. White would say that Christ was annihilated for those three days while He laid in the grave, only, unfortunately for that theory, Christ says to the dying thief, '*This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!*' Matthew xxiv. 51 shows how a man may be 'cut asunder' and yet *afterwards* 'have his part' with the hypocrites, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.' If it be claimed that the *acts* expressed in the following phrases, 'tear in pieces,' 'break in pieces,' 'grind him to powder,' &c., must be taken literally, we shall also claim that the agent be regarded in the same light, in which case Jehovah will appear as a wild beast of prey and a ponderous block of stone!"

Homiletic Commentary on the Book of Proverbs. No. 7. By the Rev. W. HARRIS. R. D. Dickenson. (Price 1s.)

ONE of the best of the "helps" for preachers with which this age abounds.

The Home World and Sunday School Companion. An Illustrated Religious Family Paper. Vol. I. Part I. June. F. E. LONGLEY. (Price 6d.)

THE contents are very varied. Many of the articles are of considerable interest, but none, so far as we have seen, of great excellence.

The Cornish Biblical Quarterly. By the Rev. W. S. DEWSTOWE. Nos. 1 and 2.

Mr. DEWSTOWE's health having partly failed, he is unable to take any public work, but, as he wields a vigorous pen, we hope he may find a profitable as well as useful sphere of labour in issuing this periodical. It appeals mainly to local preachers, but others also might peruse it with advantage. It can be had from the author, 1, Florence-terrace, Falmouth, for 1s. per quarter, post free, or 3s. 9d. per year, paid in advance.

Our Miscellany.

IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

RESOLUTIONS adopted by the Executive Committee of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State-Patronage and Control.

The Committee, having examined the provisions of the *University Education (Ireland) Bill*, are of opinion:—

1.—"That, while the University to be created by the Bill would professedly be undenominational in character, and aim only at secular results, denominational colleges affiliated to the University would annually receive large sums of public money, in the form of exhibitions, scholarships, and fellowships assigned to their students; of result-fees, payable direct to the colleges; of salaries to college lecturers, and of museums, libraries, and laboratories. The Bill is therefore, practically a scheme for endowing sectarian colleges, in the guise of a measure for endowing a secular University.

2.—"That the primary purpose of the Bill is further shown by the provisions which prevent the affiliation to the University of colleges connected with existing Universities in Ireland, and which disqualify students in such colleges for receiving any of the benefits conferred by the Bill; therefore excluding from the University those who are connected with unsectarian institutions, and, in a corresponding degree, narrowing the constituency, and the spirit, of the new University.

3.—“That, not only would the denominational colleges endowed by the Bill be free from parliamentary supervision, but, while the Queen's University and Colleges are maintained by annual votes in Parliament, the proposed University would be in possession of a permanent endowment, which might amount to a million and a half sterling.

4.—“That an inevitable result of the operation of the measure would be to weaken the Queen's University and Queen's Colleges, the advantages of which are increasingly appreciated, and to give new strength to sectarianism in education; the discouragement of which has been the aim of all recent legislation.

5.—“That, for these reasons, the friends of unsectarian education and the opponents of State-endowments for ecclesiastical purposes should unite in strenuous efforts to prevent the Bill becoming law.”

THE PEACE SOCIETY AND THE ZULU WAR.

THE following address from the committee of the Peace Society to their countrymen has been published, and we should have reproduced it gladly last month if we had had room.

“Countrymen,—Is it not time that public opinion should demand that the bloody and disastrous war in South Africa should be brought to a speedy end? It is a war undertaken, not only without the consent, but against the express wishes and warnings of the Government at home. It is impossible to deny that it is a purely aggressive war. No one pretends that the Zulu King had invaded or attacked British territory or possessions, nor is there a thread of authentic evidence to prove that he intended to do so; while there stands on record the unquestionable fact that for fourteen or fifteen years he has exercised supreme authority in his own country, he has dwelt in peace on our borders, and at our instance abstained even from vindicating his own rights, by force of arms, against the persistent and unjust encroachments of the Boers. ‘The relations of the English and Zulus,’ says Sir Henry Bulwer on the 8th of December, 1877, ‘have always been friendly.’ The war has already cost probably 2,000 British lives, and has carried anguish and desolation into hundreds of British homes. It has occasioned the destruction, as is alleged, of several thousands of Zulus, who were guilty of no offence but defending their own country against an unprovoked invasion. If the war is continued, no one can estimate the sacrifice of human life to which it may lead, and it is shocking to contemplate the atrocities which may be committed on both sides as they become more and more inflamed by mutual hatred and revenge. There is every indication that the war, if unchecked, will take wider proportions every day. Immediately after the arrival of the large reinforcements sent from this country there is a demand for more men and more supplies. The expenditure is growing at so prodigious a rate that the lowest calculations of cost which comes from the colony is ten millions sterling. Ominous signs are not wanting of moodiness and discontent among other tribes, while the attitude of the Transvaal Boers is far from reassuring. And what is the prospect before us? Even if the war prove entirely successful in a material sense, if Cetewayo be defeated and his army dispersed, if his people are exterminated or driven out, and their country confiscated, what will ensue? Why, that we shall be brought into contact with other tribes whose suspicion and hostility will have been sharpened against us by their knowledge of the fate of the Zulus; and beyond them there will be still other tribes actuated by the same feelings, thus opening before us a succession of interminable wars of most ignoble character in remote and barbarous regions, where, instead of being pioneers of civilization and Christianity, our march will be tracked with desolation and blood. The policy of aggression and of fighting to the bitter end is supported with clamorous violence by those among the colonists who covet the land of the Zulus, and who profit so enormously by the expenditure which the war occasions. But the cost in blood, in treasure, in character, falls upon you, countrymen; and it is for you to decide whether you are prepared by your voice to perpetuate indefinitely the hideous and purposeless butchery of human beings now going on in South Africa. It is

believed that the King of the Zulus has made more than one peaceable overture to the British authorities which have hitherto been repelled. But we call upon you, countrymen, in the name of justice and humanity, to interpose your veto against prolonging this war for one day for purposes of revenge or military prestige, or territorial conquest and annexation. There is more involved in this matter than the pecuniary sacrifices before us, though they threaten to be formidable; more even than the fearful havoc on human life and happiness which the war will entail. It concerns the reputation of England as a Christian nation before the face of the world; and it surely behoves us to consider whether by persevering for the gratification of national pride in a policy of violence and blood we may not come into conflict with a Power mightier than our own, against which no nation ever hardened itself and finally prospered."

THE DEATH OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Head-Quarters, Camp Itelzi, June 1.

"I HAVE terrible tidings to give. Prince Napoleon, with Captain Carey, of the Intelligence Department, and an escort of six white volunteers of Beddington's corps, went out this morning eight miles in advance to sketch the site of the next camp. After a short halt near Edutu Kraal, which was believed to be empty, the Prince had just given the word to remount, when a volley was fired at the party from some long grass within thirty yards. Not a single Zulu was seen. Carey reports that the party dispersed at a gallop when the volley was fired. He and one of the escort rode for protection to the hollow about 200 yards away; they escaped safe, and were afterwards rejoined by four men of the escort. The Prince and the other two were never seen again. There was no alternative but the belief that the Prince had perished. His horse without its rider came galloping after, and rejoined Carey's party on the road back. The Prince was always extremely venturesome.

"Carey met Buller and Wood with an escort of three men going to the same place, and turned them back, otherwise they would probably have fallen victims. The grief of the whole column is extreme and profound.

June 2.

"Six troops of cavalry under General Marshall marched out this morning for the purpose of recovering Prince Napoleon's body. They found it in a donga, or gully, 150 yards from the Kraal. It was stripped naked, and lying on the back. There was no bullet wound, but there were 18 assegai stabs, two piercing the body from the chest to the back, two in the side, and one destroying the right eye.

"A locket with hair, medallions, and reliquary was round the neck. The face wore a placid expression. The Prince had evidently ineffectually tried to mount, and the leather of the wallet flap tearing, he then ran along the path to the donga, where he was found. Two troopers lay near, both assegai'd.

"The body, wrapped in a Kaffir blanket, was fetched into the camp, and at five o'clock, in the presence of the whole division, the remains were despatched in an ambulance under a fitting escort towards the rear for transmission home.

"England would seem to have had a sort of fatality in her for the leading members of the house of Bonaparte. In enmity or in friendship the fate seems to have worked itself out all the same. The First Napoleon died our prisoner in St. Helena. The Napoleon who next ascended the Imperial Throne died in England an exile. His son, who would have succeeded to that throne if it were still there to succeed to, has died in a campaign carried on by an English army in South Africa. Of a very miserable war, one of the peculiarly miserable incidents is this loss of a brave young life to no purpose. One is tempted to indulge anew in some of the immemorial reflections on the strange manner in which the destinies of far divided human creatures seem to be knitted together, the mysterious nature of that 'electric chord wherewith we are darkly bound.' A savage King of South Africa, who never perhaps heard the name of even the Great Napoleon, and has no notion of what France is, gets drawn into a quarrel with an English official, and one of the early events in the inglorious war that follows is the extinction of the recognized representative of the throne and the political pretensions of the Bonapartes. End as it will, this wretched Zulu war has already made its mark in history. Personal memories sometimes survive the recollection of events that are broadly national. It may be that when the passing disaster to English arms is little remembered even in this country, a mention of the Zulu campaign of 1879 will bring instantly with it the recollection of Prince Louis Napoleon's death."—*Daily News*.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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MEMOIRS OF MESSRS. W. AND R. BURSTON.

“THE memory of the just is blessed.” “The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.” These, and similar passages, strike the mind when we reflect on the removal by death of some who adorned our denomination by their consistent lives, and who contributed liberally to its support; and whose death occasions a loss that cannot easily be repaired. Among such persons may be reckoned Messrs. WILLIAM and ROBERT BURSTON. The former died December 10th, 1877; the latter July 7th, 1878.

To know these friends was to esteem them. Both were connected with our denomination for many years, in the Kingsbrompton Circuit. They united with us about the year 1848. Our friends had been worshipping by permission in a chapel at Kingsbrompton, which was vacated, and when they had established a cause were very unceremoniously dismissed. This led to the building of a new chapel, the expense of which was chiefly borne by these two brothers and their families. Mr. W. Burston remained in union with us until his removal to Taunton in 1870, when he united with the people among whom he was converted. Mr. R. Burston continued a member with us until his decease. Although the former, when he left the Kingsbrompton Circuit, joined another religious community, yet he continued to evince a lively interest in the prosperity of the people, and gave at his death £200 to be invested for the benefit of the circuit, and £100 to the Bible Christian Missionary Society. Mr. W. Burston was converted in the year 1834, and the following lengthened extracts from a letter

AUGUST, 1879.

A

written in that year, to his parents, will prove the genuineness of his conversion, and the great interest he felt in the spiritual welfare of his relatives. "I now take up my pen to write you on a most important subject—a subject which demands our most serious attention, and on which hangs the eternal welfare of all the fallen sons of Adam. I bless God, my dear friends, that I can inform you all that, through God's Holy Spirit, I have experienced a great change: for which I trust I shall never cease praising and blessing God. I have often, of late, prayed to God to change my hard heart; to take away the stony heart out of my flesh, and to give me a heart of flesh: a heart to feel its own sinfulness, and to fear and love Him. And now I bless and praise His holy name that He has led me to see my sinfulness, to look to Christ for acceptance, and to place my hopes of eternal salvation entirely in Him. For be assured, my dear relatives, there is 'none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved;' nor is there any other way of drawing nigh to God, but through Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. It is my sincere prayer, morning and night, that God would grant you the assistance of His Holy Spirit to convince you of sin, and to point you to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' I can assure you, that when I was brought to see my perishing condition, most of my thoughts were about your eternal welfare, and I prayed to God that He would give you all to feel as I felt, and I determined to write and tell you what the Lord had done for my soul, and to hope that He would do the like for you, if He had not already been so gracious and merciful towards you. The first impression I received of my lost and ruined state as a sinner was only about two months ago. Since then I have felt it more and more, and I often think what an awful circumstance it is that I have spent so many years of my life in a total neglect of God, and of my eternal salvation. Perhaps more years than I may be allowed to spend days again. God only knoweth. But there is one thing which, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have steadfastly resolved to do, namely, to lead a new life, to have a well-grounded faith in God's mercy through Christ, and to ask God to give me to see, more and more, the vanity of all earthly things, and to help me to set my affections on heavenly things, on joys that fade not away. My sincere prayer to God for you is that you may all be led, through divine grace, to that blessed Saviour who stands with open arms to receive you, and whose inviting voice is saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Prayer, be assured, is of the utmost moment; and the greatest consolation which I think a Christian can enjoy here below is, to retire after a day's

toil to pour out his soul before God, and to hold converse with his Maker. My dear relatives, don't think that I write these lines to criticise your conduct, but I write them from the most affectionate and tender regard. Having myself been led, I trust, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living God, my thoughts were immediately towards you, and should these imperfect lines be the means through the Holy Spirit of being useful to you, it would lead me to bless and praise the name of God, to whom be all the glory." We cannot read the foregoing portions without the conviction that our excellent friend experienced a saving change, and that his spiritual concern for his beloved relatives was manifested with becoming tenderness and fidelity. Mr. Burston's Christian communion began with the Independent denomination, and he always greatly respected that community. Although he was a member with us in the Kingsbrompton Circuit, yet on his removal to Taunton he decided to re-unite with the Independent Church. While that decision was to us a matter of regret, we could not but appreciate his recollection of former days; and, as unexpected domestic circumstances had arisen, and his residence was near his old religious friends, who were desirous to receive him, the step he took was no matter of surprise. The following testimonies will prove that the ministers who have laboured on the Kingsbrompton station, and who had ample opportunities of watching the conduct of the deceased, held him in very high esteem:—

Br. TURNER writes: "During the ten years it was my pleasure to know Mr. Burston, his devoted piety, as manifested in the family, in business, and in the church, his strong nonconformist principles, his uncompromising adherence to the religion he professed, his great liberality, and his submission to the will of God under the painful bereavements he endured in the death of his two daughters and his wife, clearly showed the confidence he placed in the wisdom, as well as the goodness, of God. I shall never forget the lessons taught in the letters received from him during these painful trials, and the hope expressed that soon he should meet the loved ones who had been taken from us. I can say with all sincerity that his life was one of the most devoted, and the lustre reflected therefrom the most constant as well as effulgent that I have seen. He truly walked with God."

Br. R. GROSE supplies the following beautiful testimony:—"My acquaintance with Mr. Burston commenced shortly after the Conference of 1867. During my three years' pastorate in the Kingsbrompton Circuit I was frequently at his house, had many opportunities of knowing him as a man of business and a

Christian, and it has never been my privilege to visit a more thoroughly Christian home. The family devotions, which consisted of reading, quoting from memory portions of God's word, singing, and prayer, were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. His business, his household, and his life were governed by Christian principles. Christianity permeated his whole being, and beautified his every-day life. His faith in Christ was intelligent and strong; his confidence in God unshaken; his love for truth intense; therefore his Christian experience was rich. Every department of the cause of God received his strong sympathy and liberal support. He did not give grudgingly, but cheerfully. I remember bringing before him some connexional matter which needed monetary aid: without the least hesitation he gave me £2 towards the object; and when I thanked him for his donation he said, 'I thank you, Mr. Grose, for referring to the matter; it is a privilege to give.' To know him was highly to value his friendship, and desire his company. I loved him as a true friend, and admired him as an illustrious saint. That we were one in Christian sympathy his flowing tears at our last interview, before I left the circuit, was a sufficient evidence. I visited him from Liphook, and have seen him once or twice since. I had hoped to see him again in the flesh, but he has passed into higher regions, and lives a purer life. His heaven has no cloud, his joys no sorrow. He is not lost, but gone before. What David said about his departed child is our language of hope in relation to our departed friend. 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return unto me.' Adieu, dear friend, but not for ever. We shall meet again in the home of the blessed. In heaven the friend will meet the friend again, and in holier fellowship exchange the love and sympathy that blended their hearts in one on earth. O blessed meeting! O glorious re-union!"

Br. COLES, whose acquaintance extended over a lengthened period, speaks in the following manner:—"I first became acquainted with Mr. W. Burston about thirty years ago, and ever since I have esteemed him as one of the excellent of the earth. I well remember the formation of our first society at Kingsbrompton, during the pastorate of Br. Crocker, when Mr. and Mrs. Burston united with the little band. I assisted Br. Crocker at that time in holding special meetings, when several persons professed conversion. Prayer meetings were held at Mr. Burston's house at six o'clock in the morning, and in these meetings our dear brother and his excellent wife were deeply interested. Shortly after this he was called to part with his first wife by death. She was not a babe in Christ, but a mother in Israel, and it was a feast indeed to hear her relate her Christian experience. It was after

his last marriage that I became more intimately acquainted with him and his excellent family, as I travelled nearly three years in the circuit. During that time I was often at his house, and mixed with the family. The servants of God were always kindly entertained by them, and it was no small privilege to hold intercourse with such a family, and to unite in their devotional exercises. As a husband, very few, if any, excelled him; as a father, too, he certainly was behind none, not provoking his children to wrath, but bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and better children a father never had. It was only to know Mr. Burston and his family to respect and love them. God has taken two of his dear daughters to heaven, and long ere this, I have no doubt, they have welcomed their dear parent to the rest which they enjoy. I esteem it not only a privilege, but an honour, to bear some humble testimony to the worth of one who, though dead, yet speaketh. May my last end be like his."

The following extracts from Br. BANWELL's communication are in union with the foregoing:—"He was one of the circuit stewards the three years I was pastor of the Kingsbrompton Circuit. For that office he was well adapted, as he had a kind, agreeable, benevolent disposition, and was apt for business. I esteemed him highly, for he at all times manifested to me sweetness in speech and manner. He was like a pillar in the circuit, fixed on the foundation of Divine truth. His godliness made him cheerful in spirit, and happy in God's service. He was free to converse, and his mouth sent forth refreshing streams for the promotion of spiritual life. His tongue brought great benefit to others, and credit to himself, His lips fed with counsel, comfort, and knowledge. He made others glad, and he had a good name."

Br. G. DANIEL also writes:—"It is with real pleasure that I add my humble testimony to the worth of Mr. Burston as a man and a Christian. Having his house for my home when at Kingsbrompton, up to the time of his leaving for Taunton, it was my privilege to have a somewhat intimate acquaintance with him. From the very first I learned to look upon him as one of the best men it has been my pleasure to know; and I can truly say that the more I knew him, the stronger that impression became. His love for the truth, his firmness to principle, his loyalty to conscience, his liberality to the cause of God, his strict integrity, were, in my opinion, of the very highest order. His submission to the divine will under painful circumstances was another phase of his character worthy of special note. It was during my visits to his house that his two loving and much loved daughters were called away so quickly, one after the other, by death; followed in such a little time by that of

his faithful and devoted wife. But in the midst of those sore bereavements, though one of the fondest of fathers and most affectionate of husbands, a murmuring expression was never heard to escape his lips. Each visitation was regarded by him as a knock at the door, to set his own house in order, and to hold himself in readiness for that summons which should call him to join his loved ones, and to dwell with that Saviour whom he so dearly loved. To a man who conducts himself with so much propriety—in the church, the family, and the world—whose life was so beautiful, and whose faith in Christ, and in the verities of our holy religion, was so strong, death could never come as an enemy, but for him to die was only to ‘depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.’”

The following particulars have been supplied respecting his end :—On Sunday, December 9th, 1877, he attended divine service twice, as usual, and appeared to be in tolerable health, though suffering from a slight cold. He retired to rest at his usual hour, without complaining of feeling unwell, but early the following morning he called his daughter to his bedside, saying he was in great pain, and had been so for about two hours; though he did not like to disturb any one so early. His daughter, seeing that his sufferings were severe, went speedily for the doctor, and the remedies administered gave partial relief, but only for brief intervals. The doctor was skilful, and attended three or four times in the day, calling in a physician in the afternoon; but all human efforts were unavailing. During the forenoon the sufferer remarked to his daughter, “I think that this may be my summons home. I should like to have remained a little longer for your sake, my dear, but if it is my blessed Father’s will to remove me now, I thank Him that I am ready to go.” When the pain was very intense, he remarked, “All this suffering is the effect of sin.” Again he said, speaking to his daughter, “Live to the glory of God; let your light shine before the world.” When asked if he could bear a chapter read to him, as his pangs were so great he at first said no, he could not listen to anything; but when the pain was somewhat lulled, he asked his daughter to read John xiv. He made comments on its preciousness, and requested her to engage in prayer. She did so for a few minutes, entreating the Lord, if it pleased Him, to alleviate her dear father’s sufferings, and restore him speedily. But while thus petitioning for his restoration, she seemed to feel that the summons was gone forth to call his spirit home; she broke down under this sad apprehension, but the dear sufferer was all calmness, all peace, waiting for his departure. It pleased the Lord at last to answer prayer, in removing the pain. The evening of that memorable day was a

time of physical relief, and exhausted nature sank into slumber. When he awoke he seemed free from pain, for which he thanked the Lord; but though his end was not thought by those around him to be so near, he was rapidly sinking. The doctor seeing a change pass over him administered restoratives, but without success. He sank into unconsciousness, and thus passed away, at half-past twelve that same night, without a struggle. So did our merciful Father give His beloved sleep, and took His faithful servant gently to His bosom. He had remarked in the former part of the day (referring to a complaint which, during many years, had often caused him severe pain, but which was ever borne with Christian meekness), "The Lord will not lay more on me than I can bear. He knows my shattered frame can't bear much."

Equally gratifying testimonies have been received respecting Mr. ROBERT BURSTON.

Br. J. DALE writes:—"Having known Mr. Robert Burston for two years, I am happy to say he was a man of God, and of this, his life—in his own house, in the world, and in the church—gave unmistakeable evidence. As the heat of fire is felt by all who approach it, so his deep piety was felt by all those who knew him. A most affectionate husband, a true friend, and a genuine Christian, was Robert Burston. The family altar he never neglected; the house of God he regularly attended; and his earnest prayers will long live in our memory."

Br. SLEEMAN says:—"There is no question in my mind about the eternal security of such a spirit. Our dear deceased friend was a Christian on all sides; and while for him to live was Christ, to die is gain. His steady and constant trust in the Lord Jesus, his love for the word of God and prayer, his great Christian liberality, his deep interest in all the branches of church work, and his wonderful sympathy for all the poor and suffering around him, raised him high in the ranks of Christian life. His death is a great loss to the church, and to the circuit, and there is great need to pray that his mantle may fall on some one else. Those of us who have had the honour of making our home under his roof, and have had an opportunity of observing him, are prepared to testify to his great worth as a Christian; and now that we are brought face to face with the fact of his death, we are led seriously to ask the question, 'What will the church do without him at Kingsbrompton?' But for our dear brother we cannot lament. In him the purposes of redemption are now complete, and the Saviour's prayer is answered, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.' He is beholding the glory of his long-loved Saviour, and in that

there is cause for gladness rather than tears. I call him to remembrance as I knew him on earth, during my term of residence with him, and I also try to picture him now in that heaven about which we used to talk and read so often ; and as I do this, I am led to thank God for the grace that has been magnified in him."

Br. J. HICKS, the pastor of the Kingsbrompton Circuit, writes:—"For the last nine or ten years I have paid frequent visits to the hospitable dwelling of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burston. During that time I have seen much to admire, but in my more frequent visits in the past twelve months that admiration has been greatly deepened. Mr. Robert Burston was a thorough Christian ; religion was with him no sham, but a blessed reality. Some may *talk* about religion more, but very few *lived* religion more, than he did. His peaceable disposition was very observable in all his movements. His consistency of conduct was most striking ; his liberality (encouraged by his much esteemed widow) was great, unostentatious, and cheerful ; and his death, if not so full of rapture as he had desired, was peaceful, hopeful, blissful, and safe. The bereavements produced by his death are the cause of much sadness. This locality is bereaved of a very good man. Our society is bereaved of a devoted member. The ministers of this circuit are bereaved of a warm-hearted, sympathizing, and rare friend. The Missionary Society is bereaved of a large-hearted contributor. And his personal acquaintances have been bereaved of a real friend. Last, but not least, his dear widow has been bereaved of a very kind husband. His love and consistency have rendered the stroke all the more crushing to her. It is our prayer that God may greatly sustain the widow, and finally gather widow, friends, and all, to that country where

‘Death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.’”

The Quarterly Meeting of the Kingsbrompton Circuit passed the following resolution:—"That the members of this meeting tender to Mrs. Robert Burston their deep sympathy in connection with the very painful bereavement she has sustained in the death of her beloved husband. We wish to acknowledge the manifestations of the grace of God in our late brother, in the great consistency of his Christian character, the great geniality of his disposition, the large-hearted liberality with which he supported the cause of God, and the great peace and happiness connected with his death. We earnestly pray that the bereaved widow may be graciously supported by our Heavenly Father the remainder of her pilgrimage, and finally be safely gathered to the glorious rest of heaven."

Mr. Robert Burston was born in the parish of Kingsbrompton, October 1st, 1813. His parents were strictly moral, and the family had a beautiful moral training. But his conversion was occasioned by the visit home of his brother William, who, as we have already seen, after his own conversion, manifested great interest in the spiritual welfare of his relatives. How much good is accomplished by religious earnestness! for most of the family became greatly concerned about salvation, and among them their sister, who afterwards became Mrs. Corner, yielded herself to the Saviour, and died some years since in complete triumph. She and her brother Robert lie side by side in Kingsbrompton churchyard, and we may add concerning them, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Mr. William Burston is buried at Taunton. When Mr. Robert lived at South Greenslade, the preachers were always welcomed to his residence; and when, a few years ago, he came to live at Venn, a farm he had purchased in the same parish, he and Mrs. Burston decided to give a home to the second preacher in the circuit; and almost the last wish expressed by Mr. Burston was that that home must be continued. Some time in the autumn of 1877 he became afflicted with a swelling in his hand, but as it was not painful, and his health had always been remarkably good, no serious fears were realized until about a week before his death. He met Mrs. Hocking at Dulverton Railway Station, on her visit to Kingsbrompton, a few days before his death, and, contrary to his usual custom, talked a great deal during the drive home about his religious feelings. He thought perhaps the Lord was about to take him, though he should be thankful, he said, if it were the Lord's will, to live a little longer, because his wife would be so lonely without him. He had been reading Payson's life, and seemed disappointed because he did not feel the rapture that that eminent saint enjoyed. He wished he had done more for the Saviour, and was greatly troubled by the thought that he had done so little. He was reminded of what the Saviour so beautifully taught, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." When he reached home he seemed better, but the next day was much weaker. The doctor pronounced him to be suffering from heart disease, but as no such suspicion had existed, the revelation was a terrible blow to his devoted wife. His medical attendant thought he might continue two or three years, but he very quickly succumbed. He continued to go out a little every day, and it was hoped the Lord would yet spare him. But on Saturday evening, the 6th of July, after walking a little distance, he seemed quite overcome, and had great difficulty in reaching his bedroom. The next morning he

was just the same, and at noon he became much worse; congestion of the lungs set in—but in the midst of intense pain the sufferer was very placid, and seemed so thankful when some portion of scripture, or some favourite hymn, such as “Rock of Ages,” or “Jesus, Lover of my Soul,” was repeated to him. While John xvii. was being read he exclaimed, “How good! how beautiful!” Intense suffering continued almost to the end. He inquired when Mr. Vanstone—the young preacher who had lived in the house about two years—would return, and seemed disappointed when told he would not be home till about half-past ten; and he passed away a few minutes before he returned. His only earthly anxiety was about his wife, and almost his last word was to request a friend to take care of her. His last utterances were, “The Lord is good,” and “Rock of Ages.” He then, at half-past twelve on Sunday night, July 7th, 1878, gently fell asleep in Jesus, and passed from earth to heaven.

I am sorry these memoirs have been so long delayed, but numerous engagements, and other circumstances, have interfered with their preparation. And as I knew the subjects of these memoirs for many years, I can fully endorse the testimonies which I have recorded. If consistency of deportment, high moral principles, liberality to the cause of Christ, and devotedness to the Master's service, entitle deceased friends to a record in our Magazine, then the two excellent brothers of whom I have written deserve such a distinction. The latter did not long survive the former. They will both live in the esteem of sorrowing friends, Their liberal support of the denomination will long be remembered, and what they did so freely and unostentatiously for the Redeemer's cause will be to them now a perpetual source of celestial gratification. We sorrow not as those without hope. We feel sad because they have been taken from us, but cherish gratitude because their lives were so rich and good. Their labours among us have ceased, but they now enjoy their reward; and those of us who so intimately knew and valued them, anticipate union with them in the paradise of God.

W. J. HOCKING.

THE BIBLE UNDERTONES.

WE love to dwell upon the grandeur and solemnity of Holy Writ; the wonderful prophecies that come from the Old Testament; the crashing music of Ezekiel and Isaiah; the thunders that roll around Sinai, and the sublime strains of melody which form the doxology of that glorious Book. And truly we do well thus to reverence

those imperious tones which for centuries have called men to forsake the perishing things of time and sense, so that their never-dying spirits might lay hold of the things of eternity. There is nothing in the known literature of the world to equal the Bible in its grasp of all that is sonorous, awe-inspiring, or terrible in language. But, as in regard to some splendid execution of music, so is it in reference to the Bible and its many voices. While some are entranced and spell-bound by the thunders of the orchestra, others delight more specially in those soft passages breaking in here and there, filling the eyes with tears, and the heart with feelings profoundly tender and irrepressible. With some it is the full chorus of instrumental power that delights, with others the gentle breathing of the flute, or the mournful cadence of the harp, and there could be no better illustration of our subject than this fact. While some minds love to bow before the terrible or the awful sounds of the Book of God, others listen more frequently for that "still small voice," which is to them the essence of all comfort, the assurance of that peace and joy which they triumphantly rest upon with faith unwavering!

Now there are many holy men who make an error in dwelling too much upon the grave warnings of the Bible, to the exclusion of those undertones of love, mercy, and gentleness, which are the sweetest and best music ever listened to by human ears. God is not the hard, harsh Being that some preachers seem to delight to picture Him. He is the Father of our spirits; the Keeper of our bodies—ever longing to do us good, ever wishing well to us and ours—who from the pages of His Book urges us towards the paths of holiness and truth, in tones more dulcet than mother ever used to her darling babes, with sadness more touching than that mother could ever utter to her lost or erring dear ones. Let us not, then, forget these beautiful undertones of the Bible. True, it is a grand and an awful thing to listen to those magnificent passages which tell of the ways of God, and His marvellous works in nature and grace; to drink in these sublime sentences that discourse of the future, its glories, and never-ending pleasures at God's right hand. We can stand trembling in the very temple of the Holies, and hear the heart-quaking sounds echoing over the sacred mountain, but let us also wait for that sweeter and better voice which importunes the children of sin and sorrow to come boldly to the Cross for help and regeneration. The power and glory of God form a theme inexhaustible; we cannot over-estimate the importance of such a topic, nor too anxiously and reverently gaze up into the face of the Almighty Giver of all good gifts. Yet that powerful Being has also, besides His great and Omnipotent Attributes, the heart of love, He is the very centre and fount of all kindness, gentleness, and mercy, and we must not be deaf to the breathings of His intense compassion, or become so burdened in spirit as not to care for the sweetness of that Bible language which records such qualities of the Divine nature.

We have often felt, when men have been searching here and there for arguments or evidence to support the Bible, that after all

such a search is quite superfluous. The Bible is its own evidence ; in its heart are the proofs of its Divine origin. We need no extraneous proof, nor far-away evidence from dusty manuscripts to verify what it tells us. Its own heavenly tones are the best guarantee that such a voice could only have come first from the unseen world. Where can we find such a wondrous fidelity to human experience, the facts of life and death, or the wants, aspirations, sorrows, despairing remorse of human souls ? We defy the archives of the world to produce a Book that is at once so grand, and yet so tenderly true to the known verities of life, as this one. We have had, it is true, many realistic painters of passion, many poets who have set in verse the essence of mankind's history on this globe, but never one master hand yet that could with a touch so delicate wreathe into forms so lovely the complex materials lying hid in that deep mystery—human life !

We should, then, concern ourselves more with the soft undertones of the Bible, for the listening to them will repay us richly. What passages we might cull from the sacred pages to prove this assertion ! What simple but exquisite delineations of truths universal as the sunlight, descriptive of the pathetic and the sad, coming home with the force of life-like truth ! Scenes there are limned forth in the Bible that defy mortal touch ; they are imperishable by reason of the fact that they are vivid but yet shy and retiring, whilst their character draws our sympathy and love. We have no need to contend for a literal inspiration, word for word. The Bible contains doctrines and spiritual ideas so multiform that they cannot be altogether marred or distorted by defects in language, although of course they may, in some cases, be altogether suppressed. Be sure the undertones of these records of the will of God can never be disintegrated from the swelling symphonies pouring forth the story of Divine love and redemption. So long as we get these tones, so long will they retain the music which from the first they breathed into the eager ears of sinful humanity. Words cannot rob the Bible of its power, any more than Time can touch its far-reaching influences.

It is impossible in this paper to give examples of the undertones running through and mixing with those louder voices that strike our attention more readily. Our readers however will apprehend our motive for writing thus earnestly about them in an age like the present. There is a danger, not so much that we should miss the rolling grandeur of the melodies that carry all before them, but that we should lose the sweet sadness, the refining and subduing tenderness of those gentler strains which die away into silence. Not less necessary however is it to profit by the one equally with the other, since both are sent for our everlasting welfare. The strain of life in modern times seems to have a tendency to obliterate much of that meekness and unselfishness which go to make the truly Christian character the loveable thing it is. Christ insists upon these qualities ; His own life was an eloquent exposition of their force and power in affecting all about us for good. What a thrilling and beautiful record is that which describes His life and death ! Here

are some undertones of this matchless volume in very truth, undertones of exquisite harmony and power! How touching are some of our Saviour's sayings and the stories He employs to convey His Divine lessons of love and mercy to those around Him! "Suffer little children to come unto Me"—there is one of the best of the Bible undertones, a whole volume of poetry and softened feeling in one little sentence! Then read of His sympathy with the suffering; His mercy to the erring; His love to the repentant; His encouragement to the trembling and downcast ones! "Jesus wept!" Another of the exquisite undertones, one that should be whispered gently in the ears of those whose tears are coursing down the cheeks when trial, agony, or bitter regret has racked and tortured past endurance. These two words may be left unheeded by such as are looking only for the imposing and majestic in the pages of the Bible, but yet they are two words of music which bring the Lord of glory down to the side of erring, weak mankind,—locking the Saviour's hand in that of every true believer who is mourning the loved and lost, shedding tears of sorrow over figures vanished to the Unseen!

These gentle undertones are interwoven also with the sterner music; they come in with the martial cry, and we may hear the stringed harp mingling with the stirring trumpet-call that urges men to fight the Lord's battle in the world, against sin and error and all unrighteousness of every kind. Stray touches here and there break in, rays of light from the other world, soft voices mix with stern, rebuking accents, the sweetness of loving woman along with the robust boldness of man. Cherishing tenderness crops up in the midst of stern denunciation, and we may feel the Father's loving hand even where there is grievous chastening. So it is in the marvellous record that God would illustrate human life in its many phases, full of joy and sadness, bright sunshine and gloomy darkness, cruel disappointments, and ecstasies of love and gladness, to illumine the dreary hours that come upon us all too frequently. In the midst of judgment He remembers mercy, and while His anger burns, still His heart beats warm with pity and compassion. The undertone is there even when the louder threatening overwhelms our spirits, and could we but catch its gentle accents they would cheer our drooping energies, for they are instinct with the Divine forgiveness!

Brother, sister, reading these words of ours, do you realise sometimes that this marvellous Book is too hard for you? Do you ponder over the deep sayings, the subtle doctrines, and get lost in wonder, dazed with astonishment? Are you bewildered by the light that blazes around you, confounding your poor limited view? Does the crushing grandeur of the Bible overwhelm you, and make you feel like a puny dwarf in the grasp of a giant; or as one who has endeavoured to sound the depths of the Universe with the paltry fathom-line afforded by human experience and finite knowledge? Have you heard the sublime symphonies which roll forth from the Scripture records, and marked their grandeur, but still felt that it did not touch your heart of hearts, or sink into your inmost soul? O listen now for a while to the Bible's undertones—try to hear the

murmur of Almighty love and mercy, and your soul shall find peace which the world can neither give nor take away! Let the stormy tones pass for awhile, and quietly, eagerly hearken to heaven's own melodies, that speak of God's unrivalled tenderness, His boundless power to save from the depths of degradation; His far-reaching, all-embracing forgiveness! Do not be so far awed by the sterner music as to be incapable of drinking in those sweeter sounds, for they will give assurance and trust, and through your tears of agony and terror you will yet learn to smile up into the face of Heaven as you hear them.

The Bible undertones! O reader, what pen can do justice to such a theme? Harp of archangel, pen of Divine writer, breath of heaven; the whole magnificent chorus of voices which throughout the universe is praising God, these, yet these imperfectly, reveal the depths of meaning that lurk within tones so mystic, but so simply beautiful and clear! Time is too short for us to be able to testify our appreciation of these immortal strains,—strains of melody once silenced, and all is gone that Hope can cling to, or Faith build its firm reliance upon for Time or Eternity. Language is too poor to describe a subject teeming so richly with the mysteries of spiritual grace, finite earnestness too cold to give force and energy to their eloquent pleadings! Sounds of the busy world, noises around us that distract our souls and drown the Bible undertones, O be silent, and let us hear the Saviour's voice, speaking peace and joy to our weary, heavy-laden hearts!

E. CLIFFORD.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF LUKE; OR THE ATONEMENT JUSTIFIED AND REVIEWED.

(Concluded from page 312.)

WHAT THIS REVIEW OF THE ATONEMENT DOES NOT CONTAIN.

It contains nothing which can be fairly used as material for helping to construct any false theory of the Atonement. How many would make the sufferings of Christ those of a witness merely; His death that of a martyr, in confirmation of what He taught in His life—sealing the truth with His own blood. Truth cannot be so sealed. Dying for a principle seals not it, only the faith of him who dies for it, which may yet be false. Fanatics enough have bled; who will say that therefore all their ravings were sealed truths? Truth in general has its own proper evidence, lacking which nothing else will suffice. If what is said wants the usual marks of truth, no marks however made in the body of him who says it can be a substitute for them.

The truths which Christ taught did not require to be sealed with His blood. They had vouchers in prophecies fulfilled, voices from heaven, and miracles wrought, in addition to those they carried in their own nature and effects.

His death was different from a martyr's in that, while He could keep back from it, He yielded up Himself to die, and at the last dismissed His own spirit. He went to the grave with the conscious ability and intention to come back from it again after a short confinement there. Luke xxiv. shows this purpose triumphantly executed. In distinction from all this, martyrs only die because they cannot help it, except by compromising their principles; and they lie down in death to bide there, as regards their bodies, till the resurrection morn. The grand point is this:—Christ had a mission to die: in its crowning intention it was to meet death on the cross, alluding to which He said, "This commandment have I received from my Father." Martyrs have no such commissions. They must indeed die rather than surrender the truth, but not whether they can help it or otherwise,—not die presently to spring forth into life again. None but Jesus ever had so peculiar a charge, and He only for a peculiar purpose.

The crowning proof that Christ died not as the martyr dieth is the amply-attested fact that He did it as the great sin-atonement Victim.

To those who see on the cross, in the endurance of mortal agony, only the illustrious Expositor, not the great Propitiator; the "apostle," but not "the high priest of our profession;" who are struck by the chief circumstances of Calvary as exhibitory, not as expiatory;—to such we say, You have no warrant for such a one-sided view in Luke xxiv. According to Christ's teachings there, His last sufferings were accomplishments of prophecies penetrated and vitalized with the doctrine of atonement for sin. Passing by, for the moment, Moses and the Psalms, we look at the Prophets to which the reviewer so distinctly alludes. How read we in Isaiah liii.? Does not the inspired bard show clearly that Messiah's sufferings were not to come upon Him simply through the rage of sinful men, but also through the agency of His own Father? They would indeed be *through* sin; but the most prominent feature indicated is, that they would be *for* sin. He was to be "*an offering for sin*,"—was to stand in relation to it as the One true Expiatory Victim. The prophet says of Him, "He was wounded *for* our transgressions," &c. He Himself says, "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the prophets concerning me." Isaiah liii. then must be, nay, was fulfilled. This clear fact disproves the idea of mere-martyrdom, and flashes a light which shows the crucified in the character of a Lamb—scapegoat—the true sin-bearing Azazel. What took place on Calvary was not an Exhibition mainly; it was an Expiation. It was the High Priest there more than the Apostle.

Taking away the Sacrifice, there is nothing left but deep gloom. Instead of the sun uprising in a clear morning sky, it is the great orb setting behind huge electric clouds. For angel songs, filling us with rapture, we have the music of demons, making us tremble. We hang our harps upon the willows, give the wild shriek of a breaking heart, and wrap ourselves round with the dark mantle of Despair.

Take from the cross the atoning element, and it would be but a

piece of cruel mockery to talk about its exhibiting the *love of God*, that men may hope and rejoice. *In its grand totality it does that ; the atonement gone*, its name is Ichabod ; it becomes a display of *terribleness*—that only—that up to infinity—terribleness incomparable and most appalling. *Love THERE!* This, minus the atonement, is the one astounding disideratum of Calvary. Love, indeed ! Do I not see the very impersonation of goodness hanging on a kind of gibbet ?—the Sinless suffering ineffably ?—the One most fit to live, who before all others should live, dying a most horrible death ? Does it not look as if He who had lived a life of purity unsullied, benevolence unbounded, displaying noble qualities of all kinds always—showing Himself the “altogether lovely,” is now abandoned as if altogether odious ? Why seemeth there to be *no love for Him* ? Where are the tintings of love to fill His eye, and the tones of love to ring in His ears ? Why hears He around Him only the ragings of demon-inspired men, and sees above Him naught but the blackened heavens ? Providence seems to be gathering a whole array of what sanctions the foul deed perpetrated, seals with approval that mockery and murder. It is as if the very heavens were wishing God-speed to those who are bringing in floods of error and vice by which to sweep clean out of the world all that is right and beautiful and blessed. The great Sufferer Himself feels as if abandoned, and asks, mid a thick gathering of horror, “WHY ?”

AN EXHIBITION OF LOVE ?—

a love which is to beget a million-fold progeny of all good and glorious things ? Why, the very foundations of righteousness are giving way ! The heavens of holiness are coming down with crashings which appal ! Truth, which we thought would never die, is strangled ! Hope, that was to drop pearls of gleaming blessings in showers from her flapping pinions, is stabbed to the heart ! And Love, that was to beam all around us resplendently, ravishing for ever, gives up the ghost !

And is it so, that there is *no atonement there* ? Then rejoice, ye demons of darkness, and abandon yourselves to bitterest wailings, all ye angels of light ! Is it so ? Then cursed be the day that we were born ! and let us fall into the abyss of annihilation rather than into the crushing hands of the God of Calvary ! Is it so ? we ask again. “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,” *it is not so.*

THERE IS ATONEMENT THERE

Back then, my soul, from frightful musings ! from blank despair ! from inevitable damnation ! All that is within us fly back to Calvary, which, as we look that way emerges from transient eclipsings—back to its mingling light, its kindling glories, all flashing out of the Atonement there, as the waters gushing from the smitten Rock.

Reject it whoever will ; repudiate it infatuated men ; and scorn it, deepest hell, with bitterest hate and the fiercest rage ; yet it is immutably, gloriously true, that “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.” Hallelujah ! the Lamb was slain !—“The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

Luke xxv. does not furnish us with *the true theory of the Atonement*. He who made it, and who so ably and blessedly reviewed it, could, had it pleased Him, have laid down the theory of it, and yet He failed to do so. Was not His silence in this, as in certain other matters, intentional? Shall we find fault if, after reading the Master's Review, we must still confess that we know but little of the principles on which His great redeeming work proceeded? God forbid that we should possess the base ingratitude of which that would be a demonstration! Do we not know full well the fact of that work? Have we not clear views of its benefits as intended to accrue to believers? Let us rejoice because of the bright light which flashes around these vital points, and be content cheerfully to hope for the day when we shall be able to see the theory of it too in a flood of glory; able therefore to propound that theory incontrovertibly,—to state so clearly and comprehensively all that underlies the manifold shapings, sparkling glories, breathing, throbbing life of redeeming mercy, that it shall all around meet with unqualified approval and acceptance. Our sympathies are ready to follow with ten thousand amens the cry of many, "*O that it might be now*"!

Very clearly do we see *what a perfect theory would be*—something all swaying, all-harmonizing, like gravitation in the solar system.

The scientific world has had its Newton,

"Pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace His boundless works
Through leaves sublimely simple."

There is wanted to-day a theological Newton—one of the same transcendent genius, sturdy as well as sparkling, perceiving the subtle and grasping with it, shaping it in propositions fitted to make it flow like a radiant tide along the level of the average intellect. The names of some who have written on this unrivalled theme may answer to those of certain famous thinkers who preceded Newton; if so, some other Newtonian spirit may after awhile be among us for analogous achievements. Possibly however many a long year must elapse, and theories many be elaborated first, all the theories thus far containing some of the truth needful to the perfect theory—fragments some, and atoms others. All the constituent parts may not yet have been seen and sentence-belted. Come then the geniuses who shall embody in theories many as needful the portions missing, and then come the all-transcending genius who shall shiver the speculations of his predecessors, take everything true and vital out of the ruins, supply what may still be lacking, and construct the all-satisfying, sublimely simple theory for which the thinking myriads are waiting.

But after all must we not admit that more than human intelligence is requisite for this, and that the honour of doing it may be reserved for the God-man who redeemed the race, and to whom is given "a name which is above every name?" If so, we may have to go into eternity, or stop till the judgment day, for the perfect theory of the Christian Atonement. For the present three things may be pondered to advantage. First,

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A PERFECT THEORY OF THE ATONEMENT IS NOT ESSENTIAL TO
THE ENJOYMENT OF ITS BENEFITS.

Millions to whom the theories of vision and hearing are unknown, enjoy the scenes and songs of Nature. Out of the fourteen hundred millions now inhabiting the globe only a few comparatively know the theory of digestion, yet do the ignorant equally with the informed enjoy their food, and derive strength therefrom for the activities of life. Multitudes who know nothing of philosophical theorizings regarding the mental and moral condition of men, share in the joys of thinking, are conscious of volitions, experience in their varying degrees emotions of pleasure and pain. Without clear ideas of conscience, or the moral sense, they feel bound to respect its dictates, enjoying at intervals its approval, or writhing under its condemnations. In like manner the benefits of the Atonement may be realized, and rejoiced in, though we may never have read in any book, save the New Testament, of that great Golgotha work which satisfied Justice, and prepared the way for the coming of Mercy. No proof of this is needed, so widespread is the consciousness thereof, both in the natural and in the religious world.

Does some one seriously complain because the theory in question is withheld ? We refer him to the

CRITICAL CRIMINAL

yonder as his counterpart. Under peculiarly aggravating circumstances he breaks the laws of his country, and forfeits his life. The case against him is clear, and with due solemnity he is sentenced to death. Remanded to the condemned cell, he has by such a time to be ready for the gallows. Meanwhile steps are being taken for his deliverance, if it can honourably be accomplished. Things proceed favourably, and early on the morning appointed for the execution a messenger, duly accredited, enters the criminal's presence. To that wretched expectant of death he says :

"After all you need not die. By complying with certain terms you may this day return to the bosom of your distressed family."

"What ! shun the disgrace of hanging may I, and live with my loved ones again ? What ! be able to walk up and down my native land once more, like any other honourable man ?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Have you due authority for what you say ?"

"I hold in my hand a Government document, signed and sealed, which states that her most gracious Majesty the Queen is pleased to offer you a full pardon, provided you will comply with the terms herein propounded. See for yourself, and make your choice of life or death."

"The document seems to be genuine. I am thankful for the offer of mercy it contains, and I think I will—accept it, I was going to say ; but stay, I want to know a little more about it first. Whose work is this ? Who set the thing agoing ? what the underlying principles ?"

"I do not know, it is not my business to know ; I have simply to

inform you of the *result*."

"And so you do not know the theory of this merciful dispensation to me?"

"I have nothing whatever to do with the theory of it, neither have you. It is my work just to tell you there is pardon for you if you like to have it. Enough that *something* has been done on your behalf, by virtue of which the offer of life may safely and honourably be given. While the secrets thereof do not transpire, one thing is clear—the *something done is satisfactory to the Government, and ought, therefore, to be satisfactory to you.*"

"So the document you have brought me contains the *offer*, but not the *theory* of pardon, that is, while full of *mercy*, it is full of *mystery* also. Unless I can have the offer and the theory together, I will have nothing to do with it. Mercy with mystery at the back of it I discard with indignation."

"Do you really mean to abide by this decision?"

"Certainly."

"Then certainly you are either a perfect madman, or a consummate fool. You want to get what, under the circumstances, you cannot have. If, theory or no theory, you take the pardon now offered, you will live, and have time enough to inquire about it; but if you cleave to your absurd cavillings, you will die, and lose all chance of getting what you seem to care so much about. I tell you faithfully, you have no time to waste; *the hangman is near at hand; QUICK, IF YOU WOULD LIVE.*"

We must leave complainant to make his own use of this.

WHILE WE HAVE NOT THE FULL BRIGHT LIGHT WE COVET, WE HAVE CERTAIN VERY PRECIOUS GLEAMINGS.

If a new Kingdom is to be founded—a Kingdom of Mercy—one to be builded, established, extended by Mercy, everything appertaining thereto, from the magnificent to the minute, to be touched and tinted with it; if such a Kingdom is to be founded in a world like ours, where Law has been set at naught through the coming from elsewhere in the universe of a great Rebel Chief, then from the nature of things care must be taken to make it safe and honourable. The more we look at it the more essential it appears that mercy, seemingly opposed to, must in reality be accordant with Law—must in all its forms and hues harmonize, even to the excitement of admiration in all careful observers, with truth, purity, and rectitude, the unfailing pillars of the Divine Throne.

Now the Atonement was the grand expedient adopted to secure all this—to make mercy for the guilty *constitutional*—to give the world what it needed, but was unable to win for itself, a *Magna Charta of life-long and everlasting privileges*. We have it—the Great Charter, the finest product of divine philanthropy, sparkling with both the genius and the goodness of Divinity, in all things true to eternal law as law itself. Think of some new and splendid architectural erection. Till now there has been nothing like it. Safety demands that in every part it be true to square and rule. Unrivalled in style and dimensions, it recognizes geometry from base to summit, and by its specialities honours its principles the

more. So must, and so in fact does, the Kingdom of Mercy recognize and give new *eclat* to the geometry of the moral universe. Jeremiah says to Israel, "And thou shalt swear, The Lord liveth, in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness; and the nations shall bless themselves in Him, and in Him shall they glory."—Jer. iv, 2. But if Mercy had been out of harmony with rectitude, then could not this be said; the true statement would be, "The Lord liveth in mercy, and in blunderings, vacillations, and in weakness." That must never be true, and that it might not be the Atonement was made. Tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, proclaim it the wide world over, trumpet it through the starry universe, that, notwithstanding the scheme of salvation, nay, all the more for that, "the Lord liveth in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness." Contradictions are excluded. The harmony which is everywhere else is here too. All is admirably consistent. Compassion in its freest overflowings is, to use the word once more, constitutional. He who said, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many," said likewise, "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil." Paul, the champion of Grace, and of Law as well, speaks of "being justified freely by His grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be *just*, and the *justifier* of him that believeth in Jesus." "Do we make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law."

The Atonement, while legalising mercy for the penitent guilty, *enables us to see the Divine perfections coming into view with new forms and peculiar splendour*. Here as nowhere else the mingling glories of the Godhead blaze forth. This, more than aught besides, shows the wisdom of "the only wise God." In it He hath "abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence."—Eph. i. 8. This was not only for our observance, but for the enlargement of seraphic intelligence. "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and *to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery . . . to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God*."—Eph. iii. 8—10. No other conceivable method is so fitted to check sin, to show it up and set us against it, and wipe out that foul satanic slander which in the beginning led men astray. All around the arch-blasphemer is put to the lie. Jehovah does this by showing Himself not as the foe, but as the friend, of man, bent on his eternal exaltation. By doubting Satan and believing God man also does it, finding to his great joy that as deferring to the subtle foe brought ruin, so turning from him, and trusting with whole-heartedness in the Almighty, are associated with all that is promotive of His highest good. Moreover, angels in light do it by rejoicing over the Gospel scheme and its blessed workings. While devils are confounded

man is both humbled and honoured. Nothing like the Atonement shows on one hand the degradation of human nature, on the other its proper dignity and value. While it required nothing less than the death of God's Son to ransom it, He deemed it worth his while to pay for it so enormous a price. We are not able to think of any other way in which the divine love could be made so to strike and overwhelm the ransomed. Nothing has power to stay, subdue, and sanctify like the Cross. The best weapon this with which to fight the battles of truth. More fitted than aught else is the Gospel to awaken and secure the strongest forces of humanity—gratitude, love, a prevailing sense of obligation: fine working forces these in the hands of the Holy Ghost! "We love Him because He first loved us." "The love of Christ constraineth us." At one sweeping view we see the sinner snatched from the pit's brink, passed stage above stage of elevation, and at length carried by angels to glory. In all such cases how perfect the triumph of goodness over badness! What wisdom was needful to secure in relation to the grand foe so complete and illustrious a retaliation!

The Atonement *makes the most brilliant and affecting displays of the love of God.* "Herein is love," &c. "God so loved the world," &c. In this incomparable, this most astounding fact, "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared." Regards for men appear elsewhere; they shape themselves variously in other departments of Divine operations, but nowhere so distinctly and delightfully as here. *They* are seen the better for *this*, which as the veriest sunshine flings itself out over all. The special love illuminates the general, particularly as it is associated with the proper force and swing of law, due respect for the authority of which is essential to the universal good. To promote that good, Law is maintained. Every enforcement of Law therefore tells that "God is love." And the Atonement, made to meet a difficulty in Law, for the benefit of penitent transgressors, shows impressively that, rather than harm should come to any from the bestowment of mercy on such, the broken Law should take its course in the death of His own Son, who, for that purpose, voluntarily assumed the sinner's nature.

The Atonement gives prominence to Divine Rectitude, as in vital union with wisdom and love. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth"—of fallen angels too—"do right?" If men be forgiven without an Atonement, why not demons also? If to any rebels in the universe mercy be extended, in the absence of satisfactory reasons, would there not be odious appearance of partiality in "the last day?" The death of the Lord Jesus for sin makes the Great King "just" as well as "faithful to forgive." How this will shine forth when all the workings of the Gospel scheme, and all the results thereof, in acceptance or rejection, shall be disclosed! As regards the principles and methods of the Divine procedure, what a clear, justifying lustre will that disclosure flash into the understandings of all created intelligences! How peculiarly and perfectly will it make them all, as with the voice of one, cry,

"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; JUST AND TRUE are all thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

The Atonement brings forth charmingly the Fatherhood of God. O blessed truth! the Supreme Ruler is the Father of men, whose majesty and affection are equal. The august Sovereign is the ancient Sire, with an infinite heart of love.

In short, the Redemptive scheme furnishes an unparalleled display of the glory of God. When the angels rejoiced over the Nativity the burden of their song was, "Glory to God in the highest," &c. There would have been no "glory to God" had any wrong been done in showing mercy to the guilty. If aught of anything aside from truth, or rectitude, or holiness had occurred, then those who rejoiced over the Fall would have rejoiced again, even over the restoration of man. They would boast that while He had saved the sinner He had violated His Constitution; restored inferior rebels, but at the expense of His own character; baffled them, but they had ineffaceably branded Him; and the fact, as arguing defect in Him, would be regarded as their eternal justification. Should the King's greatest enemy have any good reason, or even the semblance of it, for such boastings? No! Never! Blessed be His name. He has so redeemed the race, and made it savable, that the economies, the dispensations of Grace are to the world morally what the rings of Saturn are naturally—special belts of splendour, bespeaking His highest praise.

Our third joy-producing thought is, that,
**THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST HAS A MISSION TO FULFIL FOR THE
 BENEFIT OF TRUTHSEEKERS PROPER.**

He is duly appointed as chief Remembrancer, Unfolder, Expositor of the truth as it is Jesus; in other words, to act as Grand Theological Tutor. Miserable tutors others, however intelligent, without Him! How explicitly all this about the Spirit is propounded! "He shall bring all things to your remembrance," &c. "He shall guide you into all truth." "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you."

The need of this appointment was imperative, the fact of it benignant. In regard to the first agents of Christianity, the Spirit did work, with His own immediate, infallible inspiration. The fulness and force of apostolic sermons, the theological richness and spiritual unction of their writings, together with the whole weight and worth of their character, resulting in ever-wondrous successes, bespeak the agency of the Holy Ghost.

Those fulfillings of His appointment were not exhaustive, but merely initiatory. Unrepealed in the nineteenth century stands that great supplementary mission, essential still to the Son's redemptive mission, if that is to be ultimately crowned with the glory of universal triumph.

The Spirit works now, by means of certain subordinate agencies and instrumentalities—the Word as we read it or hear it read, the ministry of that Word, the experiences of godly people, the

manifold workings of Providence, the changing seasons of the year, dreams and visions of the night, &c., &c.

Moreover, the Spirit works in harmony with the laws of mind—of thought, memory, association, conscience; and the exercise of prayer—the crying of the hungry, thirsty soul for His elucidations—flashings of His own peculiar light.

Prayer being essential, we recommend as models the breathings of the Psalmist:—"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." "Teach me thy statutes." Very suited too is a prayer more modern—

"Lord, that I may learn of thee, give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low, willing Thee alone to know," &c.

S. POLLARD.

THE HOLY CHEST,

HEBREWS ix. 4.

"Of which we cannot now speak particularly," said the author of this epistle. If he had gone into particulars, further exposition would have been needless. What was the lesson taught by this wonderful article of tabernacle furniture? Are we not to look upon it as a picture of Jesus? If the reader does not think so, let him, like the Bereans, "search the Scriptures, whether these things were so."

Let us consider the OUTSIDE. What do we see? A chest, most likely about three feet long, by eighteen inches wide, and eighteen inches deep. It is a box made of common wood, but covered with fine gold; and is not our Jesus both human and divine? Both are there, and you cannot separate them; just as the ark was not perfect, though the right shape and size, till it was covered with fine gold, so Christ could not be Jesus without the gold of divinity. The Jews stumbled here; they were ready to receive a human Messiah, but they would not have anything to do with the divine element. We, however, have been better taught, and look for One anointed to save. Still we do not overlook the wood, though it is covered with gold. It is sweet to know that Christ shares our nature. He passed over the cedar of angelic life, and took the common shittim, the tree of the wilderness. When we think of our sins, we are thankful that our Saviour was divine, and therefore able to save to the uttermost; but when we think of our future, we are glad that we are to spend our eternity with the *Man* Christ Jesus. He is one of ourselves. "It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren."

Do you notice that at each corner there is a ring of gold? What are these rings for? To receive the staves which are passed through the rings. By these gold-covered staves the Levites carried the ark on their shoulders. The holy thing was portable; it went before, and led the people on their march. They were sure to be safe if they went where the ark led them. It would be a blessed thing if the church of God would be persuaded to go only

where Christ would have gone. They would be saved from much temptation; not that God would have us morose and unfit for company. Jesus loved society; He delighted to sit down at the table with His friends, and to accept hospitality, yet He would not have gone where some of His so-called followers show themselves.

But what are these figures which stand at each end of the ark,—winged creatures, whose faces are looking with such earnestness at the gold on the top of the ark? These are the cherubim, the representatives of the angelic world. They gaze with interest upon the mercy-seat. Is it not Jesus who links heaven to earth? We sometimes wonder what angels are like, and how it is that those who never knew pain or sorrow should be so much interested in this world of transgression and tears. We read, “which things the angels desire to look into.” How powerful these beings are; one of them slew thousands in one night: how pure they are; they have never broken the law. What an advantage it will be for us to mix with them, and to spend eternity in their company; and this will be the case, for in Him whom the ark pictured, “the whole family in heaven and earth is named.”

Upon what are the cherubims gazing so intently? Follow the direction of their eyes, and what see you? *There is a spot of blood!* Blood? Yes, blood. Blood on the pure gold? Yes, this ark is the meeting-place between God and man,—the only place where the holy God can be approached by him who represents sinners. The Socinian sneers at us for talking so much about blood. He is so refined that he cannot bear such things. Nay, he is more refined than the Almighty, for God commanded that whenever the high priest approached the mercy-seat, he should bring blood with him. (See Lev. xvi. 14). Just as the cherubim gazed upon the blood which was sprinkled on the gold, so in heaven, to-day, the Saviour is the centre of attraction; and not as the King of Glory, but as a newly-slain victim—“a Lamb as it had been slain.” And if the reader ever stands with those who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, he must come to the mercy-seat, to the appointed place for pardon. Have you been there? If not, come at once. Come and look at the blood which is on the gold. That blood of the Innocent was shed for thee. Thou need’st not fear to meet God in the place He has appointed to look upon the sinner. Gaze upon the ark,—the wood, the gold, the blood,—which is the sacrifice for thy sins, and then thou shalt be able to sing:—

“Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain!
The blood of sprinkling speaks and prays,
All prevalent for guilty man.
Thy blood is still my ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.”

We will now lift the lid of the ark and look INSIDE. What do we see? “*The golden pot.*” A vessel of gold filled with manna! God commanded that a pot of manna should be placed in the ark. Some of the angels’ food was picked up from the ground, and

preserved. There it is, not breeding worms, as all other manna did if kept, but fresh as the first day it was gathered. Does not this teach that in Christ we have spiritual food? Just as the manna fell all the time the children of Israel were in the wilderness, so Jesus is the bread of life to us, all the time that we are on this side Jordan. We shall need the Saviour as long as we are in this sinful world. There is a time coming when we shall hunger no more, but, till then, it is our safety to eat the "bread which came down from heaven."

Have another peep inside, and what meets your gaze? *The rod that budded* (Numb. xvii). Do you remember the story? There had been a rebellion; Korah, Dathan, and Abiram had tried to show that they had as much right to be priest as Aaron. They had been swallowed up, and the next day Moses told the princes to bring their sceptres; each tribe was thus represented. Aaron's name was written on the rod of Levi. They were all laid before the Lord. The next day they were all brought out, and lo, Aaron's rod had received life and bore a crop of almonds as well as blossom! It was a mass of flowers and fruit. By this the people were convinced that Aaron was chosen to be priest, and the rod was kept in the ark. What does this teach us? That in Christ is the true, God-chosen, God-honoured, God-prevalent priesthood. We have numbers of sham priests. There is the priest of idolatry: his sceptre is but a blood-stained club. There was the Jewish priest, but he is a dry stick, there is no life there: all barrenness. There is the Romish priest, but this is a rotten stick; we despair of seeing it bloom with anything but religious fungus. Away with all these shams! Christ is the true priest, and we feel that in Christ we have all we need.

"He entered once the holiest,
And therefore I shall enter,
Who Jesus own,
On Him alone
For full salvation venture;
"The earnest and the witness,
And seal of sins forgiven,
He bought for me—
With purity,
And all the joys of heaven."

Look again. What see you now? "*The tables of the covenant.*" The stones upon which God wrote the law. Not the first tables: they were broken. Moses did not pick up the fragments and patch them together, and put them in the ark. No it was the new, unbroken tables, which were put in the ark. And is not Christ Jesus our righteousness? Do we not glory in the fact that our Substitute was sinless? We have no righteousness to plead, but we have a perfect Saviour. Our efforts at reformation are but a clumsy piecing of the broken tables, but in Christ we have a perfect law. The blood of the covenant is what we rejoice over. *Innocent blood on an unbroken law!*

It would be an interesting theme to dwell upon *the history of the ark*. How it was bound up with the success of the friends of God. Wherever it went it meant destruction to the foes of the Almighty. When Jericho was to be taken, the ark of the Lord

was carried round the doomed city. Nothing could stand before it. Perhaps some of my readers may remind me of the time when the ark was taken by the Philistines. Yes, but God had no greater foes that day than the men who carried the ark to the battle. (Sam. iv. 4). They would not have been in the battle but for the ark which took them to death! The enemies of God had but scant cause for triumph. Dagon was cast down before the ark, and the plagues which came made the Philistines more glad to see the last of the ark than they had been to secure it. Yes, our success is here. If Jesus be with us, we shall win the day. If He is not in our place, we fail. Rams' horns, with the ark, do more than silver trumpets without it.

And in the last great struggle, when we cross the dark, bridgeless river, we shall need Christ, and if He is with us, all is well. Jordan was on a flood the day the Israelites crossed to the land of promise. What was to be done? The ark was brought, and as the priests' feet touched the swift stream the waters divided, and there was a passage for all,—old and young, the strong and the weak, the active youth and the lame man on his crutches, all passed over. Not till the last of the chosen ones had crossed, was the ark removed. And so now, our Jesus keeps the way. Fear not, poor pilgrim, for as thou passest over, louder than the roar of the torrent thou shalt hear a voice from the ark saying,—

“They shall not overflow thee.”

—*New Coins from Old Gold.*

MR. THORPE AND THE THREE TEXTS.

THE following narrative relates to a remarkable incident which occurred in the life and during the ministry of the late Mr. Thorpe, who for several years was an eminently useful dissenting minister in Bristol.

After Mr. Thorpe's death, his son was anxious to collect all the information he could respecting the labours of his father during the early years of his ministry in various parts, and for this purpose he visited several places. On one occasion he went to a small village, and was directed to a cottage, where it was thought he could get some information. He went and knocked at the door, and was soon requested by a voice from within to enter; he opened the door, and there he saw seated by the fireside a remarkable-looking old man, with spectacles on, and a large Bible open before him.

Mr. Thorpe saw the old man looking most intently at him before he spoke. Mr. Thorpe then told him his name and the object of his visit. The old man soon asked him to sit down, and he would tell him what he could.

“So many years ago a'thout one Sunday, I'd gang to church, t'were a long toime sin I wor in a church, so I got Tit out at stable, and off. When a got tut place, a put Tit up at public, and took a

walk down tut brig, as a were too soon for church. When a got there a seed a man, and a said tull him, a cum here tut church, but a'se o'er soon. Oh, says he, there's no church this morning, but there's a man as comes ivery Sunday to preach in a house yonder, among yon trees; so a thout as a had cum a'd go and hear him. When he cummed in they began to sing. I thout it were varry noice. He prayed, and then g'ied out his text, and what do ye think it wur, sir?—'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.' Whoy, a' thout, what a queer thing this is; a' bin warking so manny years uppo t'roads and t'hedges, and nobody niver axed me to come in. Howsomever he soon telled us what it meant, and a' thout what a sinner a'd bin, and what a loife a'd lived. So arter preaching a went tut public and got Tit, and went whoam and a says to Betty, Betty, go and fetch t' large Bible down stairs. 'Whoy Johnny, whativer dost ta want wi that?' A says 'W'ere all wrang, Betty.' 'All wrang, Johnny, whoy, if thou is'nt reet, a donna know who is, for thou niver did anybody no wrong.' 'But we *are* wrong, Betty, and preacher said so, and it's true.' So, sur, all t'week a prayed and cried to the Lord. Saturday cummed, and a went tut market and bought a pilly-seat to put upo' Tit, so as Betty could ride behoind, and gang wi me a Sunday. So when a cummed whoam, a says, Betty, see what nice pilly ase bought. 'Whoy, Johnny, tis a noice one.' So a Sunday morning a got Tit out and put pilly-seat on, and all ready, and then says, Noo, Betty, thou mun gang wi me to this preaching. 'Nay, Johnny, a sure a can't.' 'But see, Betty, what a noice pilly seat.' 'A know that, but a can't go.' 'Weel, Betty, ye mun gang this toime.' 'Weel, then, a'll gang this wunce, Johnny.' So Betty got up beheend me, and we went off, put Tit up at public, and went down tut preaching place, and t'were same man agin; but, oh, sur, what d' ye think text were? 'For what knowest thou, oh wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband, or how knowest thou, oh man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?' A looked at preacher and then at Betty, and by-and-by a saw a big tear upo' Betty's cheek, and a wur glad. Arter preaching we got Tit and set off whoam. Betty niver spoke a word for a long toime: at last she says, 'A see, Johnny, yo were reet, we are all wrang; so we read and talked, and Betty says at neet, 'We mun pray, Johnny,' and Betty cried and prayed. We prayed together, and we had su' a happy neet, 'cause we found the Lord; but, oh, Betty did pray for our poor Tom, he wur a varry bad lad, sur, and often vexed us varry much; we thought if we could but get him to go, what a blessing t'would be. So a Sunday we axed him to gang wi' us, but he soon said, 'Nay, not soa; a wheant gang to sich places.' He wur a varry bad 'un, sur, but there were one good thing aboot him, he loved his mother; and when his poor mother cried 'cause he wad na' gang wi' us, Tom says, 'Nay, mother, if thou make sich a blubbering aboot it, a'm sure a'll gang wi ye': so Betty and me got upo' Tit, and Tom walked at roadside. We put Tit up, and went down tut preaching place. Tom sat afore us; t'were same preacher agin, but when he

gied out his text a' thout somebody must a tell'd him, but then nobody knew ought about it. A looked at Betty and Betty at me, and then at Tom. Tom looked at preacher, and tears begun to run down poor Tom's face: th' text were this—'A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish man despiseth his mother': and arter all was done we went whoam. Tom nivver spoke a word all t' way, but when we got whoam Tom says, 'Oh, Father, a bin a varry bad lad; will God forgive me? will yo' forgive me?' He stopped in all day, sur, and neet, too, sur, and we are a happy family, sarving the Lord, and striving to get to heaven; and a thout, sur, when a see'd you cum in at that door, and ston here afore yew spoke, it mun be your faither cum to loife agin."—*Sword and Trowel*.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

THE PRAYING WIDOW.—MRS. MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE compiler was intimate with Mrs. Williams for over twenty years, and knew her for a much longer period. On the many occasions of our intercourse those matters which are of greatest interest to the children of God have been, chiefly, the themes of our conversation. The displays of providence and grace that she had experienced have been often reviewed, and have as often excited in my mind feelings of wonder and thankfulness. When I first suggested the propriety of publishing some of the incidents of her religious life, she strongly objected thereto, on the ground that she might appear to seek the praise or commendation of men, to which, she declared, she had no title whatever. She was willing for me to publicly use certain facts in proof of the efficacy of prayer, on condition that her name should not be revealed. But after long delay, and repeated and urgent solicitations, she consented to the publication of what is contained in the following pages, solely for the purpose of glorifying the grace of God. The narrative is given as nearly as possible in her own words, and many portions thereof as described by her own pen.

In the hope that this record of mercy and deliverance may stimulate many to pray in faith, and encourage them to trust in God implicitly, under every possible circumstance, it is presented to the reader.

I. EARLY LIFE.

MARIA WILLIAMS was born at St. Austell, in the county of Cornwall, in 1811. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colmer, were at that time living in sin and spiritual darkness. Her father was a smuggler and a drunkard. He had, however, at some period been privileged to hear the Word of Life preached by the revered Dr. Adam Clarke; and either during the time of that eminent man's

ministry in St. Austell, or on the occasion of one of his visits there, he felt the power of the Gospel, and professed conversion to Christ. But he was a "double-minded man, unstable in all his ways," and therefore did "not excel." Her mother was a kind, gentle, and patient woman, and had some reverence for God and good things; but of her real spiritual condition the writer knows nothing.

Concerning this period of her life Mrs. Williams states, "I believe that from my earliest years I felt that God heard and answered prayer. Though I had never been taught to pray at my mother's knee, nor even on my own knees, yet I knew it to be consistent and beneficial habitually to call upon God. All that I was taught was the creed, the Lord's Prayer, and some of Watts's hymns; and these were rehearsed in bed. I believed God heard me and was pleased, and that He would take care of me. Once I remember in particular being in the house with only a baby brother about two years old, I being a little older. When bedtime came it was a great trial to us both. I was told to go to bed before dark, which I did; and when in bed I hushed the child and told him I would say my prayers and then God would take care of us. This I did; all fear was taken away, and I lay there as happy as if the house had been full of our friends. O! I have many times since wished I could feel as safe as I did then.

"As I grew older and loved sin I could never go to sleep without imploring pardon, and entreating God to spare me and not take me away in my iniquity. Such being my feelings in childhood, I think it not wonderful that when I became converted, and, through Jesus Christ, could call God my Father, that I should go to Him with a child's simple confidence, ask for the things which concerned my peace, and believe that He would give them unto me. Blessed be His name I never asked in vain! Not that I have lived very closely to God, far from it, but I have ever trusted in Him. This has been the secret of my strength amidst great weakness. Thus my soul has gloried in Divine goodness day by day during the greater part of my life. When I have sought the Lord, fully trusting in Him, I have always obtained what I required, simply because I have confided in Him. God is ever pleased to relieve the trusting soul, and to answer believing prayer. I have often felt that I should like to proclaim aloud the words of the Psalmist, 'Trust in Him at all times, ye people,' having proved that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man."

While yet very young, Maria, on account of her pleasing manners and prepossessing appearance, became introduced to many gay and worldly persons. She was a great favourite with the trifling and "giddy multitude," and her company was much sought after. Dancing and card-playing absorbed much of her time, as did also the reading of books of romance. The memory of those practices troubled her afterwards, and added strength to many temptations which assailed her in after life.

II. CONVERSION.

During a period extending over half a century the Bible

Christians have held religious services in St. Austell, and the Society there has, from the commencement, been numerous and prosperous. The men of God who have succeeded each other as pastors on that station have almost without exception witnessed "revivals" there, and it is believed that Zion chapel has been the scene of thousands of conversions. Here Mrs. Williams and her elder sister became regular attendants while very young. Relative to the great change experienced in conversion she observes—"I was brought from darkness to light when about fourteen years of age." Her first serious impressions were occasioned through an alarming affliction that befell her sister, lasting seven weeks, and threatening to be fatal. This young woman was beautiful and proud, but while enduring her dreadful sufferings, and anticipating death, she became greatly terrified. Her hair, which had usually hung in graceful ringlets, she ruthlessly cut off and burned in her chamber, at the same time solemnly cautioning her younger sister not to imitate her example in respect to her gay and fashionable mode of dress. This scene was the means of producing conviction for sin in Mrs. Williams's mind, and led to her deep repentance. The advice and prayers of the people at Zion chapel were then of great service to her; she was soon enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ unto salvation, and her soul was filled with peace and joy. Thenceforward she lived "in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

Within a few years after her conversion a diabolical attempt was made to effect her ruin. A gentleman, filling one of the chief public offices in the town of St. Austell, sought to effect her downfall. The particulars of the plan he devised, and the imminent danger to which she was exposed, she has described to a few confidential friends, but cannot be fully told here. The faithful God who has promised to deliver His children "in the day of trouble" interposed in a truly wonderful manner for the rescue of His distressed child. Her preservation was as complete, and, the writer believes, as truly miraculous as the deliverance of Daniel from the den of lions, or of his companions from the burning fiery furnace. She cried unto the Lord in the moment of her agonising peril, and though the alarm resulted in a severe illness, yet her defence was sure, and in the Divine pavilion her protection and security were perfect.

"Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence."

III. FIRST FRUITS.

The newly-born child of God has not to wait long for manifestations of the Father's regard and faithfulness. Mrs. Williams says,—“The first time I received a special answer to prayer was when I had been converted about three months. My sister's husband lay ill of a fever, and there was no hope for him in regard to either body or soul. He had lived a careless life, was a mocker of all that was good, and now he lay quite unconscious of his danger. I went to see him, and, beholding his awful

condition, my heart ached for him. Telling my sister to lie down, I said that I would watch by him. She did so, and I was alone with him and my heavenly Father. I went on my knees and entreated the only Saviour to save him. This was my heart's cry—'Oh! save his soul.' How long I had knelt I do not know, but not very long, before he began to move. I got up softly, and sat still near him, having a Bible in my hand. Just as I was beginning to open it he said, 'Who is there?' 'I am here,' I said, and rose up and looked upon him. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'I have the Bible, I replied. 'Read it to me,' he said. I then opened it at the Book of Job, and read a portion of the fourteenth chapter. When I had read a few verses he burst into tears, and said, 'Oh, my dear, pray for me.' I said, 'I do pray for you.' He cried, 'Oh, pray *with* me; I am lost, lost!' 'Oh, no, not now,' I said, 'you will be saved. I cannot pray with you, but I will get some one who will.' Away I ran, my heart being full of intense gratitude, almost frightened at the quick answer I had received to my prayer. I got a minister to come to him, and he pointed him to Jesus. He was saved, body and soul, lived for many years, and witnessed a good confession. It was the Lord's doing, and to Him be all praise given.

[*To be continued.*]

MR. RICHARD MAUND,
OF LONDON.

OUR Society at Jubilee has sustained a great loss in the death of this excellent friend. The writer preached a funeral sermon in Jubilee chapel, on Sunday evening, June 15th, from Matt. xxv. 21. A large congregation gathered, and the service was of the most impressive character. The short paper which was read at the close of the service, Mr. Braund's many friends will peruse with interest, and as a humble and imperfect, but sincere tribute to a "good and faithful servant" of Jesus Christ, it is, at the suggestion of friends, placed on record here.

"I am unable to furnish you with many particulars respecting our dear friend, but it is not necessary, as you all know so well his manner of life. He was born in London in the year 1811; and for the long period of 43 or 44 years, it may be truly said he was one of our most devoted and liberal friends, and one of our most consistent and useful members. I say this advisedly, because, though a man of few words, he was noble in his deeds. Of the particulars of his conversion I am not able to speak; partly because of his natural reticence, and partly because it occurred so long ago that there are but few left to tell the tale. But the reality of that change none who knew him can for a moment doubt. Such was his Christian simplicity and sincerity, that we can hardly think of him as ever being any other than a good man; but the things of God were not even to him always sacred and precious. The simple circumstance of a tract being thrown to him out of a carriage window had, it is believed, something to do with the decision to

which he was enabled by divine grace to come to serve the Lord Christ. And the wise choice once made it was never repented of. For several years he filled with acceptance and usefulness important offices in this church. As the Superintendent of the Sunday-school he won as but few have done the affection of the children and the confidence of the teachers. As the Treasurer of the Benevolent Society, which office he filled for many years, and until his death, he found a sphere well adapted to his natural tastes, and his acquired and divinely-bestowed graces. His kindness of heart was proverbial. But few told him a tale of suffering and want in vain. The Lord, of late years, has greatly blessed him in his circumstances, but he was a man of a large heart and of a liberal spirit, rather than of large means, and by conscientiously devoting regularly a certain proportion of his income to charitable and religious purposes, he was able to gratify, not to the full but in a good and even in an eminent degree, the benevolent and generous instincts of a naturally kind heart, heightened and perfected by grace divine. There was a marked individuality in Mr. Maund; he devised his own methods of doing good, and Christian enterprises somewhat out of the ordinary rut, and which had some novelty or originality to recommend them soonest attracted his attention, and most fully commanded his sympathy. Loans without interest to persons in needy circumstances, providing a barrow for a costermonger, a little stock for a pedlar, presents of tea and sugar at Christmas, such as would make a widow's heart sing for joy, or brighten the home of an old Christian couple, and filling his pockets with packets of sweets for the children—their happiness at their unexpected good luck being to him a sufficient reward—may serve to indicate some of the channels into which he made his benevolence to flow, while never, so far as I know, overlooking the regular currents which he fed with no niggardly hand. *His giving was a part of his religion.* If all were to follow his example, the treasury of the Lord would be full to overflowing, and no good cause would languish for want of funds. I have reason for saying that his contribution was silently and prayerfully placed in the weckly offering boxes as regularly as he used to worship with God's people, and his place was never vacant so long as he was able to be present with us. To the funds of this chapel he contributed as unostentatiously as the humblest and more largely than has any other friend. His last contribution was a donation of £5, reported at the anniversary two or three weeks since, and when he gave me the money he said with much feeling, *it is the last.* Public institutions, such as the Aged Pilgrims' Society, the Home for Cripples, the School for Orphans, he supported for many years, and interested himself in their working with good effect, as many an aged Christian, helpless cripple, and orphan child can testify,—many of whom will rise up and call him blessed. For several months before his death he suffered much from a painful and obscure disease in the neck and throat, said to be cancer, and I think the last time he was with us, certainly the last time on a week-day, was the anniversary of his favourite and much loved

Benevolent Society, when he spoke with much energy and freedom, but of himself as "a marked man." There was but little, perhaps no hope of recovery from the first, and he appeared to know that he had got "the sentence of death in himself." I saw him not so often as I could wish, but still many times during the last six or seven months of his life. His mind throughout that trying and painful period was kept in perfect peace. The *kindness* of his friends, and the *lovingkindness* of the Lord, made his cup to overflow with gratitude and joy. "It is beautiful, beautiful," he often said. "My children and all are so kind, and God is so good." He said more than once, "I have not that rapture of which I have heard some speak, and never had, but my trust is in Christ, and I have *peace, PEACE*." When hardly able to get out, he visited, the last time he left his home, an aged member of this church in whom he long took the deepest interest. His strength continued to decrease; the disease to make progress; till at length he was almost unable to take any nourishment, or to hold converse with his friends. How helpless all felt can be easily imagined! We could only commend him to God in prayer. This we did, and He heard us. He hallowed our intercourse with his presence, and cheered our hearts with the hope of reunion in that bright world where pain and sickness are unknown. On Tuesday, May 20th, the end came, his spirit, after a struggle, passing at last peacefully away to be with Christ. He was buried at Ilford cemetery on the following Monday, and the large number of friends who gathered in so spontaneous a manner on that occasion was one of the noblest tributes ever paid to the memory of a good man, whose name will be precious and fragrant to many while life lasts.

The address at the funeral was based on the words, "patient continuance in well doing," which I regard as descriptive of his character and life. In no respect was this patient perseverance more nobly illustrated than in his warm and steady attachment to the people of his choice through evil as well as through good report; dark and cloudy days, and periods of depression, making no difference to him, except that they became the occasion, and furnished the reason for his showing a deeper sympathy for the church, clinging to it with a firmer grasp, and making him more determined to work for its true success.

May the brightness of his example and the beauty of his character be a source of joy and an incentive to effort to all of us, that we too may at last hear the Master say,—

"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

F. W. BOURNE.

District Meetings.

VICTORIA.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—For the information and encouragement of your numerous readers, and the supporters of our Home and Foreign Missions, I

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send you an epitome of the nineteenth District meeting held in Armstrong-street Church, Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. Its sittings commenced on Thursday, February 20th, 1879. It consisted of sixteen ministers and ten representatives. The retiring chairman, Br. Joseph Teague, delivered an effective address, in which he spoke of the kindness, sympathy, and co-operation he had received from the brethren, during his three years of office, the success financially and numerically realized; and he most sincerely hoped that his worthy successor, Br. Hosken, would experience a much larger degree of prosperity. The newly appointed chairman, in his happy way, expressed the pleasure it afforded him to live in the confidence of his brethren, and assured them that he would, to the best of his abilities, discharge the duties of his office; and that he was confident that the brethren would accord to him their hearty co-operation. Br. F. Lockwood was appointed secretary, and T. E. Keen, journal secretary. On inquiry, it was found that all the ministers had maintained unblemished characters. The statistical and numerical accounts, considering the many deaths, removals, and the present mining depression of the Colony, are of a satisfactory character. Quarter-board, and Missionary receipts respectively £2173 1s. 9d. and £779 4s. 6d. Total £2952 6s. 3d., being an increase on the previous year of £68 4s. 7d. There is an increase of 103 members, one minister, five local preachers, three new churches, two preaching places, and two Sabbath schools. It is very pleasing to learn that the new and large district of which Horsham is the central town, has been so successfully worked by Bro. F. Lockwood, its first stationed minister there. After labouring there for four years, a special request was made by Horsham Quarterly meeting for his appointment the fifth year. To make the appeal a success, they sent as their representative, R. Clark, Esq., M.L.A.; a lively debate on this matter ensued; and arguments *pro* and *con* were advanced; but it terminated in favour of the petition. Having a knowledge of that district, I must say that Br. F. Lockwood must have become almost insensible to heat, mud, and water, in having consented to such an appointment; for in the summer the Horsham district is like an oven, and in the winter might be well compared to a quagmire. May the Head of the Church abundantly bless him and his labours. We are pleased to notice that a second minister is appointed to labour in that large and promising field. Woods-point is without a minister; but is not destitute of the gospel; for our good Br. Thorne (a local preacher) keeps the place open, and preaches the Word of Life. Very strong regret was felt by the brethren in being compelled to take farewell of Br. T. E. Keen, the senior minister in the Colony, who has gone to labour in South Australia. Br. Keen's ministerial career in Victoria has been highly satisfactory; and in every circuit he has laboured, success, more or less, has been realized. His removal will be a great loss to Victoria; but we trust his usefulness will be none the less where he has gone. Br. J. Chenhall, a young man of twenty-five summers, and of considerable promise, having completed his term of probation, was recommended to the English Conference as a suitable person to be received into Full Connexion. The ex-chairman was to give the address to the young brother; but being taken ill during the sittings, the duty fell on Br. Hosken. Although without previous preparation, the charge is described as being "brilliant, manly, and impressive." No wonder, for it is said, "many hearts were beating in unison to heaven, that the Spirit might be given largely to the speaker to aid him in his solemn duty." And it was thought (and we think so too), "that the Spirit does still in a secondary sense inspire His ministers." Would our praying people only hear with praying hearts, as well as intelligent minds, there would be more inspiration in our sermons; then should we hear one saying to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" At last the large Goulburn District is taken up by our brethren, and they have appointed, we think, the right man as its first minister. J. Orchard will, if he is now what he was when I saw him last, be prepared to ride fifty miles on the Sabbath, and preach thrice. We pray that his health may be continued, and that glorious success may attend his work of faith and labour of love. He has marked out a large amount of work for himself. I doubt not that, by next District meeting, he will have opened places enough to employ two more ministers, if they can be had, and will pay their salaries. Who will go? The Book-room department is in a highly prosperous condition. The chapel report presents an encouraging aspect. During the last four years, twenty-one chapels, and one minister's residence have been erected; costing upwards of

£4,000, yet the aggregate debt on securities, is less now than then, by £679. The missionary tea and meeting were held in the large Alfred Hall; which was built for the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh; and in which 8,000 Sabbath-school children assembled to see and hear Prince Alfred. About 300 persons took tea; and a great crowd attended the meeting. Br. Orchard read the report, and able and spirited addresses were delivered by the Brethren Bettiss, Keen, and Lockwood. The meeting, which went off so successfully, reflects great credit on the ministers of the circuit, and the Ballarat friends; for it was well planned, energetically carried out, and concluded with honour, profit, and satisfaction. During the sittings a kind and complimentary letter was received from his Honor S. J. Way, Chief Justice of South Australia. The session closed on Thursday the 27th, and was considered one of the most happy and successful held in the Colony.

J. TONKIN.

FALMOUTH.—The annual meeting of the ministers and representatives of this District was held in the newly-erected chapel, High-street, Penzance, which, with the school-room and vestries attached, afforded every accommodation and convenience. Fourteen ministers, and seven laymen were present, and were welcomed most cordially by Br. W. Gilbert, the respected chairman of the District. Brs. J. Dingle and J. H. Batt were elected secretaries, and Br. E. Turner, journal secretary. The annual returns showed a state of things which occasioned deep feelings of regret. In almost every department there was a decrease. In the District there are 14 ministers, 142 local preachers, 2,690 members, 1,333 teachers, and 4,753 scholars, being a decrease of 271 members, 110 teachers, and 253 scholars. The financial returns showed a falling off in Missionary receipts of £51 11s. 7d.; and £43 1s. 11d. less was paid to Quarter-board. The various Connexional funds had also suffered. Still it was felt that the sympathy and liberality of our friends were never greater than now, and that a return of commercial prosperity would speedily be followed by an increase in every department. The report of Br. E. Turner, chapel secretary, showed nothing of special importance—the returns of Penzance new chapel not being included this year. In considering the spiritual state of the circuits there was a long and earnest conversation in which sacerdotalism, commercial depression, neglect of the social means of grace, and the difficulty in some circuits of supplying the pulpits, were adverted to as affecting spiritual progress. But it was most felt that there was a sad lack of spirituality. Several changes will take place in the working of the circuits. Owing to financial difficulties, St. Just, and Redruth and Camborne, asked for one preacher only; but Penzance and Hicks' Mill each made request for an additional minister. To strengthen St. Ives it was proposed that two places of the Breage Circuit be attached thereto. The brethren R. Westington and R. Vaughan, finding themselves physically unable to take full work, made application to become superannuated. The young men on probation—Brs. M. Hoare, J. C. Barfett, and W. Ellis—worked hard at their examination papers and were, by the unanimous vote of the meeting, passed on to their next year.

The following public services were held during the sittings of the District meeting. On Tuesday evening, Br. R. Westington preached from 1 Cor. viii. 3. We were shown what was included in loving God, and the consolations and encouragements we enjoy from the fact that if we love God we are known of Him. On Wednesday morning at 6.30, Br. J. C. Barfett was the preacher, the text being John ix. 4. In the evening, Br. S. Pollard preached the sermon to the District meeting, and selected for his text two portions of scripture: Ex. xxiv. 8-11, and Isa. vi. 1-8. The subject dealt with was "Purity in some of its most important relations." As the publication of the sermon was subsequently requested, and will probably appear in the Magazine, we refrain from giving an outline of the same. The good brother was evidently greatly helped by the Holy Spirit, and the service was one of power. Our hearts felt a very gracious and hallowed influence, and we were much strengthened and rejoiced. Br. M. Hoare occupied the pulpit on Thursday morning, and preached a generally appreciated sermon from Hosea xiv. 5, 6. In the afternoon, a meeting was held for the relation of Christian experience and the celebration of the Lord's Supper; a holy and blessed influence was enjoyed. A public tea followed, and in the evening the closing meeting was held under the presidency of Br. W. Gilbert. Br. J. Dingle spoke first on "Religious liberty;" then Br. J. Luke on "Christian manliness"; the topic of Br. J. H. Batt

was "The power and province of sacred song," and Br. E. Turner followed with a speech on "The power of influence." The meeting was a good one, and each speaker did well. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Penzance friends for their kindness and hospitality. This District meeting was a very enjoyable and happy one, and the brethren returned to their respective stations feeling strengthened by their intercourse with one another.

J. L.

BODMIN.—The ministers and representatives of this District assembled at St. Austell on Tuesday, June 24th, for the transaction of business. All the circuits were fully represented, and under the able presidency of Mr. W. J. Hocking, the different sittings passed off very pleasantly. On the Tuesday afternoon the probationers were supplied with their examination papers. On Wednesday morning the meeting was organised and the following brethren elected to office:—T. E. Mundy, secretary; J. Speare, journal secretary; W. Brown and W. Jeffery, reporters. In examining the returns we were sorry to find there was a decrease of members. The Circuit and Missionary funds, considering the great commercial depression in the district, were well sustained; but the Chapel, Educational, and Worn-Out Preachers' funds show a slight decrease. We earnestly hope with the dawn of commercial prosperity we shall be able to report an increase in all our Connexional funds.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

Br. W. Smith, who has been laid aside nearly the whole of the year, was present, and we were pleased to find somewhat better, but not sufficiently restored to take a circuit in the coming year. A resolution was passed sympathising with him in his protracted affliction, and recommending the Conference, to set him down as a supernumerary for one year. Br. J. Tonkin was also present (though his appearance indicated that mission work in Australia had made great demands on his strength), and there was a resolution sympathising with him in his painful affliction and bereavement, with a hope that his health may be restored and his valuable labours retained for the Connexion.

PROBATIONERS AND CANDIDATES.

On Thursday morning the Brethren V. H. Culliford, T. H. Carthew, and W. T. Ennor were subjected to an examination concerning their studies in the past year, the result of which was very satisfactory. Their essays, parts of which were read and criticised, were very creditable productions. As Br. Culliford had completed his probation, he was recommended as a suitable person to be received into Full Connexion. The Brethren Carthew and Ennor were passed on to their third and second years of probation. Two young brethren, J. Ham and H. Mably, after being examined, were heartily recommended as suitable candidates for the ministry. Br. Smeethe, who had been taking Br. Smith's work, and had given general satisfaction in the Bodmin Circuit, was unanimously recommended to the Conference as a probationer for the regular work in the coming year.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

As usual, the first public meeting on Tuesday evening was to advocate the cause of temperance. Addresses were given by W. Brown, E. Faull, V. H. Culliford and T. H. Carthew. In the absence of Mr. Jonathan Jose, Captain Williams (representative from Bodmin) took the chair and very ably introduced the subject. The meeting made a very good impression, and was at times quite enthusiastic. On Wednesday morning Br. Ham preached from 2 Cor. viii. 9. On Wednesday evening the sermon to the District meeting was by Br. W. J. Hocking, from Eph. vi. 18-20; there was a gracious influence, and the sermon was listened to with rapt attention. As its publication in the *Bible Christian Magazine* was unanimously requested, any further description is not necessary. On Thursday morning Br. Mably preached from John xiv. 6. In the afternoon, while the members were relating their Christian experience and partaking of the Lord's Supper, a very hallowed and softening influence pervaded the meeting. In the evening, after tea, came the last public meeting for the session, and was presided over by our excellent superintendent; addressed by J. D. Balkwill, on "Religious Thought and Life in Cornwall;" by T. E. Mundy, on "The best means to be employed to gather our young people into our churches;" by G. Daniel, on, "In what way can Professing Christians exhibit true Patriotism?" by J. H. Michell, on "How to make Christianity more generally attractive." All the brethren

spoke well, and were frequently warmly applauded. All the services were well attended, and some of the leading men of the place said they will not soon be forgotten. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. and Mrs. Angwin and to Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery for their excellent arrangements, and to the friends at St. Austell who had so kindly entertained us, which brought this interesting and harmonious session to a close.

DEVONPORT.—The ministers and representatives assembled at Brentor, in the Tavistock Circuit, on Wednesday, June 25th, under the wise and genial presidency of Br. I. B. Vanstone. Br. J. Wilson was elected secretary, and Br. J. Morris, journal secretary; Br. J. R. Crewes and J. Drew, reporters. The returns showed that there was a decrease of 274 full members, a fact which occasioned considerable sorrow, especially as the removals and emigrations were not larger than those of the preceding year. In the course of a lengthened and serious review of the year's toil, it was ascertained that one reason why larger in-gatherings could not be reported was the fact that the past twelve months had seen the exit of many of the most willing and successful local preachers, whose absence rendered it difficult, and in some instances impossible, to conduct those evangelistic and revival services on which the progress of Methodism, in all its branches, so largely depends. Notwithstanding this decrease of members, we are pleased to report that the Circuit and Missionary receipts are in advance, and that the Connexional funds have been well sustained. In the chapel department, strenuous and successful efforts have been made for the reduction of debts on trust property, and the erection of new structures to substitute old and smaller ones. From the school-secretary we learned that there was a small decrease in the number of scholars and teachers, and but few children had during the year been converted to God. The report expressed a fear that "too many of the teachers contented themselves with teaching the mere letter of the word." The fact that so many of our schools pay nothing in the shape of rent for the use of the chapel or school-room, as the case may be, was felt in these times of depression, and when so much has to be contributed from the Chapel funds towards the support of the ministry, to be an injustice. The new curriculum for the probationers provoked some discussion of a most unfavourable character; and for several reasons; but principally because it was felt that to the committee the young men stand or fall, no resolution was passed in reference to the manner in which they had acquitted themselves in their examination. Br. Ware, who has completed his term of trial, was kindly commended to the Conference for admission into full connexion. Two candidates passed the usual examination, and were cordially recommended as "fit and proper persons for the itinerant ministry among us." A new scheme for probationers was introduced by Br. Crewes, the chief features of which fell through after eliciting both sympathy and opposition, but more repartee than either. A petition was forwarded to the Commons praying the rejection of the Irish Minority Bill, which has since received in the Lower House such a signal defeat. A resolution was heartily and unanimously passed recommending the Conference to establish a Thanksgiving fund on a somewhat similar principle to that at present in operation among the Wesleyans. The religious services were inaugurated by a temperance meeting on the Tuesday evening, Br. M. Robins in the chair. The claims of the cause were forcibly advocated by the Brethren Wilson, Ninnis, and Ware. On Wednesday morning at six o'clock a good congregation assembled to hear one of the candidates, who preached well—*very* well—from Peter's words:—"Grow in grace." At 7.30 p.m. the sermon to the District was preached by Br. Vanstone, from Rev. i. 5, 6, and was characterised in the resolution of thanks as "timely and practical." A gracious influence was realised during the time of its delivery, and throughout the sacramental service which followed. On Thursday morning another candidate discoursed to us from Gal. vi. 14. The Master was present to bless, and many felt it "good to be there." The experience meeting in the afternoon was said by several brethren of long standing to have been one of the best they ever attended. A public tea followed, numerously attended; after which came the public meeting, when a crowded house was addressed by Br. P. R. Broad, on "The Phases and Tendencies of Modern Thought"—the comprehensiveness of the topic being, perhaps, some excuse for the length of the speech; Br. W. Dennis, on "The Nature of Christian Holiness, and the Method and Importance of its Attainment"—a speech full of unction and power, remarkable

for its apt quotation of Scripture and forcible practical application; Br. J. R. Crewes, on "Religious Bigotry and Intolerance, versus Christian Charity"—the applause accorded showed that there was no need for the apology with which the speaker introduced his subject; Br. S. Shortridge, on "Our Financial Difficulties and how to Surmount them."—As most of the readers of the *Bible Christian Magazine* are interested in this matter, we give an outline of this scheme, for which *perhaps* they will thank us:—(1) That for the next two years each minister in the Connexion subscribe £5 per year. (2) That ten District bazaars be held during the two years. (3) That a Thanksgiving Fund be established. Br. J. Morris was to have spoken on "Faith and Works, their Relation and Harmony in the Christian Covenant," but the time was gone, and hence, with a vote of thanks to the friends at Brentor for their excellent entertainment during the sittings of the meeting, and the Benediction, a very interesting public service was concluded.

SHEBBEAR.—This meeting was held at Bratton Clovelly, in the Northlew Circuit. This was the first time a District meeting had been held in the Northlew Circuit, but the reception given by the friends was so hearty, that hopes were expressed by the brethren that it might not be the last. The statistical returns showed that though 449 persons had been admitted on trial during the year, there was a decrease of 33 in the total number of members. The decrease was believed to be chiefly owing to an unusually large number of deaths and removals. There was an increase in the number of Sabbath-school teachers and scholars, and the schools were thought to be in a prosperous state. Notwithstanding the great depression in trade and agriculture, there was an increase of £90 9s. 11d. in the quarter board receipts. All the Connexional funds were something in advance. Some of the circuits had increased their missionary receipts at the rate of £6 per preacher. The Missionary receipts were £47 in advance of last year. Two or three times the affairs of the Missionary Society came before the meeting. Some were of the opinion that several small stations should be given up. Remarks were also made in reference to economy. But the questions asked, and the opinions expressed, only showed what a deep interest is felt both by ministers and laymen in everything that concerns the welfare of the society. The chapel secretary was prepared to report progress. One new chapel had been opened during the year, four restored, and others greatly improved, but the total debt on the trust estates had been reduced £407. The essays written by the probationers were considered satisfactory. But as a new list of books had been given to the young men during the year, the District meeting was not prepared to examine the written answers to the questions of the Committee. An opinion was expressed both by ministers and laymen that the results of the examination should be considered at the District meetings in connection with the general habits, advantages for study, and pastoral or evangelistic work done by the young men. Two of the circuits had forwarded resolutions suggesting that the requirements of the Examining Committee should be somewhat modified, and remarks were made to the effect that in our efforts to reach the neglected parts of the population—a work in which Bible Christians were once foremost—we were now being outstripped by other ministers and churches. Opposite views were also expressed, and there was a great diversity of opinion. The general impression was that the matter would require patience and further consideration. One good brother remarked that this was an additional reason why the entire debt on the College should be paid, so that the young men may be allowed to remain there for a longer period, and get more thoroughly equipped before they come out.

A resolution was passed in which the meeting expressed its gratification at the success which Br. Higman had realized in his indefatigable efforts to reduce the debt on the College, and a hope that the friends throughout the district would co-operate with him in the Connexional Bazaar which is intended to be held for the same object.

The public services were well attended, and at each service, both morning and evening, we were favoured with the assistance of the choir. Br. Tickell preached on Tuesday evening, from Isaiah xvii. 6—8; and Br. Hawken on Wednesday, from Hebrews ix. 24. The sermons were characterized by much originality and freshness of thought, and delivered with a good degree of the heavenly unction.

Two candidates preached each morning, and the services were considered satisfactory. The experience meeting on Thursday was not so good throughout as we get sometimes. At the public meeting in the evening the chairman opened the proceedings with an excellent introductory address on the great principles of Christian life and duty. Br. Gregory spoke on Temperance, and Br. Bassett on Hindrances to Sunday-school Work. Others were announced to speak, but the time was gone. The two brethren, however, who did speak, spoke well, and the people separated feeling that they had had enough, without being kept in too long.

T. B.

EXETER.—The annual meeting was held at Newton Abbot, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 25th and 26th. It was composed of nine ministers and five representatives. Two ministers—S. Crocker and W. T. Penrose—were unable to attend through affliction, and the representative of Kingsbrompton Circuit was not present. The meeting being duly formed, Br. A. Trengove was elected secretary, and throughout the session rendered excellent service; Br. W. Perryman, the hearty and generous representative of the Chagford station, was appointed journal secretary; Br. H. Rattenbury and I were deputed to prepare reports of the business transactions, and public services, for the *Bible Christian Magazine* and the local papers. Resolutions expressive of sympathy with Br. Crocker in his enfeebled state of health, and with Br. Penrose in his severe affliction, were cordially passed. The examining of the statistical and financial returns is always a matter of deep interest, and all were desirous to know how the district stood in comparison with last year. It was soon ascertained that 303 persons have been admitted on trial during the year, an increase of 37, and of full members 88; 132 have been removed from the district by death and other causes, an increase of 48. In the Sunday-school department there is a decrease of 7 teachers and 173 scholars. The report, however, presented by the secretary was not without some gratifying features, and a vote of thanks was given to Br. Brokenshire for his careful attention to this department of our Zion. There is an increase of £15 17s. 4d. in the Missionary receipts, but a small decrease in the Chapel, Educational, and Worn-Out Preachers' funds. There is also a decrease of £72 18s. 6d. in the circuit receipts,—the deficiencies on some of the stations are very heavy. The income from the chapel, after deducting the munificent gift of £250 given last year to Newton Abbot estate, shows an increase of £31 1s. 9d., and a decrease of £62 7s. in the expenditure. The interesting report of the secretary was cheerfully adopted, and a hearty vote of thanks was presented to Br. Trengove for his valuable services. As usual, after a discussion on the spiritual state of the District, a resolution embodying its encouraging and discouraging aspects was passed. But, alas, resolutions of this kind do but little to lift up our churches to a higher spiritual altitude. Eternal Spirit, come and raise us up to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." The essays and sermons of the two probationers, A. G. Churchill and T. G. Vanstone, were criticised, their merits and demerits noticed. Some good advice was tendered to the brethren, and a resolution passed expressing satisfaction with their progress during the year, and urging them to strive to become able ministers of the Gospel. Their answers to the questions submitted by the examining committee were not sufficiently examined to report thereon, as the papers came to hand so late. It was considered by the meeting that the curriculum requires modification, and a resolution was passed recommending certain alterations. The meeting recommended the re-appointment of all the brethren, with one exception, who had been invited by their quarterly meetings. Br. Bridgman leaves Newton Abbot, and Br. Trengove, Exeter, the time for which they can remain having expired. Two or three matters produced a warm discussion—rather too warm a time or two; but the temperature soon cooled down to its proper state. The business on the whole was conducted with candour and intelligence. A vote of thanks was accorded to the genial chairman and the energetic secretaries. The journals were read, and the book was signed on Thursday about tea-time. Public services were held in the following order:—On Tuesday evening a temperance meeting was held under the presidency of Br. Bridgman. The Brethren H. Rattenbury and M. Brokenshire delivered earnest and intelligent speeches on "The social aspects of the Evil," and on "The survival of the fittest," respectively. Br. Penrose was appointed to speak on "The

Religious aspects of the question," but he was prevented by serious illness. On Wednesday morning Br. Churchill preached a thoughtful sermon from Matt. xvi. 18. The points elucidated were—(1) The foundation of the Church, "Upon this rock will I build my Church;" (2) The edifice, "My Church;" (3) The security of the Church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." On Wednesday evening the sermon to the District meeting was preached by the writer of these lines, from Gal. vi. 14. It is, I hope, no breach of modesty to say, that the preacher received a cordial vote of thanks for the sermon, accompanied with a request that he would furnish the editor with the MS. for publication in the Magazine. On Thursday morning we had two sermons. From Br. Vanstone first, who selected Heb. xii. 2 as his text. He said it sets before us Christ as an example, and we consider—(1) His joyful mission,* "Who for the joy that was set before Him;" (2) His pathetic endurance, "Endured the cross, despising the shame;" (3) His glorious exaltation, "And is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Afterwards, we listened with pleasure to a good discourse from Mr. W. Warren, a young man nineteen years of age, who is recommended to the college to prepare for the ministry. He seems to possess considerable preaching power. The fellowship meeting in the afternoon, followed by the Lord's Supper, was a season of refreshing. The public tea was patronised by a goodly number of friends; many came from Torquay. In the evening the last, but not the least, public meeting was held. The esteemed superintendent of the District, Br. T. C. Penwarden, presided; addresses were given by Br. Brokenshire, on "Christian Work,"—very thoughtful and earnest; by Br. Trengove, on "The requirements of the Age,"—vigorous and intensely practical; by Br. Hicks, on "Christian Fellowship,"—interesting and amusing. During this enthusiastic service a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, and the friends at Newton, for their excellent arrangements and generous hospitality. At the close votes of thanks were accorded to the chairman and to the brethren for their excellent speeches. We separated resolved to devote ourselves more fully to the Master's service.

R. GROSE.

BRISTOL.—This meeting was held in Redcliffe Crescent chapel, Bedminster, Bristol. Our friends at Redcliff Crescent have done honour to themselves and to the Denomination in their praiseworthy efforts to raise such a noble and commodious building. The size of the chapel, schoolroom, and other rooms connected with it, make it the most convenient place for holding District meetings, &c., that we have had the privilege of seeing for some time. The distance from the railway station to the chapel is so short, and the friends so exceedingly kind and accommodating, that we feel sure the ministers in the Bristol District will be desirous of holding their District meetings there as often as they possibly can. The business of this meeting began on Wednesday, June 25th, at 7 a.m., under the able and genial presidency of the respected superintendent of the District. Br. P. Labdon was elected secretary, J. Carvath journal secretary, and J. Dymond and D. Rowse reporters for the press and Magazine. Three retired ministers having died during the year, viz., John Ching, G. Abbott, and W. Clarke, resolutions of sympathy with their widows and families were passed. The statistics of the district are as follows:—Circuits and missions, 8; ministers, 14; local preachers, 95; chapels, 46; deaths, 21; emigrations and removals, 85; members, 1,130; on trial for membership, 66; Sabbath-school teachers, 219; scholars, 1,776; receipts for the support of the ministry, £647 4s. 11d., being an increase of £12 7s. 2d.; missionary receipts, £304 19s. 8d., being an increase of £22 3s. 4d.; raised by special effort for the Missionary society, £16 16s. 8d. The friends in the Wear Circuit have kindly consented to do without their grant from the Missionary society, seeing there is such a debt on that society, although they will have to make special efforts to pay the stipends of their ministers. We would advise the friends in other circuits who are drawing from the Missionary society to copy this example where they can possibly do so. Chapel Fund, £7 17s. 2d.; Educational fund, £8 9s. 3d.; Worn-out Preachers' fund, £10 10s. 4d. We are sorry to state there is a small decrease on the three last funds. The report of the

*We should like to know the opinion of practical sermonizers on the phraseology of this division of the sermon.—ED.

chapel secretary shows that the friends have been working well in some parts of the stations, particularly at Taunton, and Draycott, in the Weare Circuit. The sum of £213 12s. of chapel debts has been paid off. Our friends have succeeded better this year than any previous year for some considerable time. The school secretary's report was read and adopted. We are grieved to know there are so few conversions in our Sunday-schools. Romish teachers are in earnest to indoctrinate all the children they can, and train them up in the Romish religion; and we think our Sabbath-school teachers should be more in earnest about the conversion of the children in their classes. As the Sabbath-school is the nursery to the church, we should strive to get them united with us as early as possible, that they may grow up in the fear of the Lord, and become efficient and faithful workers in the Master's vineyard. The spiritual state of the District presents some encouraging features. One of the mission stations, viz., Somerton, has been visited with a gracious down-pouring of the Spirit, and more than 100 persons have professed conversion; some of the other circuits and missions are looking a little brighter, giving promise of future success. A great want in many stations is efficient local preachers to occupy our pulpits. Taunton friends wish to have a second itinerant preacher, and promise to raise £30 towards his expenses. The young men on probation, R. S. Alford and J. H. Cliff, passed their examinations creditably, and were recommended to the Conference to be passed on in the usual way. They were closely examined as to their work in the circuit; not only their work in the study preparing for the pulpit and their examinations, but in attending prayer meetings and class meetings where they are established, and in trying to establish them where they do not exist; also in visiting the friends as often as practicable. We hope they will make good use of the instructions they received on these points. Br. A. H. Bird having been to the College for some months presented himself as a candidate. After being examined on a variety of subjects, he was unanimously recommended.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

On Tuesday evening, T. Andrews preached from Isaiah lv. 12—13. The weather being unfavourable, the congregation was small, but our brother did not give us a small quantity. He began by giving an exposition of the chapter, and then showed the great and glorious change produced in those who have been regenerated. Our brother having witnessed scores of conversions during the year, was prepared to speak on such a subject. On Wednesday morning Br. R. S. Alford preached from Luke xv. 20. The sermon had some good points, was well delivered, and thoroughly enjoyed. On Wednesday evening Br. H. Ellis preached the sermon to the District meeting—text Heb. x. 12—13. The preacher handled his subject in a masterly style, and it was a treat to listen to such a sermon. At the close, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. On Thursday morning, Br. J. H. Cliff preached from Heb. ii. 10. The sermon was rich in thought, nicely arranged, and impressively delivered. At the experience meeting in the afternoon the members who related their experience said they had many things to discourage them during the year; they had not realized that success they could have desired; yet they had been frequently encouraged and blessed, and were determined to labour more earnestly and energetically for souls in the future than they had in the past. At the public meeting Br. Garland presided, and several addresses were delivered: by H. Ellis, on "The Pre-eminence of the Christian Religion;" by P. Labdon, on "Some Phases of the Temperance Question;" by W. Bray, on "Spiritual Life the great want of the Churches;" by J. Brown, on "The Prosperity of the Churches, the Hope of the World." The first two speakers occupied the principal part of the meeting; the others spoke for a few minutes only. All the brethren spoke well, and there was a good feeling throughout the service. The excellent choir, which was deservedly eulogized by the chairman, sang some good pieces, which greatly helped to enliven the meeting. Our Bristol friends have reason to be proud of the choir. The usual votes of thanks were passed, and then concluded one of the best meetings we have ever attended.

D. R.

LONDON.—The ministers and representatives of this district met at Forest Hill on Wednesday, June 25th, at 9 a.m. Br. Luke, the chairman of the District, arrived as the meeting was being opened, looking none the worse for his American

tour. The meeting being duly formed, Br. John Botheras was unanimously elected secretary, and Br. J. H. Shilson journal secretary. Br. Luke then received the hearty congratulations of his brethren in a resolution expressing thankfulness to God for the gracious preservation accorded him, the kindly spirit in which he had been received by our Canadian brethren, and his safe return. In reply, Br. Luke briefly and interestingly entertained the meeting with an epitome of his voyage and travels, and the overwhelming kindness shewn him by the friends and brethren of Canada—a subject on which he more fully dwelt at the public meeting the following day. The financial, numerical, and spiritual state of the District occupied the close attention of the meeting during the morning sitting. It was gratifying to find that, notwithstanding the general commercial depression, the various funds had been well sustained, the Missionary receipts being over £36 in advance. It was also a source of pleasure to find that, though the spiritual prosperity had not been all that could be desired—far from it—yet conversions to Christ had been witnessed in every station, so that after filling up all vacancies occasioned by death, removals, and other causes, there was an increase of 68 members; chiefly through conversions among our young people. In chapel matters, also, the District, during the year, has done fairly well. The whole of these matters could not be tabulated in the chapel-secretary's report. The Forest Hill and Woolwich Station, including Lee and Eltham, had raised about £400 beyond its regular income, principally for chapel purposes, only £150 being included in this year's returns. Wednesday afternoon was occupied in considering, for the most part, matters of more local interest. It may be interesting, however, to know that the friends at Poplar, London, have offered to raise £60 towards a minister's support, provided one be set down to reside among them. Their offer is referred to the favourable consideration of the Missionary committee and Conference. The Conference is heartily recommended to appoint a minister at Lee—a place of considerable promise on the suburbs of London, where we have property which has cost about £1,050, that is, in purchase of land, building chapel school-room, enclosing land, &c., and besides meeting the expenses connected with such an outlay, £7c is guaranteed towards a minister's salary, in addition to a special effort in furnishing the preacher's house. The writer fully believes that Lee, after a while, will become one of our self-supporting and most prosperous circuits. Since the opening of the school-room, about two years ago, some £150 has been raised and expended in putting up an iron fence, boundary wall, the purchase of a small organ, tea-service, and other improvements; and what is now needed is a good chapel, and "the people have a mind to work." The engagements of Wednesday were brought to a happy termination by an eloquent and practical discourse by our much-beloved brother John Botheras, from Mark v. 18-19. The business proper was well-nigh brought to a close on Thursday morning, and the afternoon was, as usual, principally devoted to the relation of Christian experience, and the administration of the Lord's Supper. A public tea followed, and then the meeting, which passed off well. The chairman, at the public meeting, greatly interested the audience with some account of his tour to Canada, and excited hopes of hearing more particulars at some future time. The Brethren J. H. Shilson, J. C. Boase, S. Allin and F. W. Bourne followed with earnest, stirring, and practical addresses, bearing on various aspects of Christian work. The meeting was indeed a good one, affording pleasure and profit to those who had the privilege of being present.

WM. LEE.

Chapels.

ARRETON.—The Bible Christians of Arreton will have occasion to mark Monday last as a red letter day in their calendar, for then was performed, amid much rejoicing, the ceremony of laying memorial stones of the new chapel in course of erection there, from the beautiful designs of Mr. Thomas Dashwood, J.P., of Ryde. Like their friends at Newport, the Arreton Bible Christians have out-grown their old chapel—a plain, unpretending sort of building, reared some

twelve years ago, on ground given by the late member for Newport, Mr. Charles Wykeham-Martin. The site of the new chapel was given by the son, the late Mr. Philip Wykeham-Martin, M.P., the only condition being that he should see the front elevation of the proposed structure, as he wished it to be a "thing of beauty" in the district. He expressed admiration of the design, and only a short time before his lamented death the deed of gift was completed. The new chapel, which is being built by the side of the old one, will accommodate about 220 persons, and the original structure will be used for school purposes, the two places having one front elevation, so that from the road they will have the appearance of one building. The plans and specifications have been most generously given by Mr. Thomas Dashwood. The design is that of a remarkable pretty building in the Gothic style, and it has been very greatly admired. The material used is red-brick, with Bath stone dressings, and the cost is estimated at upwards of £800. Messrs. Blake and Mackett, of Arreton, are the contractors. The carting of the whole of the materials has been kindly given by the farmers of Arreton and the neighbourhood. The weather on Monday was beautifully fine, and the memorial stone ceremony was witnessed by about a thousand persons. A hymn having been sung, prayer was offered by Mr. E. Morey, of Newport, and an able speech, with a special appropriateness to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. W. B. Lark, pastor of the circuit. The first stone was then laid by Mr. Isaac Chipp, of Brighton, who referred to the fact that he is a native of Arreton, and he spoke of the pleasure he had in taking part in a ceremony of so much interest and importance to the neighbourhood. The second stone was laid by Mr. Councillor W. Denness, of Newport, and the third by Mr. Thomas Dashwood, J.P., who said he felt proud at being permitted to assist in the day's proceedings. He knew of no religious body in the Island who were doing more good than were the Bible Christian denomination, and he wished them "God speed" in their work. About twenty other stones were laid, and Mr. Robert Bullen, who had the management of this part of the proceedings, was kept busily employed in superintending this interesting and profitable display of amateur masonry. We should have stated that there were four principal stones, and the last was laid by Messrs W. and H. Barton, of Arreton. After the ceremony another hymn was sung, and the service concluded with prayer, offered by Mr. J. L. Manning, of Alvington. Later on there was a public tea in a monster marquee erected in a pleasant pasture, adjoining the chapel, and about 700 persons were present. The arrangements were excellent, and reflected great credit on the Arreton friends. Following the tea was a public meeting, over which Mr. Isaac Chipp presided. Mr. Robert Bullen, who is always at home when he has to talk about money and beg for it in a good cause, gave some particulars relating to the financial position of the undertaking, and interesting addresses were afterwards delivered by the Revs. W. B. Lark, J. Stephens, and T. Rowe, Mr. Councillor Denness, Mr. J. L. Manning, Mr. Councillor Morey, Mr. J. Rice, Mr. Councillor Orchard, and Mr. J. Gale. The clear proceeds of the day amounted to nearly £100.—*Hampshire Independent, July 5th.*

VENTNOR.—We began to preach here as early as 1823. The inhabitants were then very few. In 1843, when the population had increased to about a thousand, a chapel was erected in St. Catherine-street, which has been in use to the present. But as the old chapel is in a dilapidated condition, and very badly situated, our friends felt that a better chapel was necessary. An eligible site has been purchased in Victoria-street, on which a new chapel is being erected. The estimated outlay is £1,800, and towards it the sum of £600, including the value of the old chapel, has been guaranteed. It is designed to seat about three hundred and fifty persons; underneath are two cottages, and a school-room, with other conveniences, and the whole is to be completed by the end of this year. The memorial stones were laid on Wednesday, May 28th, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P., and Lady Isabel Atherley; the lady taking the place of Colonel Atherley who was unavoidably absent. At the time appointed, a large concourse of people had assembled to witness the ceremony. Mr. Martin gave out a hymn, and Mr. W. H. Hill read 2 Samuel vii., and Mr. Lark prayed. After which, the President of the Conference gave a short address. He did not know of any greater honour than to be engaged in helping forward the moral improve-

ment and intellectual advancement of his fellow creatures, and knew of nothing more likely to promote that end, than the work to which they had that day set their hands. They did not appear that day as new comers in the place, but were making an effort to increase their usefulness in the town. They would still hold, as from the commencement of their history, their belief in the Fatherhood of God, and to recognise Jesus Christ as the only Saviour, and only Mediator between God and man. He closed by saying that he believed the first stone of the Eddy-stone lighthouse had the words inscribed on it, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost who build it." That was the sentiment with which he wished them to begin their building. On the last stone of the lighthouse were the words, "Praise God." And it was with this feeling he hoped they would lay their last stone. Lady Atherley was then presented with a suitably inscribed trowel, to lay the first memorial stone, which having been done, she declared it well and truly laid. The Hon. Evelyn Ashley laid the second stone, and afterwards gave a short address. He appreciated the honour which had been conferred on him by being asked to take part in the proceedings of that day. It had been his lot, he said, to take part in many public demonstrations on the Island, but hitherto they had been of a fighting, pugnacious, and party character. He was glad therefore to meet the inhabitants of the Island on such an occasion as the present, when the only feeling of rivalry existing was as to who should do the work best. The present, he said, was a period in which new buildings were springing up in all directions. In view of the erection of School Board schools, new Courts of Justice, and other large representative buildings, why should not the Evangelical bodies of this country build better houses in which to worship God? They would generally see that where a body of people grew in number and strength, they liked to enlarge their buildings, as an outward sign of an increase of strength and influence. He closed by thanking the friends who had asked him to lay that stone, a stone which he hoped would be a signal mark of concord, grace, charity, of good-will, and of progress in all that was ennobling to men and women. Mr. C. Denning laid the third stone, and subsequently three more were laid by Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Harvey, and Mrs. Lacy, friends at Ventnor. A collection was also made, and several sums of money were placed on the memorial stones. The audience then proceeded to the Town Hall, where a capital tea was provided. There were about forty trays, furnished bountifully and gratuitously by the friends. Great credit is due to Br. Hill, and the leading friends who laboured so indefatigably in the matter. About 500 persons had tea, so that it realised something like £25. At seven o'clock the public meeting commenced, under the presidency of Captain Brooke. The President, W. B. Lark, C. Denning, G. Gleghorn (Primitive Methodist), J. Martin, W. H. Hill, and the writer, being on the platform. The chairman reminded his hearers that their pecuniary aid was required, and that their prayers were also solicited, so that the undertaking which was commenced might be brought to a successful issue. Br. C. Denning thought the day's proceedings had been very encouraging, and expressed a hope that when the chapel was completed, there would be no mortgage on it. He thought that the principles of Bible Christians should be brought out more prominently than at present. He also hoped that the Bible Christians at Ventnor would rally around their minister (Mr. Hill), in whom, he said, there was a "great deal." Mr. W. B. Lark followed with a very eloquent speech. He said, Although there might be two opinions existing respecting their undertaking, he thought their work of chapel building had not commenced a day too soon. He argued that the world would never be able to dispense with the Pulpit, any more than it would with the Press. He denied that the Pulpit was "fast losing its power," rejoiced that it denounced the great national crime of drunkenness, but contended that the Pulpit was the especial place for preaching the glorious gospel, and not for expounding scientific theories. He also said that the Bible Christians had no contention with any other sect of the Christian church, but were fighting one common adversary of the soul—sin. The points upon which they agreed with others, were far more important than those on which they differed. He would not agree that any one sect was in possession of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" but believed God blessed all those who believed the truth as they saw it. He advised them to be united in their efforts to do good. In conclusion, he remarked that the days of Popery, so far as the ruling of this country was concerned, were

over for ever, and he had no faith in either Priestcraft or Ritualism. Mr. W. H. Hill hoped that the practical sympathy which had been manifested that day would be further extended should he have occasion to appeal to the public on behalf of the building fund. Mr. G. Gleghorn then gave a short but telling address, on the opportunities all sections of the Christian church had to work together in unity. A vote of thanks was tendered to the chairman for the kind interest he had taken in the undertaking. The receipts of the day were about £90. We hope that the friends who wish to evince practical sympathy with us in our undertaking, will show it by sending donations, which will be thankfully received.

W. P. HOSKEN.

BIDEFORD CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—According to promise, I send you this communication respecting the work of God in Bideford. To do that fully I need go back to the beginning of my pastorate here. At that time the regular chapel accounts were considerably involved, the receipts not being sufficient to cover the disbursements. The matter had assumed so serious an aspect that all felt something must at once be done to lessen the liabilities. The trustees and friends resolved, after due consideration, if the Connexion would give £100 they would raise £100, and reduce the debt by £200. In due time this proposition came before the Connexional Committee, and, after much inquiry, it was decided to grant £50, to £100 raised by the friends. This offer was accepted, and in a few months the object was accomplished, and, including £20 paid to the Chapel Loan Fund, the debt was reduced by £170. The rate of interest has also been lowered to four per cent. By this arrangement a saving of £6 10s. has been effected, which, with £6 saved by reduction of the debt, and the £10 annual payment to the Chapel Loan Fund, there is a total annual saving of £23 in the current expenditure. I need scarcely state that this is felt to be a great relief. Instead of a heavy deficiency, there is this year a balance of £5 in the treasurer's hands. And here I may be allowed to state that in comparing the statistics and finances of the circuit with those of four years ago, we find we have an increase of 22 members, £25 13s. 10d., Missionary money, and £45 10s. 6d. to the Quarter board, with all the minor funds also in advance.

Now, Mr. Editor, good as is the above, it is not all. Great alterations and improvements have recently been effected in and on the trust premises at Bideford. The old house which stood in front of the chapel, hiding more than one-half of its width, has been demolished, throwing the whole open to view. A new wall, with fine massive pillars, decorated with iron railings, has been built in a line with the street, and a gravel walk, seven feet wide and 42 deep, made up to the chapel doors. The ground each side of the pathway has been tastefully laid out, and grass seeds sown therein, and it is contemplated to add a number of shrubs next autumn, so as to give the whole a pleasing and an attractive appearance. Another wall has been carried from the street up to the chapel, forming a separate entrance, four feet wide, to the school-rooms, and which is considered to be a great acquisition. The soil on the south side of the school-rooms, and which by the bye was nearly as high as the top of the windows of the lower school-room, has been removed, allowing the light to enter freely, the effect of which is that the room is now a very pleasant one. A new classroom has been constructed in the north-east corner of the upper school-room, which will be found very convenient for many purposes. A bridge spans the passage between the school-rooms and the chapel, which gives the teachers and scholars ingress and egress direct to and from the galleries, obviating the necessity of the scholars going out-doors to be present at the public services in the chapel. Moreover, the chapel and school-rooms have been thoroughly renovated and painted within and without.

To meet the expense of all these improvements, as well as to cover the circuit deficiency, a *Bazaar* was held on the 9th and 10th ult., followed by re-opening services on the 15th and 16th. Br. B. Nott preached two able sermons on the Sunday, and took the lead in the meeting on the Monday, delivering an excellent

speech; he was assisted by the Rev. J. T. Bennett (Wesleyan), the circuit ministers, and E. Dingle, Esq. His Worshipful the Mayor, T. Pollard, Esq., presided in an admirable manner. The whole affair may be designated a splendid success, which the following statement will show:—

	£	s.	d.
By Stall 1st, Mesdames Dingle, Dymond, Harding, and Miss Cruse ..	50	0	0
" 2nd, " Rome, Dannell, Clement, and Miss Colwill ..	25	0	6
" 3rd, " Ellis, Shute, Wood, and Hunt ..	24	6	6
" 4th, Mrs. G. Palmer ..	5	1	0
" 5th, Mr. W. Rowe ..	10	7	11
By Curiosity Shop ..	1	6	1
" Refreshment Stall ..	5	16	6½
" Entrance Fees ..	6	8	8½
" Messrs. Gent and Adams (Collectors) ..	2	10	0
" Re-opening Services ..	9	11	1
" Labour given ..	10	0	0
Total ..	£150	8	4

We are not yet in a position to state what the outlay will be, but it is highly probable that sufficient has been already obtained to meet both objects, and it is hoped a little will be left to put the dwelling-houses belonging to the estate in better repair than they are at present.

It is only just to state that we are under great obligations to the ladies who had the responsibility and charge of the stalls, and who worked with a will and energy and a devotion well worthy of themselves, and the good cause they have so nobly served. Nor must we overlook those who gave their labour, and which has been estimated at £10. We mention especially Mr. W. Gent, builder, Mr. E. Ellis, carpenter, Messrs. W. Heard and W. Copp, masons, Messrs. G. Scoins and R. Denniss, labourers. To these good men and true, and to all who in any way contributed to the success of this undertaking, we tender our best thanks.

On Monday, June 30th, a thanksgiving service was held in the school-room, when the pastor gave a brief address, recognising the hand of God in the whole matter. It was in very deed a good service, and it is hoped that the first-fruits of a rich and abundant harvest were gathered into the hearts of those present that evening. What is now needed is a measure of spiritual prosperity commensurate with this financial success to make the whole as a well-watered garden productive in every Christian virtue and grace. My work at Bideford is now done. It was a hard struggle, but I do not regret it, for God helped me. To Him be all the praise!

W. ROWE.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

Amount already acknowledged - £1,035 6s. 9d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
WATERLOO—				TENTERDEN—			
C. Hobbs, Esq. (2nd don.)	10	0	0	J. Lisle - - -	1	0	0
SHEBBEAR—				ST. AUSTELL—			
Mr. W. Daniel (donation)	10	0	0	Master Hooper's card	0	2	3
NORTHLEW—				TORRINGTON—			
Jas. Coles (2nd donation)	1	0	0	James Balsdon, Esq.	2	0	0
J. Datson, do.	1	0	0	Rev. C. Palmer - -	1	0	0
HATHERLEIGH—				W. Vaughan, Esq. (2nd instalment)	5	0	0
A Friend - - -	0	5	0	MORCHARD—			
HOLSWORTHY—				Mr. G. Mare (1st instalment)	0	2	6
J. Pearse (card), Tamerton	0	3	6	Mr. F. James, do. -	0	2	6
BIDEFORD—				COPPLESTONE—			
Mr. T. Main - - -	1	0	0	Miss Kelland (1st audit)	0	15	0
Master Colwill's card	0	6	6				

PENZANCE—					£	s.	d.						£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert (2nd instalment) - - -					1	0	0	Mr. W. B. Williams, Penryn, (1st instalment) - - -					0	2	6
Mr. T. Leggo, Tregarthen (donation) - - -					0	5	0	Perranwell (cards) - - -					0	18	1
Mr. W. Rowe, Drift, do.					0	2	6	HELSTON—							
ST. IVES—								M. Hoare (1st instalment) - - -					0	15	0
R. Vaughan (2nd donation)					1	0	0	"Amicus" - - -					1	0	0
HICKS MILL—								A Friend - - -					0	5	0
Mr. Wheeler, Falmouth (1st donation) - - -					0	5	0	KINGSBROMPTON—							
Mr. Handley, do., do. - - -					0	5	0	Mrs. Pounder, Roadwater (2nd donation) - - -					0	5	0
Miss Grose, do., do. - - -					0	5	0	JUBILEE, LONDON—							
Miss Waldren, do., do. - - -					0	5	0	Mr. G. C. Trout - - -					0	10	0
Mr. J. Bennett, do., (1st instalment) - - -					0	2	6	A Friend, through F.W.B.					0	10	0

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In casting up the returns for College Extension Fund reported in July Magazine, kindly reckon £11 6s. for Bristol, and not £11 os. 6d., as is printed by mistake.

Our Fund is gone beyond £1,000, and it is encouraging to find the friends, both at home and abroad, are beginning to wake up to the very great importance of this department of God's work.

Many persons are working for the contemplated Bazaar, and others have promised to work for it, and as it is to be a Denominational or Connexional Bazaar, it is confidently expected that all our friends, both at home and on the foreign stations, will do their very best to render this Bazaar an unprecedented success. Our friends abroad, we hope, will send us curiosities and other valuables.

Is not the time come for the pastors and circuit officials to consent for tea meetings to be held in central places, and unlock every door which has hitherto been closed against us? If our *able* friends were only *willing*, Mr. Editor, the College would be free in a week. In some places the second and third collection for this object has been made. Some persons have saved £1 out of their limited means, to give us a cheer; and other friends have given a second, and a few a third donation. We know how some think and plan to be able to give; we think we know how other persons *TRY* to get out of giving.

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*.
W. HIGMAN, *Secretary*.

Correspondence.

THE LATE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was very pleased that your notice of the death of the Prince Imperial in last number was not followed by any sickly counterfeit of sorrow and sympathy. Shamming is at all times bad enough, but funeral shamming is detestable. Of the unfortunate young man who has recently fallen I know precisely nothing, and in this respect am neither better nor worse informed than the writers of the maudlin dirges that fill the society sixpennies. He, however, himself declared that he went to South Africa that he might be talked about in France. We have therefore his own testimony to the fact that he was ready to shed innocent blood (innocent, at all events, so far as he was concerned), to secure no higher good than vulgar notoriety. If in such an expedition he was unfortunate, and if the destined victim proved subtler or stronger, who but himself must bear the blame? What is there in all this to earn a nation's sorrow, or deserve the fripperies of West-end mourning? Lord Bury stated positively in the House of Peers that the Young Prince held no commission in the British Army. If so he was a mere spectator. Why then armed and numbered with scouts? Had he fallen under circumstances like these

into the hands of the late Duke of Wellington, he would have died a felon's death.

As to the ex-Empress Eugénie, while every one must feel a throb of pity for a widow deprived of an only son, it is only just to remember that she went out of her way to identify herself with the fearful Franco-Prussian war, which first cost her a throne, and ultimately a son. The myriads of mothers whose hopes lie buried at Sedan and Gravelotte might address her, not unjustly, in the language of Eliphaz, "But now it is come upon thee and thou faintest, it toucheth thee and thou art troubled."

What must be the enormity of that accursed system which accounts the blood of a young man and the tears of a mother as subsidiary units. And yet men of the Beaconsfield type, who pipe the loudest wail in Westminster when a prince or princess dies, are ever ready at an aldermanic orgie to swagger with flippant levity, in prospect of a war that would carry deeper woe into twice ten thousand homes. The pity is that the nation does not compel such men to lead the van. We should then see that they would avoid the error which some of our cavalry have committed, the error, namely, of learning to fight before they have learnt to ride.

THOMAS RUDDLE.

[This letter we should not have inserted, though it expresses our views with great precision, had not the very objectionable and to multitudes among us very offensive proceeding of a monument in Westminster Abbey been resolved on, suggested apparently by the highest authority, and at once acquiesced in, it is said, by the Dean.—Ed.]

Brief Notices of Books.

The Homiletic Quarterly. July, 1879. R. D. DICKINSON. (Price 2s.)

THE contents of this present number of this very useful periodical, with the authors' names, the reader can learn by a glance at our advertising columns. But it is only by careful perusal that an adequate idea can be gained of its great value, and the important help it is affording to ministerial efficiency, and the stimulus it must necessarily impart to many minds in their biblical researches and studies.

The Life of the Rev. Alfred Cookman. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)
WE welcome, with much pleasure, a new edition of this stirring volume. The SAINTLINESS of Mr. Cookman was such as to forcefully impress others, and can hardly fail of reproducing itself in the life of many a reader of this wondrous record of grace.

Five Years of Tory Rule: a Lesson and a Warning. By "Nemesis." Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 1s.)

THE able writer of this political pamphlet prefers a formidable indictment against the present Government, its head especially, but, so far as we can judge, every single charge is sustained by ample proof. Under the several heads of The Demand for Dissolution—1874 and 1879, The Promise and the Performance—The Tory Policy and the Public Purse—Failures, Fiascoes, and Fables—Personal Government and Imperialism—The Opposition and the Dictatorship—and The Choice of Policies—a vast amount of information is brought together, and so skilfully arranged, that if the pamphlet obtains the wide circulation that it deserves, it may, even in this day, when the newspaper press is so powerful, be one of the determining causes of the policy of the future, and certainly furnishes the electors of the United Kingdom with sufficient data to guide them in the performance of the important duty which the next general election will impose on them. Our advice to all who have the welfare of their country at heart is, Read it yourselves, and scatter it broadcast in your towns and villages. And there is not a day to be lost.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

*STOPPING THE MOUTHS OF GAINSAYERS.**

“So is the will of God that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.”—1 PETER, ii. 13.

PETER addressed this epistle to the Christians of Asia Minor. He appeared to have a three-fold object in view—to give those Christians fuller knowledge of Christianity and thus establish them in the faith, to prepare them for a meek endurance of the persecutions and trials impending, and to enjoin holy living. Repeatedly he urged godly conduct. “Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts,” &c.

The foes of Christ declare that His gospel produced dissension wherever it was received. So Christians were branded as “movers of sedition, disturbers of the public peace.” Those enemies seemed to think that Christianity was designed to make men revolt against civil authority. The Jews thought Messiah would free them from Roman bondage, and exalt them to a position of grandeur and great power among the nations. Even the disciples cherished this erroneous notion, and held it till the hour of Christ’s ascension, for almost immediately before He ascended they said, “Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?” Peter strove to correct such notions and enjoyed obedience to the powers that *were*. And he pressed home his injunction by shewing

* A sermon preached in Great Frederick Street Chapel, Cardiff, by W. F. JAMES, Pastor of Diamond Street Chapel, Cardiff, Sunday Morning, July 13th, 1879, and published by request.

the good effects obedience would produce. He shewed that loyalty to governors and magistrates would falsify the accusations of their foes and silence gainsayers. "For so is the will of God that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." As though he had said—"There are many foolish and ignorant men around you, who believe that your becoming Christians will make you disobedient, seditious, and troublesome subjects. Be loyal citizens, be peaceable and holy, and thus prove that the gospel is very different from the false representations of its foes. "For so is the will of God," &c.

The text appears very appropriate for the Church of to-day. Its principle and lesson demand our earnest attention. Let us meditate upon it, drink in its spirit, and continually reduce its great lesson to practice.

It was natural for men of Peter's day to have foolish and ignorant views of Christianity. The gospel had not long been inaugurated. It was a *new thing*, and wrong ideas are pretty sure to cluster around new things of importance. The art of printing was not invented. The New Testament was not fully written, and the gospels and epistles *written* were only sent to the Churches; and no *one Church* had all that were written. The Churches of Asia Minor had not seen Paul's epistle to the Romans. The Scriptures were not circulated among the general public as they are now. What outside persons knew about Christians was gathered from Christians, or their foes. Men have always been more ready to receive false ideas than true ones, and we are not surprised to find that strange and erroneous views prevailed respecting the nature and purpose of the gospel.

Great privileges exist in countries like our own. Bibles and other books explaining the gospel are within the reach of all. All who can read (and nearly all are able) may get at books which teach true Christianity. Yet there is much ignorance upon the subject. Many persons well informed on general topics have wrong ideas of the gospel. There are millions in Protestant nations who have a vague idea that it is *divine*, whose views are notwithstanding, ignorant and foolish. No doubt there are many thousands in Cardiff who have no clear and sound ideas of the alphabet of true religion. For want of careful inquiry, and a new heart, they have false ideas on the subject. Nor is this very astounding. "For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

There is much scepticism in the country. Many infidel works are in circulation. There is much of it in some of our serials and

trashy novels. I dislike the tone of some journals. They are more than tinged with infidelity, and are sure to produce evil effects.

Scepticism obtains in all classes of society. Many look upon Christianity as having good qualities. They admit it has been a powerful factor in building up the pyramid of human society; that it may still serve for simpletons and old people on the verge of the grave; but contend it is useless for persons of vigour, refinement, and intelligence. They say the world has *out-grown* it, and may now throw it aside, as we discard the rude garments of our early ancestors; that science falsifies many Biblical statements; and that it is far more manly and profitable to read Tyndale, Huxley, and Darwin, than the Old and New Testament. They disdain the cardinal doctrines of the gospel. They discard the incarnation of Christ, and think it shocking to suppose that God's beloved Son should submit to the agony of the garden, and the death of the cross. The atonement is a butt of their shameful ridicule. Prayer is regarded as worse than waste of breath. They assert that natural laws are so fixed that deviation from them is impossible, and thus represent God as so imprisoned by His own works that He cannot heed and answer the cries of His children. As to a future state they say, there may be such, but that no one *knows*, and if there is, its punishment won't be bad; and as to its being everlasting, that is altogether out of the question. They regard all Christians either as simpletons or canting hypocrites, and live as though it were certain they would cease to exist when their earthly career ends.

Thus the ignorance of foolish men appears. They are very ignorant and very foolish. Ignorant because foolish, and foolish because ignorant. The ignorance and folly act and re-act upon each other.

Any man who is uninformed upon matters of the greatest moment to him is very ignorant, whatever else he know. A farmer may be well up in geology, but if he does not understand agriculture he is very ignorant. A carpenter may have superior attainments in astronomy, but if unskilled in the use of his own tools he is very ignorant. Man having a spiritual nature—a soul—it is his bounden duty to seek the knowledge upon which the welfare of the soul depends. And however wide, deep, and varied his information upon other subjects, if devoid of that knowledge, he is wofully ignorant.

Ignorance is the mother of scepticism. Few infidels carefully study Scripture. Many never read the Bible through, nor even the New Testament. Their knowledge of Scripture has been chiefly gained from infidels. The Bible should be studied by all. A book that has lived through the vicissitudes of so many centuries, that is

translated into so many languages, and so highly prized by such a large portion of the best of mankind, is surely worthy the careful study of all men. It must be read with a teachable spirit. If I were to put on green spectacles, the sun, moon, and stars, and all creation would appear green. Many read the Bible with prejudice, and say it brings no conviction. No wonder! Let them put off their green spectacles, banish their prejudice, and read in a right spirit. A careful, devout study of Scripture would cure many sceptics. Men cannot long remain in the dark shades of infidelity if they study the Bible aright. Some who have begun the study as sceptics, have found the evidences so powerful that they could not resist them. "Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West, both unbelievers, but of that numerous class who disbelieve without examination, engaged each to select a special fact for refutation. The former chose the conversion of St. Paul, the latter the resurrection of Christ. They set to their task with vigour, but soon became startled by the force and clearness of the proofs that flashed upon their minds. The evidence of truth became overpowering, and each, unknown to the other, was compelled to reverse his purpose, and write an able treatise in defence of the truths he had hoped to undermine. These treatises still rank among our standard literature."

I do not mean that men should neglect every other exercise in life to study Christian evidences. But if one is in doubt respecting the fundamentals of Christianity, he should give the subject earnest and conscientious attention, and never rest until he has quite satisfied himself.

The careful, earnest, devout study of Scripture devolves upon sceptics. We cannot attach too great importance to that study, nor insist upon it too strongly. But the Church has a great duty in relation to infidelity. Every Christian has a duty relating thereto. And it is not performed by merely preaching the necessity of devout study to sceptics. No, no. There must be holy living, good example. "So is the will of God, that with *well doing* ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

It is important to write books on Christian evidences. Some men are specially adapted for it, and render valuable service by their noble works. You may argue with infidels if they will do so *fairly*, and if you can argue *intelligently*. If the discussion be *unfair* or *unintelligent* it will be worse than useless. But holy living is more powerful than learned books and cogent arguments.

Christians are the light of the world. They derive light from Christ, partly for their own enjoyment and guidance, and partly to diffuse it for the benefit of others. Every Christian should teach

the way of life. All cannot give instruction publicly and efficiently; but all can teach by good example. And no teaching is so effective as that.

Illustrated lessons are the most impressive. They make deeper impression than others. A child can understand and remember a lesson represented by a good picture, far better than one merely conveyed in words. Maps are helpful in learning geography. Diagrams assist the lecturer and hearer. The world's great Teacher taught in parables. He illustrated His lessons by scenes, objects, and events, well known to the people. Hence their attention was arrested and their hearts moved—they were *spell-bound*. Who could hear the parable of the lost sheep, or the lost piece of silver, or the prodigal son, without fixed attention and melting heart? And how beautifully those parables shew God's willingness and loving desire to save! By teaching in parables Christ gave natural objects, tongues, to teach His truth to all generations.

So by example you can teach more forcibly than by word of mouth. People can understand love, meekness, honesty, far better by seeing them exemplified, than by the most eloquent sermons upon them. Sermons in every-day life are more effective than those delivered from the pulpit.

There are honest doubters. Some well disposed people find grave difficulties in the Bible. There are mysteries in it they cannot unravel, apparent contradictions they cannot reconcile. But the greatest difficulties are in the lives of the professed disciples of Christ. Sceptics are told that Christianity is divine—that it purifies the heart and life—ennobles the whole man. And they naturally turn to Christians for the exemplification and proof. What do they see? Why, many, glibly using the Saviour's name, and yet living worldly, sinful lives. They see such disagreement between the religion *professed*, and the lack of religion *shewn*, that their doubts are confirmed and they turn away in disgust.

No doubt sceptics are sometimes unreasonable in their expectations. They expect to find Christians *incarnate angels*, and don't make fair allowance for human infirmity. But after all the allowance we can make for such things, it appears certain there are hypocrites in the Church, and that an overwhelming majority of persons professing godliness come vastly below the standard fixed in the New Testament. Only here and there can an eminently bright Christian be found. But every one such furnishes a grand proof of Christianity. Some years ago, an avowed infidel lived in Massachusetts. He had good logical acumen and was very fond of holding debates with Christians. He got almost every Christian in the town to argue with him. But there was *one* very good man who

would never be drawn into discussion with him. He would speak of the benefit the gospel conferred upon him, and he ever lived holily. The infidel declared this man gave him more pain than all the other Christians in the place. At length he was led to Christ and saved. He sought membership in the Church of which the good man referred to was a member. On appearing before the Church to give an account of his conversion, he turned to the man whose example had so told upon him and said—*that man's conduct slew me.* We want such examples multiplied.

An important question here suggests itself—why is low-toned piety so prevalent among Christians? It is largely because individual responsibility is too little realised; because there is not enough *first hand* living to God. The majority of Christians are governed too much by one another, instead of being guided *directly* or *constantly* by the precepts of the New Testament and the example of Christ.

The Church is largely responsible for the scepticism of the age. Every member shares that responsibility. Let each feel it deeply, constantly; and pray, and live, and work accordingly. Let fervent, robust piety prevail with all. Let each in his own heart enjoy holiness. Each diffuse light, sweetness, and joy. Each illumine, bless, and purify his own sphere. Then shall the Church appear "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." All shall own the power of the gospel. Souls shall be saved in multitudes. Infidelity will receive a death blow and die. According to the will of God, the "well doing" of His people will have "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

"WITHIN THE PALACE GATES."

IN MEMORIAM: FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Thine eyes shall see the *King!* the Mighty One,
The Many-crowned, the Light-enrobed; and He
Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won.
Thine eyes shall see."—*The Ministry of Song.*

As by a "chariot of fire,"—so sudden, so unexpected, has been the Royal Message,—one of the most gifted of our Christian poets, and one of the most devoted of the Master's servants, has passed from earth, and entered "the Palace of the King." On Tuesday morning, June 3rd, after a short illness, Frances Ridley Havergal, who has recently resided at Caswell Bay, near Swansea, "entered into the joy of her Lord." She sank into "the everlasting arms"

in "holy peace," her testimony to those around her—"How splendid, to be so near the gates of Heaven!"

Seldom has a deeper sense of personal sorrow and warm affection been evinced than that which has followed the announcement—so unlooked for—of the "Home-call" of one who so truly lived "a royal life" of Christian privilege and service on earth. "Loving and loved" might well be the epitaph on her tomb. "She was"—said a voice trembling with deep emotion, at her grave—"She was as an angel in the house." Her "vivid" character and sunny brightness gained her hosts of friends. Her very presence was—

"Like a flash of meteor light,
Strangely gladdening and bright."

She bore "the Song-Chalice" indeed, and emphatically bore it for the Master. The gift was felt to be God's gift, and she exercised it for Him. Her example was the counterpart of her words:—

"Sing on in grateful gladness!
Rejoice in this good thing
Which the Lord thy God hath given thee,
The happy power to sing.
But yield to Him, the Sovereign,
To whom all gifts belong,
In fullest consecration,
Your ministry of song:
Until His mercy grant you
That Resurrection voice,
Whose only ministry shall be
To praise Him and rejoice."

Ever "about her Father's business"—her mind ever set upon the King's service—she scarcely considered her lack of physical strength. She knew not how to say "No" to those who suggested some new field that needed cultivation; and her whole heart was at once thrown into whatever she undertook. The enthusiasm of her spirit leaped over mountains of difficulty, and her resolute will impelled her to take up any cross that might present itself in the way of the Master's footsteps. Reaction necessarily followed, and the fragile tabernacle suffered.

So recently as May 17th, writing to her friend the Rev. Charles B. Snepp, Vicar of Perry Barr, Birmingham, she thus spoke of a new "labour of love" which she had been prompted to begin at Caswell Bay, by a remark made to her on her late visit to London:—

"Really a wonderful little temperance work here. All the rising generation have joined the pledge, except about twelve; and now the men want me, and I am to meet them at 'the idle corner' of the village (open air, having no place else) with my pledge-book, etc., etc. I have got 118 pledged here, and each with prayer over it, and personal talk about better things.—In haste, yours, F. R. H."

Well might she end her letter "in haste." This extra work had been taken up in the midst of literary engagements, and just when an anticipated mission visit, planned to Ireland, was greatly occupy-

ing her thoughts. For many years she had been deeply interested in "The Irish Society," and its ministry of the Word of God to the people in their native tongue; and she hoped by a series of letters in *The Day of Days*, written from the mission stations, and giving the result of her personal experience, to enlist the sympathy of many helpers. The tour was to have commenced on the 4th or 5th of June; and the unsparing, self-forgetting spirit with which she contemplated it found expression in one of her characteristic letters to the writer of this notice, dated so late as the 15th of May:—

"My Irish tour begins (D.V.) June 4th or 5th. I told Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Secretary, any sort of cottage or farm accommodation would do for me. I didn't mind roughing; but my first invitation is a most kind letter from the Bishop of Cashel. So I begin by staying in a 'palace' instead of a cottage, which wasn't at all my view. But I tell Mr. F. I *must* see the hedge and ditch work for the sake of the Society."

With such a journey before her, a season of preparatory rest, especially for one so weak, would have seemed most desirable. But she *could not* rest; and though we may and must regret this inability to restrain herself within the limits the prudence of others would have prompted, there can be no doubt that in her exceptional case absolute inactivity would have been worse even than physical overstrain. Perhaps, after all, her bodily weakness was one of the secrets of her marvellous spiritual power and influence. Life is not to be measured by our years; and certainly such a life as hers gave added emphasis to the admonition, as addressed to those who *might* do so much more,—

"Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die."

It has been truly said, by one who knew her well, that her own "Consecration Hymn" was "hung up in her heart, and sung to God in her daily life, through many a happy year."* She realized in a remarkable degree the love of Christ, and yielded herself simply to its constraining influence. She read her Bible as the Divine testimony. "She took her Father's word, and her Saviour's, given her in the pages of Inspiration by the Holy Ghost, as a real word, with a very real meaning, and intended to lead her to the possession and enjoyment of very real blessings."†

And thus receiving much and receiving freely, she gave much and gave freely. Her sympathy never seemed to fail; and she was generous and self-denying—shall we say it?—to a fault. Not long since she gathered together and "packed off" to the Church Missionary Society almost all her jewels, to be disposed of for the Society's work, remarking when it was done, "I never packed up a box with such pleasure." And this was but one of many instances in which she pleased herself by pleasing others, and so found her

* A Brief Memorial of One of the King's Daughters. By J. T. W. (London: S. W. Partridge.)

† Idem.

Saviour's word fulfilled: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Beautiful as her writings were, they were no more charming than her life, but "every line was a reflection and not a concealment of the bright and simple soul that it mirrored forth."

The simple story of her closing days, as told by those who were with her, is touchingly beautiful. A severe cold, followed rapidly by fever and inflammation, no doubt resulted from the "open-air" Temperance meeting on the evening of May the 21st, with the men and lads of the village, to which she referred in her letter to Mr. Snepp. An unusual mist came up the Channel while she was talking to the deeply-interested gathering, and during the walk home she felt the damp had given her a chill. For several days she was able to be up; but the illness rapidly gathered strength, and its serious character became apparent.

There was no alarm indicated at the probable approach of death; but rather the spirit of expectant hope—the spirit of one who "saw Jesus," and therefore saw not, and feared not death. There was acute and continued suffering—at times most severe—but the presence of "the King" was fully realized, and "His grace was sufficient for her." As an echo of her sweet joyousness in life, who will ever forget that wonderful testimony:—"Splendid, to be so near the gates of Heaven"?

To those around her she spoke with all the confidence of "reality:" for she "knew Whom she had believed." She startled her medical adviser on one of his early visits, by the emphatic inquiry:—"Now tell me, doctor, candidly, is there any chance of *my seeing Him?*" Later on she said, "Not one thing hath failed, tell them all round: trust Jesus: it's simply trusting Jesus." "Spite of the breakers, not a fear." "I am just waiting for Jesus to take me in." "I thought He would have left me here awhile, but He is so good to take me so soon." "I have such an intense craving for the music of heaven." Then, as if "longing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," she added, "Why tarrieth His chariot?" The Rev. S. C. Morgan, Vicar of Swansea, who visited her, writes:—"She told me—'I am going to see the King in His beauty—yet *my* King.' I said, 'He is with you now,' and her face lighted up as she replied, 'Of course He is.'"

Her humility was a marked feature of the work of grace in her heart. Few have ever attained a higher Christian experience or exhibited a holier walk: but "the eye does not see itself;" and her nearness to the throne only brought her to "the footstool of humility." The Atonement was the sole ground and the *constant* ground of her confidence. The graces of the Spirit remarkably adorned her life; she was emphatically "a child at Home;" but, perhaps for this very reason—because she walked so closely with God, beneath the full light of His reconciled countenance—she felt she was not "a sinless child;" and therefore as she ever needed so she ever sought the cleansing blood. To her the way of forgiveness was always open, and it was always the same way. Thus she sweetly sang:—

"O *precious* blood ! Lord, let it rest on me !
 I ask not only pardon from my King,
 But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee
 Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless thing.
 O Saviour, bid me 'go and sin no more,'
 And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow
 Of Thy perpetual fountain ; I implore
 That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know." *

And as she lived so she died. Once she whispered softly to her sister : " Marie, dear, I am sure 'I am not worthy to be called His son,' or His servant ; but Jesus covers all. I never could make some friends understand at the time of the holiness movement, how tremendously I saw my unworthiness, but in Him completeness, and in Him strength to overcome sin." And when her sister rejoined : " Not *our* worthiness, but 'Worthy is the Lamb,' the ready reply was, "Yes, that is it !"

We are told that as she lay a-dying, she had the text hung up close to her bed, where she could constantly see it—"The blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin : " and this was the very text she herself chose, as the one to be placed on her coffin, underneath or around her name,—the word from heaven under the shelter of which she could peacefully, yea, triumphantly, "fall asleep."

When the end was approaching,† her brother began to read "Rock of Ages." Frances said, "Sing 'Jerusalem, my Happy Home,' to dear papa's tune, 'St. Chrysostom,' and play it on my harp-piano. You must sing from the copy that has 'Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein.' Oh, it is Jesus that is so dear to me ! I can't tell how precious, how much He has been to me." After that she sent to tell him to play the same tune again to "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds !"

Soon after, in sending a message to an absent friend, she said, "I want all of you to speak *bright* words about Jesus." To Mrs. Morgan, the wife of the Vicar of Swansea, she whispered, "There is no bottom to God's mercy and love—all His promises are true."

On her expressing her fear that the extreme pain she suffered might have caused her to seem impatient, her sister said, "You have been very, very patient, darling. The doctors noticed it, and said you were so calm they could tell you anything ; you really are glorifying God now." "Oh," she rejoined, "I am so glad you tell me this. I did want to glorify Him every step of the way, and especially in suffering, even in this furnace."

Towards one o'clock, a.m., Whit-Tuesday, June 3rd, a change came, and there were restless tossings, after long inability to move. While endeavouring to refresh her, one of her sisters repeated, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Frances immediately said, "He *must* keep His word." "Another

* "Echoes from the Word," in *The Day of Days* for March, 1879.

† The following details are gathered from the touching letter of her sister, Miss Havergal : "The Last Week." (London : J. Nisbet & co.

time, when she was in distressing pain, one of us began, 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee' (Isa. xli. 10). But neither of us repeating it correctly, our darling, with her own accuracy, set us right."

After a short doze, she exclaimed, "I am lost in amazement! Not one thing of all His good promises hath failed: but I must not be impatient to be gone." Presently, after a few wandering words, with more consciousness, she whispered the names of many, adding: "I love them all." Then with a yearning, loving look, she said, "I want all to come to me in heaven; don't disappoint me, any of you. From great to small, trust Jesus!" Her sister Ellen repeated the first verse of the hymn—

"Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul:
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me."

To their surprise she responded, by beginning to sing it to her own tune, *Hermas*. Although she did so trembling and with difficulty, yet each word was distinctly enunciated. Presently another attack of severe suffering came on, and it had scarcely passed when she gasped, "There, it is all over—blessed rest!" and, folding her hands, she seemed indeed to have entered "the Palace gates." She looked intently up with the brightest radiance in her eyes, and almost as if speaking to some one. After a few minutes, she again tried to sing—beginning a line with the word "*He*." But she got no further: that was her last word; and she calmly and gently passed away to "*Him*." Verily "He was all her salvation, and all her desire"—Him first, Him last!

Scarcely three months since our friend placed in our hands the following lines, which seem almost an anticipation of her call to glory:—

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

"Precious, precious to Jehovah, is His children's holy sleep:
He is with them in the passing through the waters cold and deep;
Everlasting love enfolds them, softly, sweetly to His breast,
Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest."

Truly, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The funeral took place at Astley, near Bewdley, Worcestershire, on Monday, June 9th. By the wish of the family, it was strictly private; but some warm and devoted friends travelled long journeys to reach the spot; now so hallowed and endeared.

The family vault is on the high ground, near the entrance to the village churchyard, under the spreading branches of a lofty fir-tree. Here beneath the shadow of the house of God in which her honoured and venerated father, Canon Havergal, for so many years preached "the faithful word," and near the old Rectory where she was born, "all that was mortal" of one of the sweetest singers of the sanctuary, was laid to rest in her father's grave. Instead of the usual coffin plate with its inscription, her attached friend, the Baroness Helga von Cramm, had beautifully illuminated the name with her own matchless skill: and a profusion of lovely wreaths

almost hid from view the "casket" which contained the precious relics of the beloved sister and friend. "There had been heavy storms all day, but as the service ended, the sunshine came, and a chorus of birds burst forth, and so her sunny life and death ended in a bright ALLELUIA! AMEN."

By a remarkable coincidence, a poem written in the midst of Alpine scenery, a month or two before the peaceful "translation" of her gifted father, thus touchingly expressed the yearning thought of affection, which, then true of him, is as sweetly true of the loved one who now sings by his side "upon the stormless height."

"Sunshine and silence on the Col de Balm.

I stood above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush,
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm;
With hallelujah-light, a seen, though silent psalm :

"Crossed with one discord—only one. For love
Cried out, and would be heard, 'If ye were here,
O friends, so far away, and yet so near,
Then were the anthem perfect!' And the cry
Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

"Not vain the same fond cry if *first* I stand
Upon the mountain of our God, and long
Even in the glory and with His new song
Upon my lips, that you should come and share
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

"Dear ones! shall it be *mine* to watch you come
Up from the shadow and the valley-mist,
To tread the jacinthe and the amethyst :
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light?"

Miss Havergal's influence as a writer will happily and long live after her. In her "Ministry of Song," her "Life Mosaic," her "Royal Bounty," her "Royal Commandments," "My King," her "Loyal Responses," her books for the young, and her rare musical compositions, displaying all the genius of her father (who declined the professorial chair of music in the University of Oxford because he preferred the pastor's ministry of the Gospel), she has left a treasure to the Church of Christ with which no legacy of earthly wealth could for one moment compare. Few modern hymn writers have given expression to richer, nobler thoughts, or shown a deeper insight into the springs of the human heart. One or two new volumes will also be soon ready for publication; and our religious magazine literature will still be enriched with her contributions prepared for the present year. Her "Wayside Chimes," for *Home Words*, and her "Echoes from the Word," for *The Day of Days*, were placed in the writer's hands during her last visit to his house, scarcely three months since.

But we had hoped for a long future of consecrated labour—"things new and old," brought out of the living treasury of her loving heart; and in this respect the loss to the Church of Christ is not easily estimated. We can but be "silent before God." The Master knoweth best when to call His servants home; and her

happy, triumphant death may even give a power to the written testimony of her books and the higher testimony of her life, which may result in a seven-fold blessing to countless readers.

Glancing over the pages of her poems, the following exquisite lines might have been written in the anticipation of her own happy experience. The first "Waiting" formed the "Wayside Chime" in *Home Words* last November; the other two are from her recent volume, "Life Mosaic." They will suggest much to comfort mourning ones, and stimulate others to "follow her as she followed Christ."

WAITING.

"My times are in Thy hands."

Just when Thou wilt, O Master call !
Or at the noon or evening fall ;
Or in the dark, or in the light ;
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

Just when thou wilt, O Saviour come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom say,
"Rise up, my love, and come away !"
Open to me Thy golden gate,
Just when Thou wilt, or soon or late.

Just when Thou wilt, Thy time is best ;
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

Just when Thou wilt ! no choice for me !
Life is a gift to use for Thee !
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst
With Thee, my King, my Saviour Christ !

"WITHIN THE PALACE GATES."

That strange "new song,"
Amid a white-robed throng,
Is gushing from her harp in living tone ;
Her seraph voice,
Tuned only to rejoice,
Floats upward to the emerald-archèd throne.

No passing cloud
Her loveliness may shroud,
The beauty of her youth may never fade ;
No line of care
Her sealèd brow may wear :
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

No stain is there
Upon the robes they wear,
Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;
Like woven light,
All beautiful and bright,
Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought
May in that home be wrought,
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;

"WITHIN THE PALACE GATES."

No tear, no sigh,
 No pain, no death, be nigh
 Where she hath entered in, no more to "know in part."

Her faith is sight,
 Her hope is full delight,
 The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain ;
 Her untold bliss—
 What thought can follow this !
 To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

Her eyes have seen
 The King, no veil between,
 In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed ;
 No earth-breathed haze
 Can dim that rapturous gaze ;
 She sees him face to face on whom her guilt was laid.

A little while,
 And they whose loving smile
 Hath melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe,
 Shall reach her home
 Beyond the star built dome ;
 Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall know.

ETERNITY.

But Eternity is long,
 And its joys are manifold !
 Though the service of its song
 Never falters or grows cold,
 Though the billows of its praise
 Never die upon the shore,
 Though the blessed harpers raise
 Alleluias evermore,
 Though the eye grows never dim
 Gazing on that mighty Sun,
 Ever finding all in Him,
 Every joy complete in one,—
 Yet the Infinite is He,
 In His Wisdom and His Might ;
 And it needs eternity
 To reveal His Love and Light
 To the finite and created !
 Archangelic mind and heart
 Never with His bliss was sated,
 Never knew the thousandth part
 Of the all-mysterious rays,
 Flowing from essential Light,
 Hiding in approachless blaze
 God Himself, the Infinite.
 Infinite the ocean-joy
 Opening to His children's view ;
 Infinite their varied treasure,
 Meted not by mortal measure—
 Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,
 Through Eternity's great leisure,
 Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessed sowers' gladness
 In the free and royal grace
 Should be crowned with added glory,
 Woven with their earthly story ;
 Linked with time and place.

Glad surprise ! for every service
 Overflowing their reward !
 No more sowing, no more weeping,
 Only grand and glorious reaping,
 All the blessing of their Lord.

—*Home Words.*

PRIESTHOOD IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

THE most favourable construction that can be put upon the intentions and endeavours of the Ritualists in the Anglican Church is that theirs is an attempt, like that of Laud's, to make the Church dominant over the State without the temporal reign of the Pope of Rome.

Some believe that nothing less than the temporal and spiritual reign of the Pope of Rome in the Church and State of England would satisfy most of the Ritualists in the English Church. And when we look at the extreme views of some who are receiving English money for doing Romish work, and consider the language of some of those who have had the honesty to leave the English for the Romish community of priests, there is good reason or ground for such belief.

When we think of the mischief that has been brought about in the past by the Church dominating the State, any man is a true patriot who, by word or pen, deals a vigorous blow at the vanities, plausibilities, insincerities, errors, and corruptions of the present ritualistic movement. He who unmasks and exposes the peurileties of its teachers and actors deserves the regard of all Englishmen and Christians.

Ritualism, or half-blown Romanism, is moth-like, cankerous, cancerous. To Romanize the Episcopal Church would be a national curse, as well as a spiritual loss to our country. Every Protestant clergyman and layman looks with alarm upon the Romanizing of the Anglican Church, believing it to be fraught with spiritual evil, as well as political trouble, and ecclesiastical disorder. Every true lover of his Church must therefore gratefully appreciate, and if possible, aid every effort made to prevent that, whether the effort be made by one within or without the Establishment.

Dr. Mellor deserves the gratitude and regard of Churchmen and Dissenters alike for having selected as a subject of discussion, "Priesthood in the light of the New Testament." The work shows much research, as well as learning and ability. The spirit is calm, charitable, and reverent; the style clear, logical, convincing. Throughout the volume we see a vigorous hand dealing trenchant blows at the sophistries of Oxford and Rome. With thought full of the crystals of Bible truth, and which make you feel that he has meditated deeply in the fields of revelation, and more, that he has seized the genius and spirit of New Testament teaching.

* Priesthood in the light of the New Testament. The Congregational Union Lecture for 1876. By E. MELLOR, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Mellor convinces you that he is by faith in the verities of the Scriptures, as well as sanctified learning, master of the situation. He shows from the letter and spirit of God's revealed will that no man has the shadow of a reason, in this Gospel age, to claim the exercise of priestly functions for others; and that he who does so is guilty not only of the greatest folly but the grossest unbelief in Christ's perfect priestly work. He is guilty of fraud who educates himself or teaches others—who palms upon himself or upon others—the idea that he has God's, Christ's, authority for calling himself a priest, and clothing him with the power to do priestly work to save any man's soul.

The one sole priesthood of Christ is established to the destruction of the priestly name, order, and functions on the part of man. How the priests fail from vision as you read the following. "The fact that the word priest (*ιερεὺς*) is not applied in the New Testament to any office-bearer in the Church of Christ, is of itself a circumstance of no mean signification. It cannot be an accident. Such a supposition is forbidden both by the uniformity of the fact and by the inveteracy with which the name had clung to the sacerdotal office among both the Jews and the nations of heathendom. The suddenness with which a word saturated with official sacerdotalism was dropped as a designation of the ministers of the new faith, and this too by men who had used it daily in connection with the sacrificing priests of Judaism, could not be the result of caprice, but of a conviction that it could not aptly characterize the ministers of the Gospel dispensation. Words are neither born, nor do they die, nor dissolve their ancient associations without cause; and if the preachers of the Gospel were known to have been clothed with priestly functions as real in substance as those of the Mosaic economy, however differing in form, it is scarcely conceivable that the appellation by which the Jewish priests had been called would have withheld from the administrators of the Gospel. Throughout the Old Testament no nominal distinction is marked between those who sacrificed to Baalim and those who sacrificed to God. They are all termed *priests*, irrespective of the diverse faiths which they represented. Hence the word shows no partiality for one religion more than another, and was as ready to offer its services to the Christian dispensation as to the Jewish or Pagan religions, provided there had been any functionary to whom the designation would have been appropriate. The absence of the word in such connection is a phenomenon which demands explanation, and the explanation devolves on those who represent the Christian ministry as a priesthood. That it should have been disused as a name of office by Apostles, on the supposition that under the new covenant all its significance had centred upon the High Priest of our profession, by whose redemptive work its typical import had been fulfilled, is natural. But such disuse is mysterious and inexplicable on the supposition that there still remained in the dispensation of the Gospel a place for a priesthood, not in a figurative, but in a real sense."

How cogent and conclusive are these words, on the complete-

ness of Christ's priestly work, and as a sequence, how unnecessary is the sacerdotal work of Romanists and semi-Romanists:

"The key to the whole of this reasoning of the writer to the Hebrews is to be found in the contrast so sharply defined and so continuously maintained between many priests and one Priest, many sacrifices and one Sacrifice, oftentimes and once; and any interpretation which disturbs the unity which constitutes one member of the contrast utterly destroys the conclusiveness of the argument which is pursued with such elaborateness of detail. Introduce 'two' priests, 'two' propitiatory sacrifices, and 'twice,' instead of 'once,' and the whole structure of reasoning falls to pieces. It is the perfection of the Saviour's person and the completeness of the Saviour's work which are here affirmed, and these must of necessity be prospective as well as retrospective. If they terminate one series of priests, they must preclude another. Christ has put away sin—He has offered Himself once for sins for ever—He ever liveth to make intercession for us—He has sat down at the right hand of God. But if it were true that there still remain priestly functions in the Christian Church, what means the exalted and exclusive prominence which is here given to the priesthood of Christ? Now was the time, if there were other priests, that this truth should be distinctly set forth, for the writer is aiming, by a formal argument, to vindicate the Christian economy as the legitimate and preordained successor and fulfilment of Judaism, and also to conciliate the Jewish mind to the faith of the Gospel. If then there were still, in spite of the one great oblation upon the cross, other sacrifices, other altars, other priests, and all these not metaphorical but real, what would have contributed more to abate and even remove the prejudices of the Jewish converts, who were still under the lingering spell of the temple ritual, than the assurance that nothing was changed in the New Testament but the forms of ritual and service? This was the time to justify and strengthen the tenacity with which the Hebrews clung to the visible ritual of a worldly sanctuary by assuring them that though one line of priests was retreating from view with a vanishing economy, another line was inaugurated whose functions should infinitely surpass those of the men who had ministered in the Temple at Jerusalem. But it was not another *line* that was inaugurated. There is neither multitude of priests nor succession. There is one Priest, and even He a priest who has finally accomplished the only sacrifice of expiation, and who is no longer visible to the Church on earth, but has passed into the heavens."

In shewing that priestly assumption is contrary to the genius of the Gospel, we find in Dr. Mellor's able volume a most eloquent thrust at the formality and sensualness of all ritualistic religion and pretended worship of Christ and of God. With fine spiritual perception and in a masterly style our author shows us how the dramatical services of the popish and semi-popish churches touch only the superficial parts of man's nature, and leave the moral and spiritual deeps untouched. "Superstition—usurping the name of Christianity—may rear her temples, which seem like magic creations,

their arches intersecting far up in air, like the branches of lofty trees in some forest glade; she may fill the tracery of the windows with colours that vie with those of the rainbow, and which cast their reflected glories through the place; she may to sound of organ and trained voices utter the most touching words in music all but heavenly, that steals from arch to arch in long reverberation, as if shrinking from the silence in which at length it dies away; she may build her high altars, marshal her priests in solemn procession, clothe them with the richest fabrics that skill can make or wealth procure; she may thus charm the imagination, wrap the soul in a sensuous elysium, dissolve it into ecstasies, make it feel even as if that sentimental joy or sorrow were the very godliness which fits for heaven: but, except as the 'worship is in spirit and in truth,' all this may be nothing more than the fugitive transport of an impressible nature, and all the beauty, and music, and wonder, are but a dramatic insult on Him who rent the veil and abolished temples, that He might consecrate the souls of men, and dwell in them for ever."

On this phase of the subject—Priestly Lineage—Dr. Mellor has shown a great amount of genius in making the Church of England judge itself upon the matter, and has shewn with a wise discrimination that the most learned and thoughtful of the Anglican Church of the present century, and present day, have repudiated the doctrine of Apostolical Succession in the most complete manner.

Dr. Mellor evidently feels satisfied to be in the company of such men as Archbishop Whately, Lord Macaulay, Deans Alford and Stanley, and Canon, now Bishop, Lightfoot. Calling in Oxford and Dublin, introducing Whately and Wilberforce, he makes the learned and Christian Archbishop judge and condemn on Priestly Succession the less learned, if not less Christian, Bishop Wilberforce.

"Oxford says, 'I can trace my pedigree right up to the Apostles in an unbroken chain.' Dublin retorts, 'There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able to trace up with any approach to certainty his own spiritual pedigree. . . . The sacramental virtue . . . dependent on the imposition of hands, with a due observance of apostolic usages, by a bishop, himself duly consecrated, after having been in like manner baptised into the Church and ordained deacon and priest—this sacramental virtue, if a single link of the chain be faulty, must, on the above principles, be utterly nullified ever after in respect of all the links that hang on that one. . . . And who can undertake to pronounce that during that long period usually designated as the dark ages, no such taint ever was introduced? Irregularities could not have been wholly excluded without a perpetual miracle, and that no such miraculous interference existed we have historical proof. Amidst the numerous corruptions of doctrine and of practice, and gross superstitions that crept in during those ages, we find recorded descriptions, not only of the profound ignorance and proficacy of life of many of the clergy, but also of the grossest irregularities in respect of discipline and form. We read of bishops consecrated

when mere children; of men officiating who barely knew their letters; of prelates expelled and others put into their place by violence; of illiterate and profligate laymen and habitual drunkards admitted to holy orders; and, in short, of the prevalence of every kind of disorder and reckless disregard of the decency which the Apostle enjoins."

Macaulay says, "Since the first century, not less, in all probability, than a hundred thousand persons have exercised the functions of bishops. That many of these have not been bishops by apostolical succession is quite certain. . . . It is probable that no clergyman of the Church of England can trace up his spiritual genealogy from bishop to bishop so far back as the time of the Conquest. . . . We do not know whether the spiritual ancestors of any of our contemporaries were Spanish or Armenian, Arian or orthodox. . . . It is surely impolitic to rest the doctrines of the English Church on an historical theory, which to ninety-nine Protestants out of a hundred, would seem much more questionable than any of those doctrines. . . . We read of sees of the highest dignity openly sold, transferred backwards and forwards by popular tumult, bestowed sometimes by a profligate woman on her paramour, sometimes by a warlike baron on a kinsman still a stripling. We read of bishops ten years old, of bishops five years old, of many popes who were mere boys, and who rivalled the frantic dissoluteness of Caligula. . . . We are therefore at a loss to conceive how any clergyman can feel confident that his orders have come down directly. Whether he be really a successor of the Apostles depends on an immense number of contingencies such as these; whether under King Ethelwolf, a stupid priest might not, while baptising several scores of Danish prisoners who had just made their option between the font and the gallows, inadvertently omit to perform the rite on one of these graceless proselytes; whether, in the seventh century, an impostor who had never received consecration, might not have passed himself off as a bishop on a rude tribe of Scots; whether a lad of twelve did really, by a ceremony huddled over when he was too drunk to know what he was about, convey the episcopal character to a lad of ten."

Dr. Mellor, taking the sharp file of Mr. Henry Rogers in his articles on Anglicanism, cuts every link in the English chain, and of Rome too, when he (Mr. Rogers) asks—"If error in essentials is sufficient to invalidate orders, we ask, Had the Romish church so erred when you separated from her? If she had, her own orders were invalid, and she could not transmit yours. If she had not, then, as you all affirm that nothing but heresy in fundamentals can justify *separation*, you are schismatics, and your *own* orders are invalid." If any thing more incisive is wanted, it is found in the clear, able analysis of history by which the conceit of the late Bishop of Oxford, as found in the following quotation, is clean swept away: "The bishops of the Church of England are by unbroken succession the descendants and representatives of the original twelve."

Dr. Mellor so describes the ancestors that the crimson of shame

ought to come to the cheeks of their sons when they think of the mean, base, and shameless character of some of their fathers. Our author's questioning of the newly ordained priest as to the great moral, or spiritual, or any other advantage of his ordination and place in the direct line from St. Peter is calmly satirical and withering to all such vain professors.

"'You have been ordained to-day?' 'I have.' 'You have by your ordination been constituted a successor of the apostles?' 'I have.' 'Can you speak with tongues that you have never learned?' 'I cannot.' 'The apostles wrought miracles: can you imitate them in this respect?' 'I cannot.' 'When the hands of the bishop were on your head, were you conscious of any special illumination?' 'None.' 'Your passions, have they been subdued by the act?' 'I fear not.' 'You are not sensible of any increase of holiness?' 'I am not.' 'In fact, so far as the testimony of your consciousness goes, you cannot depose to any intellectual or moral bestowment which the bishop's hands have left upon you as a sign and proof of apostolical succession?' 'I am not aware that I can.' 'Did you ever hear of any who had received as valid an ordination as you have, and yet who erred fatally from the truth?' 'I have.' 'In your own church, Samuel Clarke was an Arian?' 'He was.' 'And Dr. Whitby also?' 'He was.' 'And many others?' 'Yes.' 'And in recent days Bishop Colenso is as true a successor of the Apostles as the Bishop of Oxford?' 'I am afraid I must grant it.' 'And he can ordain in Natal others like-minded with himself?' 'So it appears.' 'Then this gift you receive by episcopal ordination does not preserve from heresy?' 'I fear not.' 'Have you ever known drunken priests in your church?' 'A few.' 'Once, I believe, there were not a few?' 'So I have read.' 'And these were all in the line of succession?' 'They were.' 'So that it would seem your ordination neither secures orthodoxy nor morality?' 'Neither.' 'And yet you regard your ordination in the apostolic line as a blessing unspeakable?' 'I do.' Truly, unspeakable it is, and also inconceivable." Apostolical succession and Baptismal regeneration having the closest relation to each other, the error of the sacramental and converting power of water drops from consecrated fingers is successfully handled. The following on Paul's words to the quarrelsome sectaries in the Church of Corinth—"For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel"—is smart for believers in salvation by baptism. They should be studied by the multitude of Rome, the many in the English church, "the few Methodist ministers who believe in Baptismal Regeneration," the "Christian Disciples," the "Campbellite Baptists," and the extremists among the "Brethren."

"If baptism, however, were the 'mystery' it is declared to be by modern sacerdotalists, the alternative indicated by the Apostle is strangely inaccurate and misleading. For if without baptism there is no regeneration, no union with Christ, no remission of sins, no hope of eternal life, the complacent self-gratulation of the apostle that he had purposely neglected such an essential condition of

salvation sounds like madness. Did the apostle, could the apostle mean, 'Christ sent me not to regenerate by the administration of the mystery of baptism, but to preach the Gospel?' Did he understand that the Gospel contained a boon more precious than the new birth? If not, why did he bless God that he had regenerated so few? If the new birth is generated by baptism, and, according to the theory of sacerdotalism cannot be generated without it, except by an abnormal action of the Holy Spirit, upon which, as it is unrevealed, we are forbidden to presume, the exultant gladness and gratitude which the Apostle expresses for his all but absolute neglect of a function so transcendently momentous, baffles our comprehension. If this were one of the 'mysteries' of which he was a steward, and if, as he says, 'it is required of a steward that he be found faithful,' a more astonishing instance of moral defalcation could not be conceived. No further proof is needed than is afforded by such a supposition, coupled with our knowledge of the character of St. Paul, that in his view, and therefore in fact, baptism was not one of the mysteries which pertained to the essence of his office as a steward of Christ."

The other side of Sacramentarianism, the saving nature of the use of the bread, or the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, with its cognate ideas of the "Real Presence," "Transubstantiation," and the wretched mutilation of the ordinance by the Romish Church, is critically and elaborately dealt with. The arguments of some of the ablest advocates of the soul-saving character of the Eucharist are fairly and fully considered, and fairly demolished. In the discussion of this part of his subject, we greatly relished and admired Dr. Mellor's descriptions of the scenic pageantry and glory of the mass, the Lord's Supper as a sacrifice for sins; and its want of moral fruit in the individuals, and moral goodness amongst the nations that so often witness the ceremony: and as an opposite the beautiful simplicity of the original institute as taken at the first, and in the form which we as a religious body generally delight to receive it, and the sublime spiritual feeling and fruit produced in all that take the ordinance as simply shewing forth the death of the Lord till He come.

"It is true that out of this conception of the Divine Word has grown up a service which, if its fundamental error could be overlooked, is one of the most impressive spectacles in the world. Whatever human taste could suggest, or human art accomplish, has been combined for the purpose of investing with impressiveness and glory the celebration of this 'tremendous sacrifice.' Architecture has reared her noblest fanes; music has sung her choicest strains to subdue the soul with her sobbing *misereres* and to ravish it with her triumphant and ecstatic *glorias*; painting has filled her canvas with glowing Madonnas and with her crucifixions and entombments, her ascensions and her assumptions, and her heavenly coronations. Fabrics rich in colour as the rainbow, and symbolic of the succession of fasts and feasts, have formed the vestments of the priests; altars and crosses have blazed with gold and gleamed with precious stones, and every avenue of sense has been plied

with its appropriate appeal and gratification ; but as we behold the prostrate crowd before the elevated host, we cannot forget that Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and that by His one oblation He hath 'perfected for ever them that are sanctified.'

"The social, moral, and religious condition of Italy and Spain, where scenic grandeur and solemnity in the celebration of the Mass have had uninterrupted sway for centuries, yields but a doubtful verdict in favour of those human accretions which have converted the Lord's Supper into a drama. In the presence of all that splendour, with its help, or in spite of it, these nations have sunk to the lowest condition among the nations of Europe that profess, in any form, the Christian faith. There are other elements, I know, that cannot be overlooked as having contributed to this result, but the Mass has been found powerless, at least, to arrest this mournful corruption and decay."

Dr. Mellor's definition of the Lord's Supper is that of "*a simple meal, appointed by our Lord Himself, and enjoined upon His disciples as a monumental assurance and seal, on His part, of His infinite love, as shewn in His sacrificial death ; and as a commemoration on their part, of that same death, through the participation of the emblems of bread and wine.*" "This definition may by some be regarded as too wide, and by others as too narrow." We confess we should like it a little broader and more explicit, in one respect. Is not the Lord's Supper declarative of the trust of the participants in their Saviour, and of their love and gratitude to Him ? We believe Dr. Mellor considers all that to be essential on the part of the recipient of the elements. We see this in his vindication of the simplicity of the Institute. "The representation which, in common with many others, I have given of the Lord's Supper, has been regarded and denounced as a fearful depravation and impoverishment of the Sacrament, robbing it of that impressiveness and ritual glory with which it has been invested by many of the churches of Christendom. But this objection I hold as of little moment, so long as the simplicity of the ordinance can be vindicated in the light of apostolic authority. An ordinance as left by our Lord Himself, and as observed by His apostles, and the churches under their care, can lack no impressiveness which is inherent in its essence and avowed purpose. . . . But I do not concede the truth of the allegation that the account which I have given of the Lord's Supper is a depravation and impoverishment of the Sacrament. In what sense can it be thus designated ? Is it a trifling thing to eat bread and drink wine, which, in accordance with the Saviour's request, or command, have acquired a special and sacred import ? Is it a trifling thing to partake of them in the presence of Him whose eyes are as flames of fire, and to profess, as we eat and drink, that we have been renewed by the Spirit, cleansed by His blood, and have consecrated ourselves to Him ? Is it a trifling thing if our profession be insincere, and our lives consciously profane, or worldly and sensual, to take as from His hands, wearing the scars of an infinite agony, the emblems which He has appointed to be at once the expression of His love to us

and of our gratitude to Him? Could the desecration and impiety be at all intensified if the elements were, according to the Romish view, the shrines and vehicles of the Saviour Himself? The participation of symbols which have a constituted meaning, understood alike by Christ and the communicant, in a spirit wholly alien from the truths and facts of which they are representative, is an acted insincerity and falsehood which nothing could aggravate. . . . The depravation and impoverishment of the Eucharist, pre-eminently attach to those theories according to which a real reception may be wholly mechanical, neither demanding faith as a condition nor imparting it as a benefit."

Auricular Confession and Priestly Absolution are the last, and not the least, important features considered. The writer shows much candour in treating some of the passages of God's Word, adduced by Sacerdotalists, as the grounds of their doctrine and practice. On these matters he shows ability to the last, a reserve of power which reveals him to be a mighty defender of the truth, and a powerful opponent of error, and corrupt tendency, in doctrine and practice. In this part of the book, as well as through the entire work, we find a strong antidote for that great and growing evil of Popery in the Established Church of our land; and a vigorous dealing with Priestism, which, generally, has been the decided enemy of National order, liberty, learning, culture, morals, and progress.

E. E. GUDRIDGE.

"THE GREAT EXEMPLAR."

OUR age is remarkable for the attention which is devoted to the life of Jesus Christ. That unique Biography, portrayed so beautifully and graphically yet with such touching simplicity, in the Fourfold documents of the Evangelists, is now criticised, commented on, and surrounded and interspersed with all the learning of the ancients and moderns. British and foreign authors, some of them of great celebrity, have written bulky volumes on this attractive and wondrous theme which like a perennial fountain can never become exhausted. Men of different and opposite schools of thought have tried their skill, for there are orthodox, unorthodox, and heterodox works on the subject. One is an enlargement of the unvarnished narratives of the inspired writers, and another gives a history of the times in which our Saviour lived, its manners and customs, the thoughts and feelings of the people, that we may more fully know the greatness of Jesus by witnessing his elevation above even the most celebrated men of that age. But others have written essays, elaborate and rhetorical, on the characteristics and teaching of Christ. But the conclusion of that one who is the least disposed to attribute anything of the miraculous to Him is (either expressed or implied), that he was the most wonderful man who has ever lived, and that his career never has had, nor ever will have a parallel.

Without disparaging any modern authors, we shall recommend

to the notice of the reader the work of an old Divine of the 17th Century. The very fact that it was written in that golden age of Literature should bespeak for it favourable attention. That Century compared with the 18th, for great and original writers, what a contrast! We call to remembrance a noble army of giants in Theology, both of Church and dissent. Bishop Hall, James Usher, John Hales, the celebrated PURITAN DIVINES, and last but not least Jeremy Taylor, are some of them. Those who have access to a library containing the works of such writers may consider themselves favoured. But there is a difficulty to know where to begin, or how to settle down to one writer in preference to another where all are excellent, the *embarras de richesse* is greatly felt. The last author mentioned, without disparagement to any other, we now recommend to the reader. But indeed the writer of "Holy living and holy dying" and of Sermons which, written in that golden age, are of refined gold, needs no recommendation, it is only necessary to mention his name and works to secure attention. Jeremy Taylor was Chaplain to King Charles I., and was made a Bishop. His works, full of learning and interest, were held in great esteem in his own day, and are now among the Classics of Theology. He has displayed rich luxuriance of imagination, and a boundless command of an exuberant and varied diction, and he made use of all the treasures of ancient literature to illustrate his subject. A "Life of Christ" then from such a man who was little inferior to Milton must possess special features of interest.

Having met with a fine old edition of his "Great Exemplar" we have perused it with great interest. The edition itself is curious. It is the Fourth, published in the year 1667; the same year in which its learned Author died. The fact that this was the last work published by him and that it had reached its Fourth Edition at the time of his death, in an age when readers were comparatively few, and the books of the greatest writers too often neglected, gives an idea how popular it must have been then. The book is a folio, beautifully printed, and with small but excellently engraved pictures at the head of each section. The countenances of the men and women are good and expressive, but the fashions of furniture and houses are of the 16th or 17th Century rather than of the times in which our Saviour lived. The Virgin Mary at the Annunciation is represented as having been surprised by the appearance of the Angel, when reading a book similar to a printed volume, and that is the form of the books in all places where they occur. The well of Samaria overflows with water which runs along the ground in a stream, so that, if it had been like that, the necessary beverage could have been easily procured without any necessity of drawing it. St. Luke writes with a quill pen and St. Simon holds eye-glasses to his eyes to aid his sight while reading.

The work consists of three parts, each with a dedication to some important personage of the time; and there is an introduction to the whole of forty pages. The plan of the work is—First, a portion of the Life, such as the History of the Conception of Jesus, or His presentation in the Temple; then an addition consisting of "Con-

siderations and Reflections;" and after that a "Treatise or Discourse." The "discourses" are able and profound. One is on "Nursing children in imitation of the Blessed Virgin Mother;" another on "Baptism," another on the "Lord's Supper," and many other subjects of interest, all arising from the life and teaching of Jesus. The work on the whole is so fascinating that he who takes it up will soon have his attention fixed, and will forget the flight of time, for he will not lay it down until the sun sets and his eyes ache, while his head will be full of beautiful thoughts, his imagination will glow with divine ideas, and his heart will swell with love and gratitude to God—the God of his salvation. Let a minister read a portion of this work before preaching, and it will have the same effect upon him, as some have experienced after having read the "Pilgrim's Progress;" he will get an inspiration therefrom which will be a good key-note for his sermon.

It has been alleged that the work is not original, but merely a translation from the writings of a Carthusian monk. If Taylor had translated this work, and appended his name to it after making some alterations and additions, he would not be the only one who has done the same thing; nay, he would have been one of a respectable company. Originality is a quality far less common than is generally supposed. Some of the dramas of Shakespere were founded on Italian and other romances which the great bard suited to his purpose; Dr. Coke's Commentary was a reprint of Dr. Dodd's work, and the greater part of John Wesley's notes on the New Testament he translated from Bengel; some of his hymns also are translations from the German writers. A great sculptor does not do all the work of chiselling the block of marble with his own hands, but directs the rough work to be done by persons less skilled than himself, and when the figures are appearing, he takes the tools in his own hands and gives the skilful strokes and finishing touches of expression, and the critic recognises the production as that of a master. Heber, the celebrated author of "Palestine: a poem," and the Missionary Hymn, has stoutly defended Jeremy Taylor against a charge of plagiarism, and asserts that it was an original work, produced by him alone. Yet it is possible that the older work was the foundation, but that it is merely a translation we cannot believe, for it bears unmistakable traces of Taylor's own inimitable style, and its doctrines are in conformity with those of the Reformed church. We think the reader will now be glad of an extract or two as specimens. The following is one from "Considerations on the Nativity":

"Jesus was pleased to be born of a poor Mother, in a poor place, in a cold winter's night, far from home among strangers, with all the circumstances of humility and poverty. And no man will have cause to complain of his coarse Robe if he remembers the swaddling clothes of this Holy Child, nor to be disquieted at his hard bed when he considers *Jesus* laid in a manger; nor to be discontented at his thin Table when he calls to mind the King of Heaven and Earth was fed with a little breast-milk. But since the eternal wisdom of the Father who knew to *chuse the good and refuse the evil*, did chuse

a life of Poverty, it gives us demonstration that Riches and Honour, those idols of the world's esteem, are so far from creating true felicities that they are not in themselves eligible in the number of good things; however, no man is to be ashamed of innocent Poverty, of which many wise men make Vows, and of which the Holy *Jesus* made election, and His Apostles after Him made public profession. And if any man will chuse, and delight in the affluence of temporal good things, suffering himself to be transported with caitive affections in the pleasures of every day, he may well make a question whether he shall speed as well hereafter; since God's usual method is, that they onely * who follow *Christ* here, shall be with Him for ever."

Here is another paragraph from the "Younger Years of *Jesus*":

"They that love to serve God in hard questions used to dispute whether *Christ* did truly, or in appearance onely, increase in Wisdom. For being personally united to the Word, and being the eternal Wisdom of the Father, it seemed to them that a plenitude of Wisdom was as natural to the whole person as to the Divine Nature. But others, fixing their belief upon the words of the story, which equally affirms *Christ* as properly to have *increased in favour* with God as with *man*, in *wisdom as in stature*, they apprehend no inconvenience in affirming it to belong to the verity of Humane Nature to have degrees of Understanding as well as of other perfections; and although the Humanity of *Christ* made up the same person with the Divinity, yet they think the Divinity still to be free even in those communications which were imparted to His inferior Nature, and the Godhead might as well suspend the emanation of all the treasures of Wisdom upon the Humanity for a time, as he did the Beautiful Vision which most certainly was not imparted in the intervall of his sad and dolorous Passion. But whether it were truly or in appearance, in habit or in exercise of act, by increase of notion or experience, it is certain the promotions of the Holy Child were great, admirable, and as full of wonder as of Sanctity, and sufficient to entertain the hopes and expectations of *Israel* with preparations and dispositions, as to satisfie their wonder for the present, so to accept him at the time of his publication, they having no reason to be scandalized at the smalness, improbability, and indifferency of his first beginnings."

Here is a beautiful "consideration" upon what happened at *Christ's* first preaching: "When *Peter* had received the fruits of a rich Miracle in the prodigious and prosperous draught of fishes, he instantly *falls down at the feet of Jesus*, and confesses himself a *sinner*, and unworthy of the presence of *Christ*. In which confession I not only consider the conviction of his understanding by the testimony of the Miracle, but the modesty of his spirit, who in his exaltations, and the joy of a sudden and happy success, retired into Humility and consideration of his own unworthiness, lest, as it happens in sudden joys, the lavishness of his spirit should transport him to intemperance, to lower affections, to vanity and garishness,

* The capital letters and spelling are Jeremy Taylor's.

less becoming the severity and government of a Disciple of so great a Master. For in such great and sudden accidents, men are usually dissolved and melted into joy and inconsideration, and let fly all their severe principles and discipline of manners, till, as Peter here did, though to another purpose, they say to *Christ*, Depart from me, O Lord; as if such excellencies of joys, like the lesser Stars, at the presence of Him who is the fountain of all joys, regular and just. When the spirits of the Body have been wound up by the cold winter air, the warmth of the Spring makes so great an aperture of the passages, and by consequence such dissolution of spirits in the presence of the sun, that it becomes the occasion of Fevers and violent diseases. Just such a thing is a sudden joy in which the spirits leap out from their cells of austerity and sobriety, and are warmed into Fevers and wilderness and forfeiture of all judgement and vigorous understanding. In these accidents the best advice is to temper and allay our joys with some instant consideration of the vilest of our sins, the shamefulness of our disgraces, the most dolorous accidents of our lives, the worst of our fears, with meditation of death, or the terrors of Doomsday, or the unimaginable miseries of damned and accursed spirits. For such considerations as these are good instruments of sobriety, and are correctives to the malignity of excessive Joys or temporal prosperities, which, like Minerals, unless allayed by art, prey upon the spirits, and become the union of a contradiction, being turned into mortal medicines."

Where everything is good it is very difficult to make extracts, we will, however, treat the reader to one more from the section on the Crucifixion.

"And now behold the Priests and the Sacrifice of all the world laid upon the Altar of the Cross, bleeding, and tortured, and dying, to reconcile his Father to us; and he was arrayed with ornaments more glorious than the robes of *Aaron*. The Crown of Thorns was his Mitre, the Cross his Pastoral staff, the Nails piercing his hands were instead of Rings, the ancient ornament of Priests, and his flesh rased and checker'd with blew and blood instead of the parti-coloured Robe. But as this object calls for our Devotion, our Love, and Eucharist to our dearest Lord, so it must needs irreconcile us to Sin, which in the eye of all the world brought so great shame and pain and amazement upon the Son of God, when he onely became engaged by a charitable substitution of himself in our place; and therefore we are assured by the demonstration of sense and experience it will bring death and all imaginable miseries as the just expresses of God's indignation and hatred: for to this we may apply the words of our Lord in the predictions of miseries to Jerusalem, *If this be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?* For it is certain Christ infinitely pleased his Father even by becoming the person made guilty in estimate of law; and yet so great Charity of our Lord, and the so great love and pleasure of his Father exempted him not from suffering pains intolerable: and much less shall those *escape* who provoke and displease God, and *despise so great salvation*, which the holy *Jesus* hath wrought with the expence of blood and so precious a life."

The Christian is never weary with hearing and reading of Jesus, for he finds him to be a Medicine in sickness, a Refuge in danger, a Consoler in trouble, a Friend in time of need, and he is the Joy and Delight of his life. He is glad when his Master is exalted, when the learned pay homage to him and humbly sit at his feet, and drink in wisdom from that sacred fount, and then impart it to others, as many have done. While modern writers have sources of information concerning the customs of Eastern nations and the Geography of the Holy Land (which has been recently scientifically explored) which Taylor and his contemporaries did not possess, and while many recent writers have done well, the Author of the "Great Exemplar" excelleth them all.

T. J. PATTENDEN.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

THE PRAYING WIDOW.—MRS. MARIA WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 367.)

IV. CALL TO PUBLIC DUTY.

"A few months after Mrs. Williams had entered the service of a family, with whom her sister also lived, she writes :—"One morning as I arose from bed, these words came to me with great power, 'Behold to obey is better than sacrifice.' I had no recollection of ever having heard the words before, but being impressed upon my mind so powerfully, and attended with such a solemn awe, I was constrained to fall upon my knees and ask the Lord to show me the meaning of the message. The words still kept ringing in my ears when I went downstairs to breakfast. I then told my sister (who was a precious Christian), and asked her if she had seen these words in the Bible. She said, 'No: but I suppose you have been disobedient in some way.' I said, 'I don't know that I have; and the words don't come in that way, for there is light and blessedness with them, and I have no condemnation. All is clear between God and my soul.' While we were seated at the table, she took the Bible (which was on the table), and as was our custom (one of us always read a portion before we rose from meals), she opened it, and immediately exclaimed, 'Why, Maria, here are the very words; what have you been doing?' I was very much surprised, and with the tears running down my face, repeated my former statement that I was under no condemnation. All that day, wherever I went, these words were uppermost in my mind. In the evening my sister went to the service at the chapel, and returned early, saying there was to be a Leaders' meeting. When we were seated at supper there was a knock at the door. My sister opened it, and to our surprise the minister came in. She said, 'Whatever has brought you here at this time of the night?' He said, "I have come to

see this dear child.' He had taken my hand with one of his, and his other hand he laid on my head, saying very solemnly, 'Now, my dear little sister, it is said, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice"'! When he quoted that passage I felt overwhelmed, and sank down in a chair sobbing as if my heart would break. My sister, also greatly excited, said, 'What has she done? Whatever has she done?' He was astonished to see us in that condition, and said, 'What is the matter? Why are you so excited?' My sister then told him all that had occurred through the day; how that Scripture had been impressed upon my mind from the early morning, &c. Then he looked up, and with tears running down his face, thanked and blessed the Lord; and turning to my sister, said, 'It is not what she has done, but what she *must* do.' He told us that at the Leaders' meeting it had been proposed by some to place my name on the Prayer-leaders' Plan; but that others had opposed it, saying that I was too young, and it would 'lift me up,' and cause me to fall through pride. The meeting was unpleasant when it was proposed to put it to the vote. They first prayed about it, and then the votes showed a majority in my favour. 'And now,' he said, 'I have come to tell you, and find that the Lord has been before me, and showed plainly His will.'

"Soon afterwards a sister of the lady with whom my sister lived, asked my mother to allow me to come to her, and remain until she could obtain a servant. Soon after I got there my right arm became bad, so that I was obliged to see a doctor and keep it in a sling. I wished to go home, but they would not hear of it, and got a woman to do the work every day. One night I was the last to go to bed. I slept in a room over the kitchen, and a young woman, a relative of the master, slept with me. Our door could not be fastened unless it was bolted on the inside. The others who were in the house slept on the floor above in the front; and it being an old house it was impossible to walk on the stairs without causing a creaking of the boards. After I had bolted my door I sat down to put a poultice on my arm, Miss M—— undressing and talking. Presently there came a rat-tat-tat on our door. She said in a whisper, 'Who can that be?' I called out, 'Who's there? What do you want?' No answer came, but a louder knock than before. She got into bed, and then the door opened a little, just as if a person peeped in; then a more violent rat-tat-tat, and the candle went out. There had been no creaking on the stairs. Miss M—— begged me to come into bed; but I fell upon my knees, feeling that it was a token in some way, that I must leave the house. Neither of us slept a minute that night; and in the morning, when I saw the door open, I said, 'I will never sleep here again.' Much against the will of the master and mistress, I went home in the evening, pleading as my reason for so doing that my arm was worse, as it really was; but I said not a word to any one about the knocking. When I got home my dear father said, 'Have you come to stay?' I told him I had, and he said, 'I am very glad of it, for here is work for you to do. A young man is dying in his sins; go to him.' I went, and found a stranger in bed, with emaciated face

and hands, and large, protruding eyes. I do not remember the occurrences of the night, but in the early morning I went to my parents' room and said, 'The dear soul is gone to heaven,' having had ample evidence of that fact.

"When asked about the mysterious knocking, I have always said it was of the Lord. I was ordered by Him whose ways are past finding out, to go and tell a dying sinner that Jesus had died to save *him*, and he was saved, I am certain of it. While I am writing this account I feel that I am doing right, and that the Lord is pleased with my making a record of it, for the honour of His great name. I could do nothing of myself, but He chose me, a little humble instrument, to accomplish a great end. I believe that I shall clasp hands with that stranger in heaven,—no stranger there. Thank God for the blissful hope that we all shall meet in heaven."

There is another instance which is the last particular answer to prayer, that Mrs. W. obtained before she became a widow. This occurred a considerable time after the above named circumstances.

"I became acquainted with a very bad woman. She disliked me simply because I was not of her sort, and was her mistress. One day I saw her take some cloth, for which I should have to give an account. I called my father and told him that Jane had taken it. She denied in dreadful language; but I told her it would be the best way for her to give up the cloth, which she did, with dreadful curses on me. My father locked her up for an hour, or perhaps more. She had not been long in confinement when I was called and found her to all appearance in a fit. I looked through some bars in the door and saw her lying prostrate on the floor, throwing herself about, and beating herself dreadfully. One cried, 'Oh! she has her thumb in her mouth, and will bite it off.' I said, 'No: she will not, but if it were my thumb she would do her best to bite it off; she is in no fit any more than you are.' At which she jumped up, and if she could have got at me, I think she would have killed me. After this she shunned me. Another time, soon after, I called again and found her really in a fit. There was no pretence this time. Her convulsive twitches showed it too plainly now. Doctors came to see her, and for three days she lay in that dreadful state. How I prayed for her and with her is known only to Him who answered me. My cry was, 'Oh! save her, body and soul.' And it was so, for she recovered, left the house, went into good service, and when I last heard from her she had been changed in every respect, and her love for me exceeded her former dislike."

V. CHANGES.

For many years Mrs. Williams's life was shrouded in clouds and darkness. She married under circumstances that must not be narrated. She changed her place of abode from time to time without answering anywhere, apparently, the end of her existence. Her sorrows multiplied beyond the number that are common to mankind. But few, probably, have ever suffered more than she did the consequences of taking one misguided step; that step, however, being one that it was impossible to retrace. Oh that it were possible to enforce the lesson of submission to God's will,

which Mrs. Williams's experience would teach, without casting painful reflections on one whose memory we would cherish with most loving respect! A single error may be irreparable! It may bear the fruit of life-long "lamentation, mourning, and woe." What, for instance, can be expected from the marriage of believers with unbelievers, contrary to the manifest will of God, but a heart-rending cross, till death remove it? Even a worse result than that is possible.

During those years of deep gloom, forlorn hopes, and bitter disappointments, the writer had many opportunities of observing the condition of affairs. He was fully informed of the root which produced the all but infinite bitterness. Times without number he endeavoured to mitigate the terrible grief. The wound could scarcely be healed, even by miracle. Death upon death can scarcely kill the poison once infused. God's everlasting love only reaches the bound of such effects as are caused by one such dreadful wrong against His word and will. Yet, to the glory of divine grace be it recorded, Mrs. Williams did not cast away, but for a short time, the fear of the Lord, and her trust in Him. She was the subject of exemplary resignation in the fiercest trials, and displayed a most heroic confidence in the goodness and faithfulness of God. At length, though she was not taken out of the furnace of affliction, the painful ordeal assumed a new phase. Death itself struck a fell blow, and she was a widow.

The brief period during which Mrs. Williams lived in a back-sliding state was marked by a most painful and alarming episode. While yet actively engaged in religious duty, she spent a few days on a visit to one of the villages in the west of Cornwall, and there found an opportunity to exercise her rare gifts in a prayer-meeting. Words that fell from her lips smote the conscience of a profligate young man. He left the meeting a broken-hearted penitent, but he still resisted the Spirit. For months he wrestled with his convictions, but could not effectually stifle them. He at length determined to travel to St. Austell in search of the young woman by whose agency he had been stricken. By this time she had unhappily and grievously fallen. It was the season of harvest, and Maria had gone into the field with the reapers. At the usual hour, towards evening, when the company were all seated to partake of refreshments, a strange young man, of most pleasing aspect, approached, and was heartily welcomed to share in the repast. The scene was one of uproarious mirth, and Maria's resources of wit and expression, brought into full play, caused most of the merriment. The time for rest having expired, the young man addressed her, asking—"Are you Miss Colmer?" "That is my name," she replied. "Are you the young woman that I saw at the prayer-meeting at ———, some time ago?" he inquired. "I was there," she answered, suddenly overpowered with confusion. "Now, then," said he, "I see that religion is a farce. I have been in great trouble about my soul ever since I heard your prayers, and have come to seek your advice about God's mercy; but I shall not trouble any more about it now, for I see it is all a delusion." "O!

no," she replied, "it is not a delusion! It is I that have done wrong; I have fallen, and am now wicked and miserable; but God is true, and there is reality in His religion." "I cannot believe it," he said, "you could not have fallen like this. It is all a sham, and I shall think no more about it." He then left the field, and she never saw or heard of him again.

Several years of Mrs. Williams's life must now be passed over. She removed with her husband and children to London, where she re-united herself to the people of her early choice, and continued for a long time to be a member of the Society at Ebenezer Chapel, Old Street Road.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS HAWKE.

THOSE faithful souls brought to God by the devoted labours of the sainted Mrs. Nancekivevell (Betsy Reed), nearly sixty years ago, have nearly all joined the heavenly host. She was the first to introduce the Bible Christian cause into this part of the county of Cornwall. Amongst those brought to the Saviour at, or immediately after, the time referred to, the dear friend whose name stands at the head of this sketch must have been one. On coming to this circuit, I found the name of Thomas Hawke on the plan, heading the list of our local preachers, a position which he occupied for a considerable time, but he was then so worn with age and with infirmities, as to be unable to take any public work. As he outlived most of his early companions, and has left no written memoranda behind, I am unable to furnish many particulars in relation to his birth and early life. I have however, learned that he was born at Higher Town, in the parish of Endellion, in 1799, and that for the first twenty years of his life, he was indifferent to religion. But it then pleased God to arrest him in his sinful course, and to bring him to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He attended a cottage service (the only place we had then, besides the open-air, for preaching the Gospel), and here, under powerful convictions, he decided for Christ, and realized the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. In the same cottage he afterwards lived for several years, leaving it at length for the better home above. He at once identified himself with our little society at Trelights, and was a consistent and useful member for nearly sixty years. Under the leadership of the devoted Robert Couch, he made considerable progress in the divine life, gave evidence of a thorough change, and became possessed of those feelings which are the true marks of genuine piety, namely a desire for the salvation of souls and the glory of God. He at once began to entreat men to give their hearts to the Saviour. His zeal and ability were such that he very soon obtained a position on the plan, which he retained with credit to himself and benefit to the circuit for fifty-eight years. And though our brother was a useful and consistent member, and adorned his profession as the head of his household, yet it is as a faithful and devoted local preacher that he is best known, and will be longest remembered. He had, unquestionably, the fullest and deepest sympathy with his work. Though he lived at one end of the circuit, which for many years was larger even than it is now, and though there was no relaxation of his daily toil, and had to take long journeys on the Sabbath to most of his appointments; yet whatever the distance, or the state of the weather, the congregation could depend upon his attendance; a fact which, by the way, would be greatly to the advantage of many of our congregations, were his example more closely followed. His faithfulness and punctuality, his fervour and earnestness, his sanctity and good sense, were such that his ministrations were always acceptable, and his labours rendered a blessing to many. His education was defective and his library scanty, yet making the Bible his daily companion, and going often to a throne of grace for light and understanding, he obtained much useful knowledge, had clear views upon the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, and was bold and steadfast in his proclamation of those

evangelical sentiments to which the Methodist Church clings with admirable tenacity; "a workman that had no need to be ashamed," as he succeeded in bringing out of the treasury things new and old. Having put his hand to the plough, our dear brother never looked back; he toiled during the week for the bread that perisheth, and Sabbath after Sabbath, he left his home to scatter among his fellowmen the seeds of eternal life. During the protracted period that he was engaged in this hallowed work, he must have travelled many thousands of miles, preached many hundreds of sermons, often been weary and fatigued in the work, but never tired of it; and whatever bigoted Canons and narrow-minded priests may say of the labours of such a man, I cannot help thinking that God looks upon them with loving approbation, and that heaven sweetly smiles and says, "Well done." Having spent so many years in clinging to the cross, and proclaiming that Saviour to others, who was "all his salvation and all his desire," we do not wonder that in his last days he possessed the peace which is the characteristic and heritage of the "perfect" and "upright man." He had crossed the stormy ocean, and was now in peaceful waters; he had traversed the howling wilderness, and was now close to the promised land. John Newton in his old age was wont to say, "I am like a parcel, packed up and labelled, only waiting the carrier to come along and take me to my destination." So it was with dear brother Hawke. He was at peace with himself, with his God, and with every one around him; and, like Paul, he was ready to depart. On each of my visits, it was my pleasure to find him firm upon the Rock. Though the subject of great weakness and of many infirmities, and though fiercely assaulted by the great adversary to the last, he had always an unshaken confidence in God his Saviour. Like an oak rocked with the storms and tempests of years, which has its roots struck firm in the earth, so our dear brother was rooted in Christ, and nothing could move him from his steadfastness. Often in the evening has he said, "Whether I live to see the morning or not, all is well." Sometimes in the night, when attacked with violent fits of coughing, he would have a light struck and say, "Now I have two lights, one within and the other without." And with the candle of the Lord shining in his heart, kept brightly burning by faith and prayer, and by holy meditation on the word of truth, he lingered in the flesh till the 7th of November, 1878, when, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, the Master called him home. His last words were, "Jesus take me," and safe in the arms of that gentle Shepherd he fell on sleep.

The following has been supplied by Br. Balkwill, my predecessor in this circuit: "I knew Br. Hawke between five and six years, and much enjoyed his conversation. Those years were amongst the most solemn and critical of his pilgrimage; years when the infirmities of life and old age told painfully upon him. He was a good man unquestionably. Friends and foes (if he had any of the latter) were prepared to sustain his character in this respect. He had the root of the matter. His piety was deep and genuine. He knew Whom he had believed. Religion was, to him, no cunningly devised fable, but a blessed reality that sustained him in his daily life, and gave him a title to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." The means of grace he highly appreciated; whoever might be absent, you could always depend on Br. Hawke being at the chapel, if health would permit, and whilst there he appeared an earnest worshipper throughout the service. He always seemed disappointed if not riper for heaven from every service. The family altar and closet duties he never neglected. He was greatly concerned, too, respecting the present position and eternal destiny of others, especially his aged wife; they had lived together to see their children and their children's children to the fourth generation rise up around them, and the thought of being separated at the last day from any of them was a painful one. Br. Hawke was a very acceptable local preacher; he laboured long and earnestly to serve his generation by the will of God, and now he is gone to the higher service above. Peace be to his memory."

According to the decision of the Christmas Quarterly-meeting, his death has been improved in most of the chapels in this circuit, to attentive and sympathetic congregations. And that many (especially his surviving relatives) may trust in the same Saviour, imitate his devoted and self-denying labours for the Master, and dwell with him at last in the better land, is the earnest prayer of

G. DANIEL.

THE SIXTY-FIRST CONFERENCE.

THE place of meeting this year was St. Clement's-street Chapel, Truro. Forty years have passed since the Conference last assembled in Truro, the Connexion being then almost in its infancy; considerable progress has been made in the meantime. The ministers and representatives deputed to attend the Conference arrived on Tuesday, July 30th. There were the usual greetings and friendly recognitions; many of the brethren had not met since the previous Conference. In the evening a sermon on *The Greatness of Christ* was preached by Br. M. Brokenshire, the text being Luke i. 32. On Wednesday morning, at 6.30, Br. J. Wilson occupied the pulpit and preached from Acts iv. 39-41. The other preachers at the early morning services were Br. J. Stephens on Thursday, and Br. J. Luke on Friday.

At nine o'clock the business of the Conference commenced, Br. J. C. Honey in the chair. After devotions, the election of officers engaged the attention of the brethren. Much interest is generally felt as to the election of the President, and some speculation had been indulged in as to who was to be the coming man. On the motion of Br. C. Hobbs, seconded by Br. J. Gammon, Br. J. DYMOND was elected unanimously and with acclamation to the highest office in the Connexion, and took the Presidential chair amid hearty applause. The choice of the Conference was undoubtedly a very wise and happy one. The other offices were filled as follows:—Br. W. B. REED re-elected Secretary; Br. A. TRENGOVE, Minute secretary; Br. E. TURNER, Journal secretary; Br. M. BROKENSHERE, Duplicate secretary; Br. J. BOTHERAS, Corresponding secretary.

On going through the list of preachers it was found that seven of the brethren had finished life's labour and had entered into rest; and obituary notices were read of the Brethren R. P. Tabb, J. Kemeys, T. Greene, J. Ching, G. Abbott, W. Clarke, and W. Brock. These have passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. Owing to failure of health and advanced age, the Brethren J. Hinks, J. Chapple, R. Westington, R. Vaughan, and W. Woolcock were placed on the Superannuated list; and we regret to write that the Brethren W. Smith and T. Braund are unable to take a circuit. The names of two or three others have been removed from the list of preachers. Br. J. Crewes, a brother much beloved and respected, is appointed to the New Zealand mission. The best wishes of the Brethren will follow him, and in our prayers he will not be forgotten. To fill up the thinned ranks a goodly number of candidates offered themselves for the work, so that every station will have a full supply, and the President have some names in reserve. We are pained that the Connexional returns show a decrease of 523 members. This is a fact which should lead every minister, office-bearer, and member to humble himself before God. The march of the Church should ever be onward. We refrain from giving reports of the various funds, for will they not all appear in the printed Minutes of Conference?

On Wednesday evening a large congregation assembled to hear Br. W. B. Reed preach the official sermon to the Conference. The discourse was based on Acts xiii. 21, 22, and was regarded as a most appropriate and able sermon, for which thanks were subsequently given, and a request made for its publication in the Magazine. At the close of the sermon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

On the afternoon of Thursday a deputation representing the Nonconformist Churches of Truro visited the Conference, introduced by the Rev. J. E. Walsh, Methodist New Connexion minister, who read an address of welcome to the Conference, and also delivered a speech. He said they were one in those doctrines which were the core and life, beauty and glory of Christianity. In their pulpits there was but one voice on the Fatherhood of God, the guilt and depravity of man, the Deity of Christ, Christ's death as the expiation and propitiation for their sins and for the sins of the whole world, Justification by faith, the Person and presence of the Holy Ghost, the Divinity of the Scriptures, and the permanency of character in the solemn future. He prayed that the grace of God might be with them. The Rev. J. S. Paige, representing the Baptists, and Mr. H. Job, representing the Wesleyans, also addressed the Conference, after which Mrs. W. J. Hocking and F. W. Bourne replied in able and felicitous addresses. The President also spoke briefly, after which the deputation withdrew. The interview was of a cordial

and happy character. In the evening a large congregation assembled at the meeting for the relation of Christian experience. Many of the brethren spoke with considerable force and feeling, the singing was hearty, and a very gracious influence was enjoyed. Truly the Lord was in the midst of His people.

One of the most popular and interesting services in connection with the meeting of Conference is the one held for the reception of the young men who have finished their four years' probationary term. This year four young men at home were received into Full Connexion, viz., J. Greenslade, J. Mallett, C. Ware, and W. Hill; also, T. J. Sabine, J. Chenhall, and C. H. Haggar, who are labouring in the Colonies. The reception service was held on Friday at four o'clock. The President explained the nature of the service upon which they were entering. The young brethren who had fulfilled their probation, and who had been subjected to lengthy and vigorous examinations, would be asked to speak to three points, viz., their conversion, call to the ministry, and present experience.

J. GREENSLADE said, that from earliest times he had been subjected to deep and holy feelings, but regretted that he did not soon yield to them. He had been blessed with pious parents, and for this he felt to praise God. Their prayers had been instrumental in bringing him to Christ. Though delighting to be a ring-leader in wickedness, yet he always endeavoured to keep it from his parents. At revival services in the Ringsash Circuit, he felt the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit. Being spoken to by Br. J. Woolcock, and feeling the burden of his sins, he came up to the penitents' pew, but did not find peace until the third night. The change was glorious: he could sing, and shout, and pray. His call to the ministry was not like a flash of light, but a gradual leading into the way which he felt was the working of the Spirit. His present desire was to continue in the work, and to be faithful and successful.

J. MALLET rose with mingled feelings. He felt the weight of his responsibilities, nevertheless he was glad that the Lord had called him, and that he had obeyed the Master's voice. He could scarcely tell when he first felt the influence of the Spirit, but it was very early in life. As a sinner he had served the devil most faithfully, and for a time ran greedily after sin. But his convictions became deeper and his sins a burden too heavy to be borne. Hearing of a revival he attended the house of the Lord, but weeks followed ere he fully decided. After wrestling in prayer the blessing came, and the joy was great. He always had a desire to preach, and when a boy felt he should do it some day. When asked to become a candidate for the ministry he gladly acceded. His four years' probation had been a very happy time, and he had seen many souls saved. While having charity for all Christian Denominations, he was a thorough Bible Christian.

At this stage the meeting adjourned for tea, and resumed at 7 o'clock.

CHARLES WARE said he was converted about nine years ago. He was not able to speak of early religious training, for on account of his father's death, he was obliged to leave home at an early age. But a kind Providence watched over his youth. He was baptised and confirmed in the Church of England, but was a stranger to converting grace until 21 years of age, when he became the subject of unusual religious impressions; and through the influence of a tract sent by a relative he was enabled to believe in Christ. While on a turnpike-road his soul was saved. His feelings were indescribable: he felt as if he was someone else. After conversion he attended a Bible Christian chapel, and was admitted a member by Br. Batt, and became a local preacher. While in Wales he received the urgent entreaties of five ministers to go into the ministry. He felt it was the Master calling through His ministers, and he decided to enter on the work. He had been inexpressibly happy, and had witnessed success. His one desire was to spend and be spent in the service of his Lord.

W. HILL was impressed by the solemnity of the hour. He was born in a Bible Christian family and converted in a Bible Christian chapel. Early in life he experienced religious feelings, and felt the power of faithful prayer. He had often trembled and wept when his parents prayed for him. His conversion was a change so great as never to be forgotten. He was soon put on the preachers' plan, and purposed offering himself for the full work of the ministry, but health failed. Four years ago he was powerfully influenced to give himself to this work. In the prosecution of the work he had had experienced some difficulties and sorrow of heart, yet could look on the past four years with gratitude and pleasure. God

had blessed his endeavours. He felt it a high honour to sustain the position he did, and by the help of God's grace he intended to preach the same glorious gospel and to live for His glory.

The recognition of the young men as approved preachers, and their reception into Full Connexion was moved, in an earnest speech, by Br. J. Gammon. The resolution was seconded by Br. J. Brown, and supported by Br. C. Hobbs, after which the President presented each of the young men with a Bible and Hymn-book bound together, and gave to them the right hand of fellowship. A most able and masterly charge was then delivered by Br. J. C. Honey, the ex-president. At the request of the Conference this truly excellent charge will be printed in the Magazine.

On Conference Sunday, a sermon was preached at 7 a.m. by Br. W. Hill, one of the brethren received into Full Connexion; and sermons in behalf of the Missionary Society were preached by the Brethren P. Labdon, W. B. Lark, and F. W. Bourne. The pulpits of the various Nonconformist bodies were also supplied by ministers attending the Conference, as well as the neighbouring circuits. On Monday, being favoured with fine weather, a large number attended the Missionary meeting, which was held at 2.30, and was presided over by Mr. M. Parnall, a brother much interested in this work. The report was presented by Br. W. J. Hocking, after which resolutions were moved and spoken to by Bros. J. C. Honey, J. Botheras, I. B. Vanstone, and C. Bridgman. An adjournment took place, and a public tea was largely attended. The evening meeting was held in St. Mary's Wesleyan Chapel, the chair being taken by the Mayor of the city. Br. W. Luke, who has recently returned from visiting the Canadian churches, spoke first; next came the President, who was followed by Mr. R. Dale, of South Australia, who, in an earnest and effective speech, spoke of the work of God in that distant colony. The brethren F. W. Bourne and J. Crewes also spoke, after which the meeting terminated with the usual votes of thanks, the financial result being between £60 and £70. It is greatly to be regretted that the work of the Missionary Society is at present hampered through want of funds. We sincerely trust that the scheme about to be launched for the removal of the Connexional liabilities will receive hearty and enthusiastic support from one end of the Denomination to the other.

The Temperance meeting was well attended, Mr. R. Michell in the chair. The speakers were the brethren C. Dening, G. Daniel, J. Jeffrey, and J. Woolcock. During Br. Woolcock's address a member of the congregation interposed with a question, and afterwards took exception to some remarks which had been made. This drew forth a telling reply from Br. Woolcock. Then Br. Batt, seeing the weak point in the armour of the objector, threw, with unerring aim, a keen, bright lance. At the repeated call of the meeting Br. Lark rose and delivered a speech of remarkable power. At ten o'clock this excited and enthusiastic meeting was brought to a close.

The Annual Sunday-school meeting was held on Wednesday, Br. J. Tancock in the chair. The report was presented by Br. P. Labdon, and speeches were made by the brethren W. Oates, T. P. Oliver, D. Murley, and G. W. Angwin. The capital singing of the choir added considerably to the interest of the meeting.

During the sittings of the Conference a resolution condemnatory of the foreign policy of the Government was passed on the motion of Br. Lark; and a further resolution was adopted, appealing to our people to give all possible aid to the great Temperance movement.

On Thursday, August 7th, the remaining business was disposed of; a farewell was taken of Br. Crewes; thanks were given to Mr. and Mrs. Mundy, and to the Truro friends who had so well and generously entertained the ministers and representatives; the journals were duly signed, and the sixty-first Conference was brought to a close.

J. L.

We have received the following, with a request that it might appear in the Magazine:—

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—I should like to say a word or two respecting the Conference just held here. Truro friends first offered to take the Conference of last year. You were then in a difficulty as to where that Conference should be held;

but for that difficulty the offer would not have been made, and as a consequence, the Conference of this year would not have been held here; but we are glad that it has been, for never, I presume, has a Conference given more pleasure to the friends where it has been held than this has to the friends in Truro. As you know, the business of the Conference was very efficiently and courteously conducted, and all the public services were well attended; characterized by great ability on the part of the speakers, and a rich unction from on high. All the services were very good, but it is not too much to say that the sermon to the Conference, the ex-president's address, and the Missionary sermons and meetings will never be forgotten. The services in the other chapels in the city, particularly those in the Wesleyan chapel, were equally powerful and rich in influence; and never did members of other Christian churches rally more generously to the help of the Bible Christians in carrying out a Conference than in Truro; and the holding of it here has done all the societies in the city great good. To wait upon the members of Conference was, to *all*, a service of love; and in visiting the friends of other churches, where members of Conference were accommodated, I find that all were exceedingly pleased with their guests, who have left behind them "names which are as ointment poured forth;" all would be glad to receive a visit from them again, and express their regret that the time of their stay was so short. One of the ministers of the city said to me, "Your men carry the Spirit with them where they go." To hear this did my heart good. The hearty enthusiasm awakened in favour of the Bible Christians of Truro through the holding of the Conference here is beyond all expectation; and I have no doubt but that through it, God's special blessing will rest upon our peaceful, prosperous, and growing society. And I am convinced that if friends in places where a Conference might be held could only form a correct idea of the great good the holding of a Conference would do them, there would be an eagerness on their part to have it. May God's blessing rest upon all concerned in the matter, is the prayer of

Yours, most truly,

T. E. MUNDY.

District Meetings.

PORTSMOUTH.—It was with pleasant memories of the meeting of 1878, and bright anticipations of better things for that of 1879, that we started for Chichester, on the morning of Tuesday, June 24th. Most of the brethren had arrived at Jubilee chapel by 2 p.m., the hour appointed for meeting. The preliminary matters that usually engage the attention of the chairman and the various pastors were attended to, and the brethren, W. H. Hill, J. Stephens, and A. Hancock, who had been appointed by the previous pastors' meeting examiners of young men on probation, discharged as best they could their prescribed duties. But having had no information until within a few days of the meeting of the committee's course of procedure, the examination was not very real or satisfactory. At 5 we dispersed for tea, assembling again at 7.30, when a sermon was preached by the writer; theme—"The preciousness of the soul's redemption; text, Psalm xlix. 8. Of this service, we can only say that the Divine presence was richly realized, and that all, we trust, left the house of God resolved to glory not, "save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Br. R. Craddock, a candidate, preached a thoughtful sermon at the early morning service on Wednesday; text, 1 John, i. 1, 2. Punctually at nine the chairman (Br. J. C. Honey) gave out a hymn, and Br. Dening offered prayer. It was a good beginning. Then followed an address from the chairman. It was brief and to the point. There are many graces for which Br. Honey is distinguished, and not one of the least of these is *his great power of organisation*. He loves order, system, punctuality. We did not marvel, therefore, at the expeditious manner in which the business was got through, and that the last part of the session was as free from hurry and confusion as its beginning. "Let everything be done decently and in order." Br. J. Tremelling was appointed secretary, Br. J. Martin journal secretary, Brs. W. H. Hill and A. Hancock reporters. On reading the list of

the members of the meeting, we were reminded (although we scarcely needed such a reminder, the fact was too fresh in our memories) of the departure of our dear old Br. Tabb. Had he been with us, his voice, quavering with age but musical still, would have heightened our psalmody, and his sunny, happy presence have gladdened all our hearts. But he mingles in purer fellowships, and sings in sweeter strains above, the song he so much loved to sing below. Never shall we forget his last farewell, "Good-bye, my boy, we shall meet in heaven." An appropriate resolution of condolence was sent to his bereaved widow, whom may God bless, and sustain, and comfort, until her race, too, shall be run. Br. Perkins was absent through affliction. We were glad to find Br. Seldon in such an improved state of health, and to know that he contemplates entering again the full work of that ministry he so much loves. A resolution of gratitude to God was passed for the general good health of the brethren, and high moral status preserved. The reading of the statistical and financial accounts elicited many expressions of thankfulness. They are as follows:—Ministers, 17; local preachers, 127; chapels, 48; preaching places, 6; members of churches, 1,930; on trial, 57; admitted in the year, 237; teachers, 451; scholars, 3,589. This shows an encouraging increase on the previous year's returns of 3 ministers, 4 local preachers, 110 members, 22 teachers, and 112 scholars. Equally pleasing was the financial statement. There has been contributed to the Missionary fund, £492 os. 8d.; to the various Circuit funds, £1,058 5s. 4d.; showing an increase on the former of £48 16s. 11d., and on the latter of £124 10s. 7d. The Connexional funds show each an increase, except the chapel fund, which is slightly behind. Special attention was called to the fact that in addition to the increase of Missionary money, the grants had been lessened by the amount of £91 3s. 9d., resulting in a clear gain to the Missionary society of £140 os. 8d. This is almost, if not quite, the extra £6 per preacher asked by the the Committee. Well done, Portsmouth district! To obey is better than sacrifice. The report of our excellent chapel secretary, Br. Lark, was, as usual, an interesting item. Chapel debts had been reduced to the amount of £806. Portsmouth itself rejoices in contributing £225 of the above amount. There had been paid to Quarter board £100 7s., an increase of £54. As darkness disappears, light brightens; and as chapel debts are discharged, in a corresponding ratio will ministerial comforts increase. At Bishopstoke, important improvements had been made to the amount of £135, of which £50 had been paid. Br. Hill's Sunday-school report was chiefly interesting from the fact that about 70 children had been brought to the Saviour. Thank God for this success. May these tender young buds be preserved in their unfolding from the chilling winds and biting frosts of this world's sin. It was gratifying also to know that 375 teachers and 1,181 scholars were teetotallers. But in this matter there is still room for improvement. In the discussion on "The Spiritual State," ministers were urged to seek the co-operation of the churches in the great work of soul-saving, and to make everything subservient to this one end. We thought of Mr. Spurgeon's story. He says, "I was preaching one day at a certain place, and said the minister ought to be like a sportsman going out with his gun, and when he fetched the people down by the gospel, all his members should be like dogs, to go and fetch up the wounded and the dead. When I had done preaching, one of the deacons said, 'I believe there are many of us, Sir, that would be glad to go out as dogs, after souls, but our minister is a *dreadful poor shot*.'" An able moral sportsman filled the pulpit on Wednesday evening, in the person of Br. W. B. Lark, who preached the sermon to the District meeting. Taking as his text 1 Timothy, i. 11, "The glorious gospel of the blessed God which was committed to my trust," the preacher had ample space for the exercise of his great powers. The discourse was exceedingly pithy and powerful. Br. W. H. Cann preached a good sermon on Thursday morning from John i. 29. Assembling for business at 9, we were glad to find that the greater part of the work had been got through. Resolutions were passed respecting ministerial and lay representation; the Connexional hymn-book; the College effort; the examination of probationers; a general thanksgiving fund, &c., which will come on for consideration at the Conference. Br. Collings was passed on to his fourth year of probation; and Mrs. Rowe, Hosken, Lane, and Cann, who were subjected to a critical oral examination, in which they acquitted themselves most creditably,

were also passed on to their second year. The essays, on the whole, were considered satisfactory; in one or two instances, especially so. Votes of thanks were passed to the chairman, secretaries, examiners, and reporters; to Br. Jabez Honey, for his unremitting attentions, and to the Chichester friends, for their ungrudging hospitality. The minutes were read, and the meeting, harmonious and pleasant throughout, was brought to a happy close.

The usual public experience meeting was held on Thursday afternoon, and though there was the absence of that enthusiasm which arises from the force of large numbers, and that emotion we have sometimes felt, it was nevertheless rich in a subdued sense of the Divine presence. Our souls were filled with the peace of God. Never have we heard the brethren speak in more certain or confident tones of the abiding presence of God with them, or with such firm determination continually to prosecute their heavenly calling. Great gratitude was expressed at the prosperity with which God has been pleased to bless us during the year, in the conversion of many persons. We were glad to remember that the seal of Divine approval had been stamped upon our efforts, and that the highest ends of the Christian ministry have been fulfilled. The Lord's Supper was a season of solemn awe. A public tea was provided in the Assembly rooms, to which a goodly number sat down. There also the public meeting was held. We had not the privilege of being present at the latter, but we have heard that it was most enthusiastic. We can only give the names of the imposing array of speakers, and leave our readers to guess the sweetness, and eloquence, and music, and logic, and fervour that distilled in their speeches. They were Messrs. Honey, Tremelling, Martin, Hill, and Stephens.

July 8th, 1879.

ARTHUR HANCOCK.

NEWPORT.—The preachers and representatives of the various circuits in this District held their annual meeting in the new chapel at Chepstow, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24th and 25th. All the ministers were present. Cardiff mission sent no representative. Newport mission appointed Br. J. Nancekieveil, but he was unable to attend through illness. The other circuits were ably represented by the following brethren:—Forest of Dean, G. H. Batt; Chepstow, W. Edwards; Pontypool, M. Meachin; Aberavon, H. J. Stokes; and Swansea, W. Squire. The public services in connection with the District meeting commenced on Monday evening at 7.30, when a temperance meeting was held. The chair was efficiently filled by Mr. W. Williams, a member of the Congregational church and a staunch supporter of the temperance movement. The different phases of this important question were clearly and eloquently set forth by the Brethren H. W. Lillington, W. F. Charlton, and J. Greenslade. At six o'clock on the following morning a sermon, rich and varied in thought, was preached by Br. J. Greenslade, from Romans viii. 1. In the evening the sermon to the District meeting was preached by Br. J. O. Keen. This discourse contained passages of pure eloquence and earnest appeal. It was listened to with rapt attention. We question whether our eloquent brother ever preached better. Text, Ezekiel xxxiv. 29. A request was made that the MS. be forwarded to the editor for publication, and the preacher promised to comply with the request, so that many will have the opportunity of enjoying the treat we had. But the fervour and power felt at the delivery cannot be put into the printed pages. At the close of the public service, a large number of the congregation remained to partake of the Lord's Supper. It was a hallowed season. The Master Himself was present, and our hearts burned within us whilst He communed with us. On Wednesday morning an excellent sermon was preached by Br. S. Pascoe, from 1 John iv. 10. In the afternoon the members of the District meeting met to relate their Christian experience. A goodly number of friends from our own and other churches attended. The meeting was characterised by much devout feeling, and as the brethren spoke of their trials and triumphs, their toils and successes, God's ever-faithful help in the past and their unshaken confidence in Him for the future,—thrilling emotions were stirred in the soul and tears of gladness moistened many eyes. After a public tea, provided in Chepstow Castle, a public meeting was held, presided over by Br. T. P. Oliver (superintendent). The racy, humorous, and pertinent remarks of the chairman added much to the interest of this meeting. Br. J. Smalridge was the first speaker. His subject, "Personal holiness," was treated in a most practical manner and calculated to be profitable to all that heard

it. Br. W. F. James followed with an address, full of points, on "The power of prayer." J. Jeffrey came next, who did his best in expounding his important theme—"Sunday-schools and their relation to the Church." Br. R. Edcombe gave the closing address, which was of great earnestness and power, subject, "Revivals of Religion." The business transacted presented several features of great interest. The circular of the special committee on grants gave rise to a lengthy discussion. The brethren expressed their opinions in a very candid and kind manner. On examining the statistics returned from the different stations, it was found that there was a slight decrease on a few of the funds, but the Missionary fund had an increase of £18 4s. 6d., and the Circuit fund £22 10s. 3d. Considering the great commercial depression in the District, it was felt that on the whole the funds had been liberally supported. 141 persons have been admitted on trial for membership during the year. By removals and other causes we have lost 172 from our churches, leaving a decrease of 54 members. This decrease, after a year's labour, was felt to be a sufficient reason for true humiliation before God. In the conversation that followed, there was manifested a deep and solemn feeling. All seemed resolved to give themselves afresh to God and the work of saving souls. The chapel secretary's report showed that nearly £150 debt had been paid in the year! Still it was shown that this was only a small reduction of the heavy aggregate debt on the chapel property in the District. The brethren Greenslade and Pascoe underwent an examination on Thursday morning. The former was recommended to be received into full connexion, and the latter to be continued on trial for the ministry. Votes of thanks to the chairman, secretaries, and reporters, brought to a close one of the happiest District meetings it has been our privilege to attend. Br. Rogers and his band of co-workers did their utmost to promote the comfort of their guests. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

J. JEFFREY.

CHATHAM.—The ministers and representatives assembled in Abbey Place chapel, Faversham. After singing and prayer, the chairman delivered a brief but suitable address. Br. Joslin was elected journal secretary, and Br. Hawkey reporter. A resolution was passed expressive of deep sympathy with the two superannuated brethren, J. Lisle and W. Calloway. Br. Lisle's health had been feeble, but he was present, and spoke clearly of his trust in God, his love for the Lord's work, and his hope of eventually participating in the rest and bliss of heaven. Br. Calloway was so unwell that he could not attend. May the great Father in heaven abundantly bless these dear brethren in their declining years, and guide them all through the perilous journey of life. The number of ministers in the district is 11, of local preachers 62, and of members 830. The number of deaths and removals had been unusually large. The funds had been well sustained. A new chapel, to cost £200, one-half of which has been promised, is in course of erection at Kingsnorth, in the Tenterden Circuit. The spiritual state of the District was the theme of an animated and profitable discussion; several brethren delivered interesting and impressive speeches on the subject, and the opinion of each speaker was that both the ministers and members needed a large measure of Divine influence. A rich baptism of the Holy Ghost will be granted in answer to importunate, believing prayer. The public services were characterised by much Divine influence. Br. Hawkey preached a short sermon on the Tuesday evening. The next morning Br. Davey preached a sermon on "True greatness," and advanced many lucid and excellent remarks on the subject. The sermon to the District meeting was preached by Br. H. Down; there were three divisions in the sermon; and we thought and felt that the first was good, the second better, and the third best. A rich Divine influence rested upon the preacher and the congregation. The Lord's Supper was administered at the close; Br. Lisle made some concise and expressive remarks on the ordinance. The following morning Br. G. Matthews (of Chatham), delivered a good discourse, selecting as his text, Luke xxiv. 15. He who drew near to the two sorrowing disciples, and conversed with them, drew near to us while the brother was speaking. Br. Davey and Br. Webber read each a good essay during the forenoon, and were heartily recommended to be passed on in the usual way. Br. G. Matthews was unanimously and cordially recommended to the

Conference as a suitable person to become a minister among us. The experience meeting was a soul-refreshing season. To meet together at the close of another year's light and shades, and speak of the preciousness of Christ to our soul, of our love to the great work in which we are engaged, of the intense pleasure we realise in leading sinners to the Saviour, and of our hope of yet seeing Jesus in all the glory of His Divinity, is certainly very touching and encouraging. A public tea was provided in the schoolroom, and all seemed to enjoy the cheering but unintoxicating cup. The platform meeting was very enthusiastic; the speeches were good, the influence was rich, and our hearts were gladdened. Br. Jory gave an excellent opening address on "The financial and spiritual state of the district." Br. Squire's subject was "Soul-winning." Br. Brenton delighted us with a speech on "True Happiness;" and Br. Cottle spoke well on "Labour and Reward." A vote of thanks was given to the chairman and the speakers for their excellent addresses, and to the friends at Faversham for so hospitably entertaining and providing for us during the District meetings, especially to Mrs. and Miss Cottle, Miss Mercer, and Mr. and Mrs. Joslin.

R. HAWKEY.

BARROW AND DURHAM.—The annual meeting of the ministers and laymen was held at Dalton. On the previous Sunday sermons were preached in the Broughton-road chapel, by M. J. Banwell, of Cramlington. On the evening of Tuesday a temperance meeting was held in the same place, under the presidency of Mr. J. O. Coomb, pastor of the Barrow church. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Banwell, J. Hender, D. Smith, J. B. Stedeford, and H. Sobey. The business of the assembly was opened on Wednesday morning, under the direction of Mr. S. L. Thorne, chairman of the District. Beside whom there were present Messrs. J. Banwell, J. O. Coomb, (Barrow), J. Hender, (Millom), and others. The only lay representatives present were Messrs. G. Courtney (Dalton), and S. T. Thorne (Bradford). The returns showed that in the District there were 10 ministers, 80 local preachers, being an increase on the latter of three; 15 chapels, 19 preaching places (increase 5); deaths, 8; emigrations, 27 (increase 15). The removals (264) were 119 above last year. Full members, 809; on trial, 18; and admitted during the year, 254, showing a decrease of 22, 27; and 16 respectively. The number of Sunday-school teachers, returned at 360, was 16 below last year, while the number of scholars was increased from 2,095 to 2,126. There were also two candidates for the ministry, namely, Br. R. Bunney, of Dalton, and Mr. S. T. Thorne, of Bradford. Both preached during the session, and were recommended to the Conference. The financial report showed an increase in the funds of £832 6s. 8d. D. Smith, J. Gifford, and J. D. Stedeford, having passed creditable examinations, were passed on. At the opening of Thursday's meeting the Revs. A. Hall (Congregationalist) and J. G. Anderson (Baptist) were introduced to the brethren, and greetings exchanged. In the afternoon the Sacrament was administered, and in the evening a public meeting was held; S. L. Thorne in the chair, who gave a thrilling address on "Refined materialism, the great evil of the age." J. Gifford followed with an address on "Forces by which we can save souls," J. Banwell on "Aids to Christian perseverance," H. Werren on "Preparation in the Pew," and J. Finch (who, as an old pastor, was most heartily applauded) on "Some changes required in the modern pulpit."—Votes of thanks being passed to the Dalton friends for their entertainment, a most successful meeting was brought to a close.

Chapels.

DIAMOND-STREET, CARDIFF.—The chapel is built of Newbridge stone, with fire-brick quoins and strings, and Bath stone dressings; the style of architecture adopted being Victorian. Open pinnacles, crowned with ornamental zinc roofs and wrought iron vanes, and reaching a height of sixty feet from the ground, give effect and dignity to the front elevation. Standing directly against Topaz-street it is so distinctly seen by persons going through Sun-street, Lead-street, Clifton-

street, and Topaz street, that no chapel in the town shews itself better, and few, if any, present a more pretty and chaste appearance. Internally the building is 56 ft. 9 in. long, and 37 ft. 6 in. wide, 26 ft. 6 in. high to the wall plate, and 39 ft. in the centre. The roof is an open one, boarded against the underside of the rafters, with wrought and chamfered framing, and wrought iron trusses. A gallery runs round three sides of the chapel, and accommodation is provided for 600 persons. The gallery front is of cast iron, open and very ornamental. The platform and other portions of the work admitting of decoration are effectively treated. The platform and seating are executed in pitch pine, and together with the whole of the wood work, exposed internally, stained and varnished. The building is lighted at night by two rows of gas jets depending from the roof and running the whole length of the chapel. The entire cost, with minister's house, now in course of erection, will be about £2,400. The architects are Messrs. W. G. Habershon & Fawckner, of 38, Bloomsbury Square, London, Newport, and Cardiff; and the contractors Messrs. S. and A. Lewis, of 85, Broadway, Cardiff. The wrought and cast iron work throughout was supplied by Messrs. W. A. Baker & Co., of Newport.

The opening sermon was preached by Rev. J. Jackson Wray (Wesleyan Minister, of London), July 10th, at 3 p.m. It was based on the 121st Psalm. The preacher discoursed very effectively on "the preservation of trustful souls." and the choice congregation appeared delighted with the service. At 4.30 a tea meeting was held in the school-room, and attended by 260 persons. The public meeting at 7, under the presidency of Joseph Ramsdale, Esq., was largely attended. After singing and prayer, the Rev. W. F. James, pastor of the church, read the report, which was as follows:—

"It were easy to furnish a statement on this occasion as long as Paul's sermon at Troas. To touch the more salient points, which require treatment, *gracefully*, is a difficult task to one who is *chiefly* apostolic in the sense of being unlearned. But *however difficult* the task, it must at *least* be attempted. If failure ensues it will not be marvellous, if success is obtained there will be a little more matter for a certain lecture on 'the importance and results of trying.'

"I read, to avoid being long, as it is important to give as much scope as possible to the gifted speakers who are to follow.

"We began our work in Cardiff by holding Sunday morning and evening services in the Swiss Hall. Having no opportunity for forming a Sunday-school, or holding week evening services, we laboured under great disadvantages. The need of a chapel was painfully felt, and efforts were made to obtain land for building one. Six sites in succession were sought, and while negotiations were *pending*, in reference to the sixth, we were informed that *this plot* was meant for a chapel. On making inquiry of Mr. Fawckner, we found it was *even so*. Our application was favourably received, and the site granted. Plans were drawn for chapel, school-room, and parsonage. At length permission was given to build the schoolroom *first*, upon condition that the chapel be started directly after its opening. A meeting of the friends was called in a private house. About twelve attended. After tea the subject of raising funds for the building was introduced. The *immediate cash result* was 24 farthings—6d., obtained from the sale of a photo given by a friend. Ten pounds more was promised.

"With such an auspicious beginning we soon proceeded to beg from persons outside. Being so *well able* and *disposed* to help ourselves, we felt we had a perfect right to ask others to help us. Our views were so *fully* endorsed by friends of various Denominations, that a noble response was given. So that with £115 from the Missionary Society we were enabled to raise £500 toward the £600 which the schoolroom and its adjuncts cost. The place was opened May, 1876, and has since been used for services and Sunday-school. Many difficulties and reverses appeared, but we toiled on amid all, and great progress has been made. We have now over 90 persons in church fellowship, and 220 children in the Sunday-school. Believing in the importance of training the young in the principles and habits of temperance, one rule of the school is that there shall always be a Band of Hope connected therewith.

"It was found impracticable to go on with the chapel so soon as was first intended. The delay was meekly borne until eighteen months ago, when Lord Tredegar gave us the *straight tip* by saying we ought at once to proceed with the

chapel and minister's house, or give up the site to another church. Not having learned to play the retreat at school, and though still *young*, too *old* to learn such a lugubrious tune, an advance was seriously contemplated. The Conference decided to grant us £500 if the whole cost of the chapel were met, and appointed a brother to assist the pastor that he might follow up the great material work with dispatch. Nine months ago the effort to raise funds was started. Our own people gave some good donations. Friends of other communities came out well. Mr. John Cory promised £100 if with it the chapel were paid for. I wrote a gentleman whom I had never seen, stating the case and making an appeal. In a few days came a reply thanking me heartily for my letter, expressing pleasure in enclosing a cheque for £25, and asking me again to write him next year. That gentleman was J. H. Insole, Esq., of Ely Court. Our senior member for the county, Mr. Talbot, and Col. Stuart, the honoured representative of this borough, sent £5 each. Many other persons of local celebrity nobly helped. Our worthy chairman has given £30; and his presence with us to-night is proof that he used no idle words when telling us five months ago he was not yet 'weary in well-doing.' The memorial stone services will not soon be forgotten. They helped to make the chapel one of the most remarkable in Christendom. I would not have hesitated to walk from Land's End to John O'Groat's house to draw out the pure, fraternal, catholic, generous, and eloquent address given by H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P., on the occasion. Gentlemen of nine Denominations laid memorial stones, and soon after another was placed between the two doors by a representative of the Young Men's Christian Association. We most gratefully remember the occasion because of the full expression of Protestant Christian unity which it afforded. The gross monetary result was £187 10s. 3d. Until recently we only meant to erect an end gallery, then Mr. Fawckner urged us to put up side galleries also, and kindly engaged to give a special contribution of £10 10s. toward the extra outlay. Mr. John Cory promised £10 10s., Mr. Jos. Elliott £5 5s.; altogether £42 have been raised. But for the additional work the chapel would have been quite finished. We are sorry the work is so incomplete, but glad indeed the side galleries are fixed. I have pleasure in stating that the architect, chapel committee, builder, and workmen, have laboured together very amicably. To the everlasting credit of the men engaged on the premises, let me tell you, that they gave the money to buy this beautiful Bible and hymn-book. A gentleman hearing of their kindness requested me to give each of them a ticket for the tea at his expense.

"The total cost of the chapel, including architect's commission, furniture, gates, railing, drainage, private improvements, &c., will be about £1,900. Toward that we have raised in cash and promises over £600, which will claim £200 from the Missionary Society. We may reckon the accounts thus:—Outlay, £1,900, raised £800, further needed £1,100. Of that the Missionary Society will furnish £300 if we get the remainder. So £800 more is urgently required. Regarding that a giant debt I trust that the monster will receive a *death-blow to-night*. An old man in Cornwall used to advise his friends to *tell conscience to stand back* when they were inclined to do something *pecuniarily profitable* but *morally wrong*. Though of a retiring disposition, I must tell *modesty* to stand back, 'screw my courage to the sticking place,' and plead for help with boldness. There being religious accommodation for only one person in nine in this parish, and erroneous teaching being very prevalent around us, there is manifest need for such a purely Protestant church as we are seeking to rear. Beginning less than five years ago with only seven, and having reached our present proportions, surely we have aggressive power. May we not claim to have proved our fitness for the work this sinful district demands? Presuming you can reply yes, we pray you recognise our claim to the most liberal gifts you can bestow. Our aim is to remove the debt, that the Church may be enabled to support herself and have fair play for her great spiritual work. We beg you to generously aid us to reach that most worthy object. You will find printed forms in the pews which will explain their own purpose. Kindly make the best possible use of them. Pope Leo X. being anxious to rear a more magnificent church than had ever appeared, resolved to sell indulgences to get money for the work. License to sell in the different countries of Europe was disposed of to the highest bidder. Albert, Archbishop of Mainz and Magdeburg, bought a license for Germany, and employed the notorious Tetzl to hawk indul-

gences. This man, 'with the voice of a town crier, and eloquence of a mountebank,' went on his mission. Indulgences for *past* sins and *future* sins, for the *living* and the *dead* were sold with wondrous rapidity. (No doubt Mr. Tremelling in his lecture on Luther, Monday night, will tell you the result.) Now, *here* is a chapel more manifestly needed than St. Peter's, at Rome, and it wants funds as really as that grand fabric did. It is unfinished, and money must be obtained to complete it. Oh! all ye whom Providence has blessed with abundance, give of your gold and silver to replenish the exchequer. Thus you will relieve us and benefit yourselves. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' And I have authority—not from Leo X. nor XIII., but from a greater than either—I have authority from Him, to declare, that all who give liberally to the funds shall have plenary indulgence henceforth, to cultivate the highest virtue, and do all the good they can in the best possible way."

The chairman then gave an address evincing deep interest in the spread of the gospel in Cardiff, and brimful of goodwill toward Diamond-street church. Rev. J. P. Bellingham spoke very warmly and effectively on the effect of Christian teaching. Rev. J. Tremelling (of Southampton) dwelt very ably on "Unity, activity, and piety" as essential to spiritual prosperity. Rev. J. Waite, B.A., heartily congratulated the church on the great progress it had made, and wished it God speed. Rev. J. Jackson Wray delivered a very humorous, practical, and telling address, which indicated the most lively interest in the Bible Christian Denomination and Diamond-street in particular. Votes of thanks, &c., brought this interesting meeting to a close.

On Friday evening, July 11th, Rev. J. Jackson Wray gave his popular lecture on "William Tyndale," in Roath-road Wesleyan Chapel, (kindly lent for the occasion). Daniel Lewis, Esq., Mayor of Cardiff, presided. The able lecture was heard with marked attention. It bristled with fine points, which were heartily applauded, and could hardly fail to produce salutary results.

On Sunday, July 13th, Rev. J. Tremelling preached in the morning, on "The Priesthood of Christ," and in the evening, on "Paul's commission to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Both sermons were able and practical expositions. In the afternoon, Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones preached with his usual ability, on "Christ teaching the people." The three discourses were highly appreciated.

On Monday evening, July 14th, Rev. J. Tremelling gave his popular lecture on "Luther the man for his times." It was able, eloquent, timely, suggestive, and delivered with telling effect. Though extended for an hour and forty minutes, strict attention was paid throughout. It has seldom been our privilege to hear a more masterly address. W. Jones, Esq., occupied the chair. Mr. Tremelling's services will long be remembered with pleasure and gratitude.

On Sunday, July 20th, Rev. J. Osborne Keen, D.D., of Swansea, preached morning and evening, and Rev. J. Shrimpton (Wesleyan), in the afternoon. Inclement weather made against the attendance morning and afternoon. There was a large congregation at night. Monday evening, Dr. Keen gave his popular lecture on "The Dreamer of the Seventeenth Century." Great regret was expressed at the absence of Lewis Williams, Esq.—the chairman arranged for the meeting—who was unable to attend, but practically remembered the collection. Rev. W. F. James, pastor, presided. The lecturer did his work well. His mind appeared richly imbued with the history and works of John Bunyan, and the grand lessons of his illustrious life. Rapt attention was paid, and several passages of inimitable beauty were heartily applauded. A cordial vote of thanks to Dr. Keen was moved by the chairman, and seconded by Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones, who made some pertinent remarks on our indebtedness to the heroes of the Seventeenth Century for the blessings of religious liberty. The attendance was good, and a liberal collection made toward the building fund.

Sermons were preached on Sunday morning and evening, July 27th, by Rev. W. Lee (of Forest Hill), and Rev. W. Watkiss (Congregationalist) in the afternoon. The sermons of both ministers were highly appreciated. Congregations and collections good.

The total proceeds of the opening services (including £16 promised) amounted to £88 1s. 4½d. For this we are truly thankful. But much remains to be done

ere we can regard the premises in a fair monetary position, and friends who *can* help will find the donations they may send gratefully received.

We have now had two Sundays of ordinary work in the chapel. The morning attendance is equal to the evening congregation in the school-room, and that in evening nearly treble as large. So far there is great room for encouragement.

Cardiff, August 14th, 1879.

W. F. JAMES.

KINGSNORTH.—One of the prettiest buildings to be found in the neighbourhood in connection with the Bible Christian Denomination was opened on Wednesday, August 13th. The structure replaces one which was built in 1837, and which had got sadly out of repair. The new building is of Gothic design, with white gault brick facings and bath stone dressings. The interior is very neatly fitted up with pitch pine seats and rostrum, with skirting of the same running all round. The architect was Mr. William R. King, of Hardinge-road, Ashford, and the builder Mr. J. Bingham, of Headcorn. A great feature in the day's proceedings was a bazaar, which was held in a large booth adjoining the chapel, and a very attractive display was made. Friends came in large numbers, both from the circuit and neighbourhood, and rendered the affair a great success. The stalls were managed by Mrs. D. Swaffer, Mrs. Lee, of Hythe, Mrs. G. Maplesden, and Mrs. R. Bingham (Rose Cottage). A dedicatory sermon was preached in the chapel by the Rev. G. A. Joslin of Faversham, who formerly laboured in the circuit, from Isaiah xl. 30, 31. About 250 afterwards sat down to a capital tea in a field adjoining the chapel. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. A. Bedwell, of Tenterden. The Rev. J. Cottle, who has laboured four years in the circuit, and is now leaving for Cumberland, made a statement regarding the building, from which it appeared that, in consequence of having utilised the material of the old chapel, the cost of the work had been reduced to a minimum. Nevertheless a debt of £200 has been incurred. Towards this, £100 has been promised before operations were commenced, and it was hoped that the proceeds of the day's proceedings would materially lessen the amount. The other speakers were Mr. Scott, of London, the Rev. Thos. Clarke, the Rev. G. A. Joslin, and the Rev. W. Earl. The chairman headed the collection with £5, and a very successful and long to be remembered day for the Kingsnorth friends was brought to a close in the usual manner.

The above account was found in a local paper. The opening services were resumed on Sunday, Aug. 17th, when Mr. F. W. Bourne preached three sermons. The congregations were large for this place, considering the weather, the chapel in the evening being much crowded. The services were very impressive, the preacher had much liberty in proclaiming the gospel message, the Master's presence was delightfully realized, God's people rejoiced with a great joy, and *one* of his hearers promised the preacher that he would from that night give himself fully to Christ.

UPTON, KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT.—The first anniversary of our chapel was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, July 13th and 14th. On Sunday two sermons were preached by Miss A. Parsons, of Weston-Super-Mare; in the afternoon from Proverbs vii. 19, 20, and in the evening from St. Matthew xxii. 11, 12. Although the weather was unfavourable, heavy showers falling during the day, the chapel was crowded at each service, many people having to leave in the evening without being able to get in. On Monday afternoon Miss Parsons again preached from St. John v. 28, 29, after which a public tea was provided, to which a good number sat down. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. M. Marsh. Addresses were delivered by Mr. R. Priscott, Miss A. Parsons, and the Rev. T. G. Vanstone. The proceeds from the anniversary, including donations, collections, profit on tea, &c., will enable the trustees to pay off about £15 of the chapel debt, which is £150.

Skilgate, August 8th, 1879.

JNO. P. PALMER.

PENHALLOW, TRURO CIRCUIT.—Our friends here have recently done a good thing in connection with their chapel. It had become very dirty and dilapidated, but it has been thoroughly renovated, a very beautiful little rostrum erected in it, and made in every way inviting and comfortable, as every place of worship should be. The total cost is about £50. Toward that amount the friends have raised

£40; and we hope, by the close of the year, by a little effort, that the entire cost will be paid. The friends who have taken the deepest interest in the work, and who have done the most for it, are Mesdames J. Jenkin, senr., J. Jenkin, junr., W. T. Jenkin, F. Jenkin, J. Reynolds, T. Letcher, W. Grigg, J. Truscott, Ustice, and the Misses Weston, Williams, Holman, Letcher, and Bound. What we want now is an out-pouring of the Spirit of God, that the place may be filled with true worshippers. May God hasten the day!

T. E. MUNDY.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Already acknowledged - £1,073 4s. id.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
S. L. Thorne, 3rd donation	-	3	6	8	TORQUAY—		
E. Rogers	-	0	10	6	Mrs. Hooper	-	0 18 0
CRAMLINGTON—					Miss Hooper	-	0 10 6
Children's Cards	-	0	5	0	Mrs. Hooper, per W. Luke	-	1 0 0
DURHAM—					LAUNCESTON CIRCUIT—		
Mr. Bennett	-	0	5	0	Miss Bickle's Card	-	0 7 3
Mr. J. Blackwell	-	0	5	0	W. Hopper, 2nd donation	0	5 0
Mr. Wray	-	0	5	0	J. Maynard, 2nd donation	0	7 6
Mr. J. Harry	-	0	5	0	BROUGHAM RD., SOUTHSEA—		
V. H. Culliford, 1st don.	-	1	0	0	Mrs. Taylor	-	1 1 0
Dr. Thompson	-	0	10	0	Mr. W. Foster	-	0 5 0
Joseph Snell, 3rd donation	-	1	1	0	Mrs. Tabb	-	1 0 0

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—Kindly allow us to inform our friends that the Conference has decided to do what is absolutely necessary, viz., build a residence for the head-master. The cost is not to exceed £350, and the debt on the College is not to be increased. We have therefore no alternative but to raise the money. A circular will be sent to the superintendents, teachers, and children in all our Sunday-schools. We hope in this way to raise at least £100; but, Mr. Editor, why should not our Sunday-schools at once resolve to pay for this house for the head-master? If every school would send us two-thirds of the balance in the hands of their treasurer, the thing would be done. In our circular we ask for £1 from each school, to be given out of the School fund, or to be collected by the children, and to be returned to the College Agent by the end of October. We do most affectionately ask each pastor, and indeed each preacher, to aid in carrying this proposal into effect. It is a case for prompt and earnest action on the part of all concerned. Will ministers and friends who have not hitherto aided us kindly do so at once, please? O, send us a cheer! Let the thousands of our people send us their help, and we shall soon be free! We hope also that the way will be opened for the Agent to enter those circuits where up to this time it has not been convenient for him to do so. And will our friends ask God to help the Agent from day to day?

Mr. Editor, this is a time for willing hands to work, and for pure hearts to pray. We want to see the debt on the Missionary Society, the debt on the Educational Fund, the debt on the Children's Fund, the debt on the General Fund, and the College debt, paid. If our friends who could well afford to help us would do so, the thing would be done. Some say, they really have not got an extra £1 to give; from such we do not ask it (yet from them we get it). Those who have it will surely respond to our appeal.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer.*
W. HIGMAN, *Secretary.*

Brief Notices of Books.

The Early Years of Christianity; A Comprehensive History of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church. By E. D. PRESSENSE, D.D. Vol. III. Heresy and Christian Doctrine. Vol. IV. Life and Practice in the Early Church. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE Volumes are published at 7s. 6d. each; but we have a set or two remaining which we can supply at the subscription prices, namely, for one guinea for the Four Volumes. We should indeed be glad to know that our ministers generally possessed this valuable work; friends wishing to make a present of books to them could not do better than to include this. We make one extract on the

APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS,

"which were for the most part simply falsifications of our canonical gospels":—

"Like the false colours with which some master-pieces of painting have been over-laid, they were quickly to disappear under the influence of time. The productions of heresy, which were not mere parasitic overgrowths, were to be more durable. The creation offered more resistance to the destroying hand of time when the canvas had been carefully fabricated as well as the design upon it. We have in this class first a curious gospel ascribed to Thomas, which is based entirely on the docetist stand-point. It treats of the childhood of Jesus, and so piles up prodigies in that period of His life, that it is altogether withdrawn from the laws of gradual and truly human development. The Child Jesus is a sort of capricious and all-powerful genius, who deals with matter as He will, and multiplies miracles to gratify His anger or His fancy. For example, He gives life to little clay figures of birds which He has amused Himself by making, and they take wing and fly away. He destroys as easily as he creates. A child falls down stark dead, because he has jumped upon Christ's shoulders. Another turns aside the little water channels which Jesus has been hollowing out in play, and his hand is at once dried up in punishment of his daring. These chastisements again call for fresh miracles, for Jesus consents to undo the work of His own revenge, and raises to life again those whom He had killed. His chief characteristic is an implacable spirit. Thus the inhabitants of Nazareth come to Joseph and say:—'With such a child, thou canst not dwell in the same town with us, unless thou teach Him to bless instead of cursing, for He slays our children.' This not unreasonable remonstrance is roughly rebuked. The miraculous power of the divine child is displayed on the most trifling occasions. If He goes to draw water for His mother, He brings it back in the skirt of His garment. He has no need of tools in order to plane the planks of which a yoke is to be made in Joseph's work-shop; and when He sows His father's field the crop is so abundant that He can feed all the poor of the place. But the prodigy most insisted on in the Gospel of Thomas is the marvellous wisdom of the child, who instructs all his masters, and chastises them without mercy, when they do not yield to Him. Thus is formed in the popular legend the notion of a terrible child-Christ whom none but His mother can appease. The first of His masters is called Zaccheus. He is anxious to teach the boy all that childhood should know, and seeks to instil, as His first lesson, respect for old age. But the result proves that it is He who needs to be instructed. When the child questions him upon the meaning of the first letters of the alphabet, he is silent. 'Thou knowest not the nature of the Alpha,' says Jesus to him, 'and how then canst thou teach others the Beta?' These words indicate to us the origin of this gospel, for they betray the influence of the famous Gnostic Marcus. It is known that he based his incoherent system on a symbolical explanation of the letters of the Alphabet. Nothing could more favour the development of the chimeras of Gnosticism than this atmosphere of the pseudo-marvellous, which took away from the childhood of Jesus all human reality, and made him descend from Heaven as a pure ray of light and power enshrouded in an earthly form. Beholding His miracles, the inhabitants of Nazareth exclaim: 'This child is not made like one of us, for He can subdue even fire. He was before the creation of the world. What sublime Being is He then? a God or an angel? He is a heavenly child. Whence is it that every word spoken by Him becomes at once an act?'

"We find in the title of one of the editions of this curious writing this very significant saying:—'As Jesus was in His body at Nazareth.' This is pure doctetism."

Eccentric Preachers. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster. (Price 1s.)

THIS is the sixth volume of this popular series of little works, and is the expansion of a lecture Mr. Spurgeon delivered several years ago on "Eccentric Preachers." Three chapters on "What is Eccentricity?" "Who have been called Eccentric Preachers?" and "Causes of Eccentricity," occupy nearly 100 pages, and sketches of Hugh Latimer, Hugh Peters, Daniel Burgess, John Berridge, Rowland Hill, Matthew Wilks, William Dawson, Jacob Gruber, Edward Taylor, Edward Brooke, and *our own* Billy Bray, with a brief "In conclusion," complete the interesting volume. The sketch of Billy Bray, whom Mr. Spurgeon *christens*, we beg pardon, *calls* "The uneducated soul-winner," is thus prefaced:

"Many Christians who are prepared to tolerate, and even to admire considerable diversities of character, have yet, unconsciously to themselves, laid down in their own minds very fixed and definite limits within which these diversities shall range. So far they are still looking for a measure of uniformity, and will probably require several more or less violent wrenches of their propriety before they will be able to admit within the circle of their sympathy sundry eccentric and erratic forms of genuine spiritual life, which, nevertheless, have had their uses, and have brought no small glory to God. We are most of us somewhat tolerant of well-educated eccentrics; we almost reverence the oddities of genius, but we are squeamish if we see singularities combined with ignorance, and idiosyncrasies prominent in men who cannot even spell the word. What in a gentleman would be a peculiarity, is reckoned in a poor man to be an absurdity. Such slaves are most men to kid gloves and good balances at the banker's, that they toady to aristocratic whims, and even affect to admire in my Lord Havethecash that which would disgust them in poor Tom Honesty. This partiality of judgment, in a measure, affects even Christians, who, beyond all other men, are bound to judge things by their own intrinsic value, and not according to the false glitter of position and wealth. We claim for uneducated Christian men as wide a range for their originality as would be allowed them if they were the well-instructed sons of the rich; we would not have a shrewd saying decried because it is ungrammatical; nor a fervent, spiritual utterance ridiculed because it is roughly expressed. Consider the man as he is; make allowances for educational disadvantages, for circumstances, and for companionships, and do not turn away with contempt from that which, in the sight of God, may be infinitely more precious than all the refinements and delicacies so dear to pompous imbecility."

Mr. Spurgeon's last word is, "Many orators and doctors in divinity look very small by the side of Billy Bray, if we estimate ministries by their results in soul-winning, and they will look smaller still when the souls saved by poor humble speakers shall shine forth like stars, and their own rhetorical fame and boasted learning shall be as darkness."

Letters the writer of this notice continues to receive, some of them since Mr. Spurgeon's book was published, which speak of the usefulness of "The King's Son," and how the Lord honours His servant by blessing his sayings to the awakening of sinners and the comfort of believers. How great is the power of religion when it sways a man's whole being and history as in the case of Billy Bray!

DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY.

MR. EVANS with his good wife, left Plymouth for Melbourne in the steamship *Durham* on Monday, July 28th.



*Yours very truly
Jas. W. Rice*



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

*SAUL AND DAVID—A CONTRAST.**

“And afterward they desired a king, and God gave unto them Saul the son of Cis, a man of the tribe of Benjamin, by the space of forty years. And when He had removed him, he raised up unto them David to be their king; to whom also He gave testimony, and said, I have found David the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will.”—ACTS xiii. 21, 22.

SAUL and David, the first kings of Israel, were not only the types of their successors in the Jewish monarchy, but also the representatives of other servants of God who have not been chosen in the capacity of kings. There was nothing essentially different between the several forms into which the service of the ancient church was divided. Prophets, priests, and kings, originally, were alike called with the same holy calling, and anointed with the same holy oil, and consecrated with the same Holy Spirit. There was not one principle of service for the prophet, and another for the priest, and another for the king. The qualifying gift for the administration of justice, the exposition of truth, and the communication of grace was in each instance the same—it was the Spirit of the Lord. Every servant, in whatever capacity he might be called, was expected to be a man after God's own heart.

The Christian Ministry, unto which by the grace of God we have been chosen, does not fully resemble any one of the three offices in the Jewish Church. The ambassador of Christ is neither prophet, priest, nor king, in the original sense, and yet, in some of the most important particulars, he resembles them all, and unites

* The Conference Official Sermon, preached in St. Clement Street chapel, on Wednesday evening, July 30th; its publication was unanimously requested.

in himself their various functions. The *foresight* of the seer is not his—it is not for him to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath reserved in His own power; but it is for him to possess more than the *insight* of the prophet, and to *make known* the mystery which has been hid for ages. The authority to act as a mediator for his brethren has not been conferred upon him, for there is "One mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" but, in the true spirit of an intercessor, it is for him to lay down his life for his brethren. The title to exercise a lordship over others he certainly has not received, for "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren;" but, if he has been exalted over his brethren, it is for him to become their servant, and to bear their burdens, even as Christ also has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. There is an advantage in gathering lessons for the Christian ministry from all the forms of service in the old dispensation. A too exclusive comparison with any one of those offices is calculated to detract from the breadth and freedom, and even from the justness and truthfulness of the service of our Lord Jesus Christ. In Him each of the types of service had its end and fulfilment, and in His servants, if they are to be as their Master, each must have its resemblance and continuation. The truth of the prophet, the grace of the priest, and the power of the king are all necessary if the man of God is to be "thoroughly furnished" unto every good word and work.

In the histories of Saul and David there is a striking parallelism, both of resemblance and of contrast, which is singularly suggestive. They were both divinely recognised servants, having alike received their appointment *directly from the Lord* through the instrumentality of the same prophet, and were set apart in the same manner, and furnished with the same spiritual gifts, and were both esteemed as *the anointed of the Lord*. But here the resemblance ends. All else is contrast of the most marked and elaborate description. They were men of a different mould, and of a different mind. So far as their natural qualifications were concerned, they were equally adapted to the office they filled. The bravery of Saul and the sagacity of David were alike serviceable in the king, and might have been equally conducive to the welfare of the nation. But they were not alike in heart, and consequently not alike in any of their actions. Their sympathies and inclinations moved in opposite directions in the same groove. Their principles, springing apparently from the same root, were antagonistic and contradictory. Fellow-servants in the same household of faith they were as widely distinguished as is the bond-servant from him that is free-born. Shepherds over the same flock of God they were as unlike as is the

hireling from him whose own the sheep are. The same broad distinction may extend throughout the whole service of God, and be found even among the chosen and intimate companions of our Lord. In the ministry of grace a man may have preached to others, and yet be so wanting in grace as himself to become a castaway. Is it even possible that he may save others, and yet lose his own soul? We then, who say to others, "Examine yourselves," shall we not prove our own selves? Although we trust that we are not reprobates, shall we not at least be sure that we are "in the faith?"

In pursuance of this object we observe,—

I. *That the nature of the Lord's calling admits of a wide diversity in the characters of His servants.*

"Many are called." And the variety of the servants is as their number. Not only men who in their eagerness for service are already employed on that which cometh to their hand, but also men who stand idle in the market-place waiting for hire are sent into the vineyard to labour. The hand of God would appear to be laid not only upon the ready, but also sometimes upon the unready. Opportunities of usefulness are conferred upon some men because they have already been faithful in a little. Similar responsibilities are bestowed upon others in the hope that a higher trust may awaken a deeper sense of fidelity. "The grace of God, and the gift by grace," have indeed "abounded unto many." It is important therefore that the servant should not only know that he is called, but also that his calling is the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

The excellence of character must, in an effectual calling, be more than the *outward display of the countenance*—it must be the *hidden beauty of the heart*. In this respect Saul and David were not alike. Saul was said to be "a choice young man and goodly. There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." So far as outward appearance went he was all that could be desired. In personal presence he was the very ideal to the popular imagination of what a king should be. When Samuel therefore presented him as the anointed of the Lord, all the people in their enthusiasm shouted, "God save the King." David, on the other hand, so far failed in these respects that when Samuel desired all the sons of Jesse to be passed before him, he was omitted, as not worthy of so much as a thought. "Ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to," he undoubtedly was, but those who had looked on the height of his stature, and on his countenance, had rejected him. The Lord, in pronouncing him to

be worthy, had looked upon his heart, and discerned other qualifications than were apparent to the eye of the superficial observer.

God has often chosen His most approved servants in the same manner. Not uncommonly He has preferred the younger to the elder, and plain men rather than men of apparently greater promise. It may not be that they have possessed the fewest natural gifts, as is sometimes supposed, but that their gifts have not been such as men have ordinarily most prized. God appears sometimes to veil His choicest works, lest the rude hand should be put forth to desecrate with unhallowed touch that which He has specially reserved for His own glory. His greatest wonders are often hid in places where men would least expect to find them, for human interference would mar the beauty and perfection of His work. It is thus that, in secret rather than openly, God prepares His chosen servants, and discloses them only when their hour is come. The stone that is destined for the head of the corner is not unfrequently rejected by the builder, but "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and He will not fail to exalt them in due time.

Again, if the servant is to be fully eligible for the work of God, he must not only have been called, but also *proved*. Whatever gifts Saul may have possessed they would appear not to have been tried. He lacked experience. How characteristic, for instance, was the manner in which he discovered the calling of God. It was an example of the abundance of grace that the man who started in quest of asses should light on a kingdom. And, truly, God does so surprise men with mercies, but the mercies so found are not the mercies which are most prized. The hasty, impulsive answer to the proposal of his servant that they should visit the prophet, "Well said, come, let us go," was no evidence of a spirit which could wisely direct the destinies of a nation. The astonished inquiry of his former associates, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" became a proverb not only of what was unlooked for and improbable, but also of what was fitful and uncertain. Saul's service of the Lord began with his elevation to the throne. It was a sudden change attendant upon his altered fortunes. How unpromising his experience was as compared with that of David. All unconscious, apparently, of the high destiny that awaited him, David was diligently qualifying himself among the sheepfolds for other pastoral duties in a higher and wider sphere of service. In a modest, unassuming manner, he was strengthening himself in the Lord—destroying wild beasts and delivering the lambs of the flock as a preparation for encounter with still wilder men, and the succour of a more precious charge. While caring for those "few sheep in the wilderness," he was already grounding himself in the

principles of a holy and spiritual kingship. Before the consecrating oil had been poured on his head he had qualified himself to become a good shepherd of the chosen people of God. He had been faithful in a little, and gave the requisite promise that he would be faithful also in much. Therefore God made him to be head over His people.

There is a certain attractiveness in the hasty and fortuitous providence which invests some men with distinction, and makes them for a time the envy of their fellows. But however free and spontaneous may be the grace with which God receives sinners, and welcomes them, there must be a previous qualifying fitness for any engagement in His service, or the service may prove to be a disaster rather than a blessing. No providence, however fortuitous, no opportunities, however unexampled, can supersede the necessity for a lowly, patient, and persevering culture of the heart as a preparation for Christian usefulness. Sooner or later it will be found that the most approved servants of God have been distinguished by their devotedness to Him in their private life, and in their ordinary engagements. When He undertakes to distinguish a man with the promise, "I will set him on high," it is for the sufficient reason, "For he hath known my name."

Further, if the service is to come up with acceptance on God's altar it must be *single-hearted*. It is remarkable to what an extent diverse qualities may exist in the same heart. Good and evil, truth and error, may not unfrequently be found side by side in the same human experience. Saul's character was one of the most unfavourable examples of the kind. When he had been anointed by Samuel, God gave him "another heart," and turned him into "another man." The phraseology is significant. It is not that which is employed in either the Old or New Testament Scriptures to denote such an entire change of the heart and life as is attendant upon the new birth, and the entrance of the Holy Spirit. He had received, indeed, "another heart," but not a "new heart." He had assumed a new character without being transformed into a "new man." The new wine had been put into the old bottle. It was an incongruous union of the old and new. His eye, therefore, was not single, neither was his heart right. He was a double-minded man, and destined to be unstable in all his ways. David's character, on the other hand, was the reverse of all this. Oneness of heart was the aim and purpose of his life, and therefore he prayed, "*Unite my heart*, O God, to fear thy name." Singleness of purpose and concentration were his most distinguishing characteristics. Whatever he did he did with all his might, and with his *whole heart*. By anticipation he was already "crucified

with Christ," and the life which he lived in the flesh was the life of the Son of God, who lived in him. With such an experience he was a man after God's own heart, and destined to fulfil all His will.

There is an apparent breadth of character and a versatility in certain men who have tasted of the knowledge of good and evil, by which they have acquired a singular attractiveness and power. Their eyes in some instances have been enlightened with a strange brilliance, and their words have been touched with a wayward but fascinating genius. Such persons may become popular favourites, and to a certain extent useful members of the community, but they cannot be the approved servants of God. It is not to be denied that there are men whose characters have been diffuse rather than intense, and whose services have been multiform rather than concentrative, who have served their generation according to the will of God, and afterwards fallen on well-earned sleep. But the disciples of Christ who would follow Him in the regeneration must have great singleness of purpose and oneness of heart, or they may find themselves engaged in a hazardous employment, in which they can neither heartily go forward, nor safely turn back. If they are to rejoice in the day of the Lord as one that findeth great spoil, they must know nothing among men "save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." And rather than to fail in that day it would be better not to attempt the service of Christ. "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been better for that man if he had not been born." We observe—

II. *That compliance with the Lord's commandments may be attempted with even contradictory principles.*

There may be a great contrast between the servants in their relation to *the will of God*. Saul's obedience, for instance, was ever fanciful and capricious. If he had any settled principle at all it was to adapt the will of God to his own inclination and convenience. When that will was in harmony with his tastes and wishes he was obedient, but whenever an act of self-denial was required he sought to evade the obligation. Sent, for example, to destroy the Amalekites, the ancient and irreconcilable foes of the Lord and His people—a sentence in which there may have been more of mercy than of judgment—he shewed his regard for his own prestige rather than God's glory. It was not tender-heartedness which induced him to save Agag alive, for he had already slain the women and children, while the man who had made women childless was esteemed a fitting ornament to grace the triumph of his procession. The spirit of the action was opposed to the whole mind and will of God. It was earthly, sensual, devilish. On the other hand, such was David's obedience that even to the minutest

particulars he displayed the utmost reverence and regard for the will and word of God. When Saul was seeking his life to destroy it, and he was often in imminent peril, such was his respect for the shadow of divine authority that he would not, even in self-preservation, suffer a hand to touch the Lord's anointed. And on that sorrowful day when he went forth a fugitive from the city of David, and Shimei accompanied him at a distance with imprecations and oaths, what veneration as well as pathos there was in his answer to the sons of Teruah, "Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him," and "said unto him, Curse David." Such a spirit, notwithstanding the transgressions into which he was occasionally betrayed, would not usually be inattentive to the least of God's commandments. How could he fail in his obedience who could say, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." With the law of the Lord as his supreme joy, obedience to Him was as natural as his daily food, and "sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb."

Between Saul and David there was a marked difference in their estimate of God's commandments. So little was Saul's respect unto them that, as he himself alleged, he would have substituted ritual for righteousness, as though sacrifice would be as pleasing to the Lord as obedience. His own caprice was allowed to weigh with the statutes of the Almighty, as though the Lord were altogether such an one as himself. On the other hand, what jealousy for the law of God there was in David's spirit when he refrained from offering sacrifice lest he should trespass upon the truth, saying, "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it." So far from desiring to offer a substitute for obedience, he would not appear, however plausibly, to add anything thereunto. He would no more exceed the will of God than he would seem to come short of it. Its every point to him was of more value than "thousands of gold and silver," and not to be lightly departed from by so much as a hair's breadth. Now the common danger to the servants of God is, not that they may withhold a form of service—that is virtually impossible, but that their service may lack the principle of fidelity, and be more in harmony with the imaginations of their own hearts, than in keeping with the commandments which they have been called to fulfil. But however profuse may be their service, and however fervent their zeal, without obedience, their work will be found wanting when it comes to be tried with fire. For "whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

There may be a great contrast between the servants in their relation to *the people*. The glory of the divine service is to do good and to communicate. The servant of Christ, therefore, must

be faithful to his brethren, as well as devoted to his Master. In this respect the true servant is distinguished from the false, and so David was distinguished from Saul. When Samuel had succeeded in convincing Saul that a great transgression had been committed, the blame was cast upon the people. "I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and gone the way which the Lord sent me," was Saul's self-complacent answer, "*but the people*," he added, "*took of the spoil*." And even when he was compelled to admit his participation in the act, he shielded himself under the imputation of violence, saying, "*I feared the people, and obeyed their voice*." But on a previous occasion, for the sake of an injudicious oath on his part, he could place a most unnatural restraint upon the same people, and forbid them to taste food until he had avenged himself on his enemies; and such was his authority and influence over them, that he exacted compliance with his foolish instructions. Anything more unfaithful than the imputation that the people had coerced him to obey their voice rather than the voice of the Lord can scarcely be conceived. How different was David's conduct on a similar occasion. "Lo, I have sinned, and done wickedly," was his confession when the people were visited with pestilence in consequence of his vanity, "but these sheep, what have they done? Let thy hand, I pray Thee, be against me, and against my father's house." He had greatly transgressed, but he would prefer to bear his own burden, rather than that it should be laid upon the people. It is not enough, however, for the servants of Christ to bear their own sins, but, as far as they may, to bear the infirmities of others. The true spirit of the Lord's service is for a man to risk his own life rather than imperil the lives of his brethren. Rather than to leave them in their sins it is for us, with Moses, to say, "If Thou wilt forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of thy book which Thou hast written;" or with Paul, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren." Rather than flee when the wolf cometh, it is for us, with the Good Shepherd, to say, "I lay down my life for the sheep." "Blessed is that servant whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

There may be a great contrast between the servants *in relation to themselves*. The very pith and power of divine service is the sacrifice and surrender of self on the altar of duty. On its crest is the motto, "*I die daily*." But how little Saul knew of the principle of self-denial. What a jealous regard for self there was in his tardy and inconsistent confession, "I have sinned—honour me now, I pray Thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel." His false conception of his own dignity was more to him than the truth. Honour, however dishonourable, was preferred to

sterling integrity, and the honour which cometh from God. He could be mean in spirit, and recreant to the truth, if only he could command the applause of men. How then could he fulfil the will of God? He had not, for instance, judged himself, and how could he judge the people? He had not even ruled his own spirit, and how could he be a wise ruler of men. He had not clothed himself with humility, and how could he be clothed with power and honour? He had not emptied himself and become of no reputation, and could not be the symbol of the divine glory and majesty. He could not be truthful in his work, for he was false in himself. But how admirable is the contrast in David. How completely he cleared himself of sin in that ingenuous confession of sin, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." Rather than evade the sentence he would court condemnation. The truth was more to him than his life. From that spirit of uprightness every work which proceeded was stamped with the seal and imprint of truth.

Trueness of heart is even more necessary in the messengers of Christ than in the Kings of Israel. The ministration of the Spirit and truth demands other perceptions than are necessary for the administration of law and authority. The moral and spiritual sense must be finely attuned if it is to be skilful in the word of righteousness. The eye must be clear if the consciences of men are to be probed to the quick. The heart must be right if the truth is to make them free. But if the light that is within us be darkness, how shall we open the eyes of the blind, or turn them from darkness to light. If we ourselves be in bondage, how shall we deliver the captives, or turn them from the power of Satan to God. If we be not pure in heart, how shall we know God? And if we know not God, how shall we know how to save a sinner from death. And if we save not others, how shall we appear in the judgment of God? or how shall we save even our ourselves? Notice also,

III. *That the Lord's covenant with his servants is not incompatible with the most dissimilar terminations.*

There may be a complete divergence, for instance, in their *personal experiences*. And what an example of the kind was that of Saul and David. How striking the contrast between the melancholy monarch and the sweet singer of Israel. What a wide divergence there was between Saul's mania and David's mirth. The collision of their peculiar temperaments—the encounter of Saul with his spear, and David with his harp, is a singularly interesting episode in the historical parallelism. They were at

opposite points of spiritual experience, and were no longer fellow-heirs of the same promise. From him that had not was taken away even that which he had. Nature and grace alike failed him who failed in the service of God. An unfaithful service is ever a declining power, and ultimately, instead of being helpful, becomes dependent. When their own lamps are gone out the negligent servants would fain replenish them with their neighbours' oil. When they can no longer buy they would gladly borrow. But how worthless and contemptible is a ministry of grace that has lost the savour of its anointing. Of all vain pretensions the vainest is the assumption of sanctity without the spirit of holiness. Vessels of God without grace are like fountains without water. What disappointment and dismay "when the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst." How refreshing, on the other hand, to turn to David, and to the fountain of blessing that was in him. What sweetness there is in David's harp. How many troubled spirits besides that of the unhappy Saul it has soothed and comforted. What tender and heart-thrilling music there is in its chords. With what insight and judgment, what delicacy and feeling, what pathos and power, what spirit and truth, it has touched and refined almost every form of human experience. What a well-spring of joy and peace, hope and triumph, there is in the Psalms of David. Rather than part with them we could cheerfully surrender all the lyric poems the world has ever produced. And yet the same blessedness—the same gift of grace, in many variations, is the common inheritance of all the faithful servants of God. As lights of the world they are everywhere harbingers of joy and peace, and the world is the happier and better for their presence. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

There may be a complete divergence also in point of *individual character*. Was there ever a greater diversity than that between the fearfulness of Saul and the courage of David in the day of adversity. How affecting, on the one hand, that scene in the cave of Endor, into which Saul, with all his antipathy for witchcraft, must at last stoop to enter. What more sad than to see that stalwart and stately form, once of noble and commanding presence, but now trembling exceedingly, and falling prostrate at full length upon the ground, in the shadow of a looming and inevitable disaster, which not even the presence of Samuel could avert. What a bitter anti-climax to the hopes of forty years previous, when he was hailed as the first and chiefest of all the kings of Israel. On the other hand, what more inspiring than that scene before

the smoking ruins of Tiklag, where David encouraged himself in the Lord, when a career of unbelief had reached an unhappy crisis, and everything appeared to be lost, and his very life was in danger at the hands of his angry and infuriated followers. Forsaken, apparently, by God and men, and without one visible hope, he might, if ever, have yielded to despondency, but, by strengthening himself in the Lord, he rose to an unwonted pitch of courage and enthusiasm. If any more striking contrast can be conceived, it is that between the closing scene on "Dewless-Gilboa," where the shields of the mighty were vilely cast away, and the beauty of Israel was slain upon her own high places, and Saul, the anointed of the Lord, perished by his own hand, and was cast forth with ignominy and derision; and, on the other hand, the famous and heroic pursuit of David and his six hundred men, and the recovery of all that the Amalekites had taken away, with the earnest also of the sceptre and glory which seemed for the moment to have departed from Israel. It is a singular and significant coincidence that about the same time Saul lost everything and David recovered everything. The talent, which had long been misused, was taken from the one, and transferred to the other. The Spirit of the Lord had finally departed from Saul, and neither genius nor strength, neither might nor bravery, could avail when that help was wanting. "When Thou," Lord, "dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth." "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" But blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whom the Lord favoureth. The inequality between him and his engagements may be as that of the exaggerated report of the spies: his opponents may be as giants, and he may be in their sight as a grasshopper, but he is more than sufficient through Him that loved him. Goliath with his shield and spear must fall before the sling and stone of the unarmed David when the Lord directs his hand, and strengthens his heart. The man whom God sustains can "neither fail nor be discouraged," even though a host should encamp against him. When he is strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, he can do all things, and nothing is impossible unto him. "He that believeth shall not be confounded."

There may, further, be a complete divergence in their *lasting associations*. And so it remains with Saul and David. Saul's calamity was in itself sufficiently affecting, but it is as an example of divine displeasure that it is most painful and alarming. The unwise king not only perished, but was broken with a "rod of iron," and dashed in pieces like a "potter's vessel," and the wrath of God lingers around the memorials of his destruction. The

name itself is a sign of dishonour, and was discarded as unmeet by the man who, in fidelity and in service, aspired to be "not a whit behind the very chiefest of the Apostles." As a synonym of everlasting punishment it continues to be "a perpetual reproach." And surely if there be anything which kindles the anger of the Lord, and awakens His sorest and most lasting displeasure, it is iniquity in the service that is offered for his acceptance. If sin be brought *near unto the Lord* by servants who are privileged to stand in His presence, shall He not break forth against them? Can iniquity under any circumstances be more hateful to God than before His face, and in the conduct of His servants? Can anything be more grievous to Him than uncleanness in the lifting up of the golden censers of sweet incense? "O, serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little." "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

Turning reverently from such a solemn consideration, what a contrast we have in the memorials of David's history. What clustering associations of joyous interest attach to the name of David. What house for instance is as the house of David? or what throne can be likened to the throne of David? or what city can compare with the city of David? or who is like unto the Son of David? What name, excepting "the name that is above every name," is as illustrious as that of David? And yet what was he, or what were the fortunes of his reign, that they should occupy such a place in the world's history? Were it not for the interest of One greater than himself, his name would scarcely be remembered, or even known. Its interest is the glory of the "root and offspring of David." He is the foundation of that house, the stability of that throne, the glory of that city, and the excellence of that name. What an ineffable communion there is between Christ and David. How close the relationship implied in the reciprocity of terms—"Son of David," and "David's Lord." What an abundant honour is bestowed upon the servant in the repetition and exclusive use of His name. What an illustration of the Lord's words, "*The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them.*" The glory of Christ has been conferred upon David as the pattern of all them who shall be glorified together with Him. But if "it doth not yet appear what we shall be,"—if, with all these foreshadowings of glory, we are still left in doubt and uncertainty, what must be that "joy of the Lord," which is laid up for the "good and faithful servant." Truly, God "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come He

might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

How important then is our stewardship for its own sake, and how necessary that in our efforts for others we forget not ourselves. Our own salvation demands our first, though not our selfish consideration. The trust that we have received may be a trial of our own faith, as well as an opportunity of usefulness. Our ministration of the truth may be intended for the quickening of our own perceptions of the truth, as well as for the instruction of those that are out of the way. Our attention at the altar may be designed as much to keep alive the flame in our own hearts, as to kindle it in the hearts of others. The demands upon our activity and zeal in the service of the temple may be equally the appointed means to save us from spiritual slothfulness and worldly indifference, as to establish believers, and to build up the church of God. In another sense than that of our obligation to them that hear us our calling may be a tremendous responsibility. While we are leading the way, it may be that we ourselves are acquiring a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. Shall any of us at the gate be necessitated to turn back, while others whom we have conducted thither enter in, and sit down in the kingdom of God? Happily our encouragements and incentives make such a disappointment well-nigh impossible. In a service of joyous success and holy triumph, how can anyone be weary in well-doing? When the prize is so attractive, and the prospect so glorious, how can anyone falter in the way? When the crown is a fadeless wreath of "glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life," who can run with uncertainty, or fight as one that beateth the air? When the "chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof" would carry us up as with a whirlwind into heaven, who can come short of the glory of God, or fail of entering into his rest? With all the resources of redemption, and with all the ministries of mercy, and with all the fulness of God, shall not "He that is feeble be as David; and the house of David as God, as the angel of the Lord before them?"

W. B. REED.

AMERICA: THERE AND BACK.

By W. LUKE.

THE trains do not generally move forward too rapidly for me: but once, when it glided by my home, bearing me away for the first time on a journey that was to extend over several thousands of

miles, and to occupy nearly three months, I did want it to move more slowly and reverently along. The "London and North-Western Express" to Liverpool did not, however, regard my wishes. In about five hours the distance of 201 miles was accomplished.

In the Temperance House at Liverpool, where I lodged for a night, on the toilet table of the bed-room, I found a Bible, the property of the "Commercial Travellers' Association." Having read the Book of Ruth and some other chapters out of that copy of the Bible, which afforded me much comfort, I beg to tender my respects to the Association. On the following day, a room of the "Young Men's Christian Association" buildings was a great convenience to me, for which I also desire to express sincere thanks. While in Liverpool, and on embarking for New York, Mr. J. P. Bourne rendered me friendly services which I shall long and gratefully remember.

Our ship was the *Adriatic*, of the "White Star Line," a magnificent and swift-sailing vessel. The souls on board numbered about 600, and they represented English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, Italian, Danish, Spanish, and other nationalities; affording a fine opportunity for preaching the gospel to people of many tongues. My only companion in the state-room, No. 25, was a Canadian, a manufacturer, a Christian, and withal—a character. An experienced traveller himself, he laudably interested himself in my initiation into the proper etiquette of seafaring life. The *Adriatic* anchored at Queenstown five hours, during which I paid a "flying visit" to the city of Cork. Here a kind gentleman volunteered to escort me to the new cathedral, the market, and other places of note, so that my opportunity was made the most of. I had a view of Giant's Stairs, Glenbrook, the Glanmire Hills, and other objects of interest in this part of Ireland. A charming scene!

At Queenstown some wretched looking people besiege passengers with entreaties to make purchases. One woman persisted in styling me "Your *riverince*." Another as earnestly protested, "He is not your *riverince*." Between them they supplied me with a sample of the Irish dialect—the genuine article—for which they did not go quite unrewarded.

During the night (April 16th), we passed out into the open Atlantic. In the morning I was attracted to a part of the ship where a large number of emigrants congregated. Some Englishmen were singing "Hold the Fort," &c. On coming up to them I asked, "Have you a preacher among you?" "No," said one; another replied, "I think we have, sir, now you are come." Arrangements for our first service on board were soon completed, and at 3 o'clock that afternoon the preacher was completely encircled by a crowd from many lands. We had a glorious time. In the evening I gave a lecture in the saloon; a Dutch magistrate in the chair.

April 18th.—Met a sister ship. Our captain said that her commander would "get a wiggling" on his arrival in Liverpool, for coming so near to us.

19th.—Weather very boisterous all day; the sea almost covered

with white foam, and the waves quite mountainous. A sailing ship appeared carrying very low sails, and how she kept afloat seemed a mystery. Our vessel, apparently three times as big, was hoisted about like a limpet shell on the surging billows. The storm continued through the night, and many could not sleep. A timid sinner went on deck at three in the morning to see whether we were likely to perish or not; and he said to me afterwards, "We have had an awful night."

20th.—Sunday. Service at 10 a.m., in the saloon. Two clergymen of the Church of England read the lessons and prayers, and I preached the sermon. Saw many peoples eyes glistening through their tears, and received many thanks for the discourse. The clergymen are very diverse in character, one evidently being a righteous man, the other being designated "the clown of the ship." We are now very near to the middle of the Atlantic. The storm has greatly abated.

21st.—The ocean is again greatly disturbed. The ship rolls and tumbles fearfully. Great noises are occasionally heard, caused by things falling about and breaking. This part of the Atlantic is called "The Devil's Hole," or "The Roaring Fortys" (see lat. 40). It is nearly always rough here.

22nd.—Had a long conversation with a missionary returning from India. Was struck by two observations made by him: (1) he said he would give this ship, if it were his, and he might thereby regain strength to enable him to preach; and (2) he had seen the working of both home and foreign missions, and he strongly affirmed that the missions at home, meaning those in England and America, were as necessary and important as those abroad. Afternoon: a good service on deck. Evening: the cabin passengers got up an entertainment consisting of readings, music, and recitations. We are now about 200 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. Weather and sea beautifully calm. The sunset was very grand.

23rd.—In the middle of last night I was aroused out of sleep to go on deck to see the wonderful effect of phosphorous in the water. The waves all looked white and luminous, like molten silver. The ship, along its sides, appeared illuminated. The least commotion in the water changed it from darkness into brilliancy. It arises from the abundance of phosphorous in this northern sea, the rarity of the atmosphere, and other circumstances. A service was to have been held on the deck this afternoon, but the few Protestants found reason to fear a disturbance threatened by the large number of Roman Catholics, and it was given up. An interesting exercise of the crew, stewards, and waiters, in the appliances for extinguishing a fire, took place to-day. They showed great alacrity in handling the hose, forcing up water, and launching the life-boats.

24th.—The beautiful calm of yesterday gave place at two this morning to a heavy storm. It continued with violence and increased for some hours. "The sea wrought tempestuously." I never witnessed such fury of the elements. Much sickness has been the result, and no little fear has been evinced by some of the passengers. One man, a great sinner, was much alarmed. He asked me how I

felt. I answered, "Quite comfortable." "Then," he said, "I may as well feel comfortable too." I replied, "If you have the same reasons for being comfortable, you will feel so." He made no reply. At about noon a pilot-boat appeared in sight, about 400 miles from New York. On our approach a very small boat was launched from the pilot-boat. It was rowed by two men, and contained a pilot for our ship. The tiny boat rose and sank with the mountainous billows as might an egg-shell. On coming alongside our ship, the pilot sprang out of the boat into a rope-ladder, and climbed up the side of the ship. Such a feat of daring and skill I had never before witnessed; and one of the officers said that he had never seen a pilot board a ship under such dangerous circumstances. The passengers crowded the side of the ship, amidst the roaring storm, to behold this exciting scene. In the evening the "weary, worn-out winds expired," and the sea gradually quieted down.

25th.—Beautiful morning. The sea quite calm. 10 a.m., about 2.30 p.m., in England. Have just been on deck and taken off my hat to the great United States. Long Island is clearly visible. A gentleman tells me that he has been robbed of all his money. There are a few detestable characters on board. Renewed life appears among the passengers as we approach the end of the voyage. Germans, Swedes, Danes, Italians, Dutch, Irish, &c., have all washed their faces, the first time some of them seem to have done so since we left Liverpool. Sandy Hook passed, we enter into New York Harbour. It is extensive and beautiful. The landing stages are very numerous, but, being of wood, they look flimsy and feeble in comparison with many docks and landing piers in England. The Hudson River Ferry boats are constantly flying from side to side and have a very picturesque appearance. Our ship being by slow degrees brought into her proper station by the Custom House, the saloon passengers made haste to step on to the shore, and without much ceremony we bade farewell to the good ship *Adriatic*. An old friend was there to meet me, and at once introduced me to some good Methodists from whom I received marvellous kindness. Proceeding to Brooklyn we travelled on the street railway over the heads of the pedestrians, a very novel but pleasant mode, I found it to be.

26th.—Dr. Watt, my benevolent host, took me to the Brooklyn Park, a large one, containing many objects of interest. Some trees that formed part of the original forest, remain, and there are plants, bowers, buildings, fountains, and lovely walks, in abundance. It must be one of the loveliest spots in all creation. It is laid out in a manner altogether different, and I think, more tastefully, than the great parks in London. The Doctor also drove me for miles through the far-famed Greenwood Cemetery, probably the finest in the world. I had before thought that Kensal Green Cemetery was the finest of its kind; but it is vastly inferior to Greenwood, both as to extent and beauty. This city is properly termed "The City of the Dead." It comprises a large number of hills and dales, all being utilized for its solemn and proper object. The avenues, paths, and mounds bear names just

like the streets and squares of a city. It is ornamented with numberless trees, plants, flowers, and fountains. The tombs, entered in the sides of the hills, the obelisks, antique and modern sculpture, the works in iron, granite, and marble, in their extent, variety, and costliness, are simply bewildering and overwhelming. A day's beholdings here will go far to compensate the labour and cost of an Atlantic voyage.

27th.—Sunday. Attended service in "Plymouth Church." It is a plain red brick building, bearing its name on its front. Inside it is purely white. It has a gallery all round, the organ gallery and choir being behind the minister's platform. On the platform are placed a table, chair, and small desk. The table is covered with a pyramid of beautiful flowers, and more flowers are hung on the other side of the chair, against the woodwork. The church is nearly square, the front side being wider than the opposite one, and it will accommodate, I judge, about 1,800. The service consisted of a performance on the organ, an anthem by the choir of 50 ladies and gentlemen, short prayer, hymn, lesson, notices, hymn, sermon, prayer, hymn, and benediction. One of the announcements made was a *FAIR* about to be held by the Roman Catholics! The subject of the sermon was moral conduct, the text 1 Pet. iv. 3, former part of the verse. Mr. Beecher possesses a key to open the carnal heart, which he seemed to understand wonderfully well. He gave out but small measure of Evangelical Gospel, but his resources of idea, language, and illustration, appeared to be almost infinite. The collection was made before the sermon. The singing was most melodious; and the whole service was exceedingly interesting. Two or three outbursts of laughter occurred. At 4 p.m. went to Dr. Hall's Presbyterian Church, in 5th Avenue, New York. It is gorgeous beyond description, will contain about 2,000, and cost, with all its appurtenances, one million dollars. The service was beautifully simple, the sermon consisting of an excellent exposition of "Sowing to the Spirit." Evening service at 7.30 at Dr. Talmage's church. The building is more singular than elegant, in shape somewhat like a horse-shoe. The gasliers by which it is lighted are very ponderous. An organ of great breadth is placed behind the minister's platform, while the keyboard is in front of him. The singing, led by a cornet, is performed with great energy, and is truly impressive. The sermon, on Acts ii. 33, contained but little reference to the subject of the text. Dr. Talmage called upon the audience to testify—1. That religion converted the soul; 2. Supported in day of trouble; 3. Afforded comfort in death. The chief parts of the discourse were the sensational illustrations, and it was delivered with furious earnestness. The church, which will hold about 3,000, was quite full. The Doctor's presence is far from prepossessing, and his friends say that he must be heard a few times to be duly appreciated.

28th.—Spent the morning in viewing some of the chief buildings and streets of New York. At 11 o'clock attended a Methodist Episcopal ministers' weekly conference. About 150 present. An account was given of the death of Bishop Ames; a most touching

episode. Afternoon. Up the East River, in the middle of which is an island studded with large buildings, prisons, hospitals, and benevolent institutions. Passed over Hell-gate, where, by a triumph of engineering skill, the rocks have been blown up, and the passage cleared. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Washburne, (clergyman of the English Church, at whose house I was most kindly entertained,) Mr. Johns, and I, visited the New York Aquarium, an establishment very inferior to that of the same name at Brighton.

20th.—Mr. Washburne drove us around the island. We went through the Central Park, the new Boulevards, and the back part of the island. Saw some "Dug-ways"—roads first cut through the natural forests; very rough and rugged, mostly in the hill sides. New York is a truly grand city. The buildings are of iron and glass, brick, brown stone, and white marble. The suburbs also are magnificent. Afternoon. Left, with Mr. Johns, for Kingston, his place of residence. Up the Hudson river, "The Rhine of America," 88 miles. Most enchanting scenery on each side. Here are mansions of the wealthy citizens of New York, with every association that nature and cultivation can furnish to render those places luxurious to the occupier, and charming to the visitor. Kingston, the capital of Ulster Co., is two miles in length, and has some very substantial buildings, but many of them are built of wood. The place is notorious for its many fires. In the American Revolution this city was burned by the British. Only one house survived the destruction, and that one is now the pride of its owner. I attended an entertainment in a Methodist Church, which would have been considered hardly sacred enough for a place of worship in England.

May 1st.—By train 55 miles on the banks of the Hudson to Albany. Here is the seat of government for the state of New York. A new building for the local parliament is one of the grandest I ever saw: it has cost sixteen million dollars, and is not yet finished. This is a busy and generally flourishing city. Here I spent a little time very pleasantly with Messrs. John and James Damarell, and Mr. Jacob Prior.

2nd.—Started by express train westward to Niagara Falls, a distance of about 300 miles. From 3 p.m. kept up a swift run, hour by hour, following the setting sun, but were beaten in the chase, and in the end were left behind, though permitted to witness a glorious sunset. Travelled a great way along the river Mohawk. Saw patches of deep snow on the mountain sides, though it was quite warm in the valleys we traversed below. Passed by the cities of Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, and other places of importance.

3rd.—Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls. Arrived here at 12.50. Went to bed at an hotel and lay until 6, feeling excited more than I can express by the roar of the mighty cataract two miles distant. Never before did I seek sleep so reluctantly; but wearied nature imperatively demanded it. The name "Niagara," in Indian language, signifying "*Hark to the thunder*," is most appropriate to those tremendous Falls. The time I had allotted myself to listen to this awful "diapason" seemed far too short. Got up and visited

the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, before breakfast. Paid 25 cents to see it. Went down the river bank—tremendous depth—touched the water, and tasted the ice floating on it. Had a good view of the Rapids below the Falls, and the Whirlpool. The depth of this Whirlpool cannot be ascertained; the narrow gorge forming an outlet for the water is 300 feet deep. Immense quantities of ice descending from the Lakes, after having been ground to powder by the Falls, were floating down. Such a volume of water in furious commotion presented a truly overpowering spectacle. It is necessary to go close to it to realise its majesty. Returned to the hotel for breakfast at 9, and had a good meal for 50 cents. Took a car to the Falls. Passed over the new Suspension Bridge, a frightful height from the river. Under the bridge the water is very deep, and flows on sluggishly as if stunned by the tremendous fall over the adjacent precipice. A good view of the Falls is here obtained. That on the American side is nearer and smaller than that on the Canadian side. Rode up in the latter direction close to the falling water, dipped my hand into it, and tasted it. While viewing the whole scene I felt that the moments were as precious as months! O, that I could remain long and regale my vision with this wondrous spectacle! Surely no other earthly scene can equal this in grandeur and sublimity. The rocks below are still partially covered with large banks of ice built up by the frozen spray during the winter. The spray from the bottom rises higher than the Falls, in the middle and on each side. Using my umbrella to keep it off, it became dripping wet. A building close by, at a favourable point for viewing the whole scene, has a tower overlooking it. From the top of that structure I obtained the most impressive vision of God's work that I ever expect to behold in this world. It seemed to speak for God the Creator, and His voice said: "Produce a phenomenon to equal this, or fall down and worship ME!"

It is most provoking to have to contend against the persistent efforts of the people here to fleece you at every point. You are besought to have your portrait taken with the Falls in the picture; to pay for some ascent or descent, in order to obtain some special view; or to buy photographs, or other mementoes of your visit. Guides, and men and boys with cars, want to take you from point to point; and others are determined, if possible, to escort you in triumph to the hotels they respectively represent. Cards at almost every step are thrust upon you, and all your pursuers seem to act in concert. The boy whom I engaged to drive me was besieged by other people to urge me to go here and there, which he did far beyond my heart's content, until I felt like one entangled in the meshes of net work. Having purchased more than I had money (in U. S. or Canadian currency) to pay for, I had, somewhat ignominiously, to clear out of the place, and had to seek change of English gold before I could pay the boy his dollar. Such an attempt to fleece me I was never exposed to elsewhere. It is much to be regretted that a point in nature so grand should be made the rendezvous of such a lot of mercenaries and loafers.

(To be continued.)

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

THERE are some passages of the wondrous revelation of God's word which seem specially comforting to the weary heart ; some strains of the heavenly symphony which have a peculiar softness and mellow harmony ; some whisperings of hope and joy that never fail to move the human soul with feelings of intense gratitude to the Giver of all good. Foremost amongst such may be ranked that pathetic and thrilling chapter in John's gospel of which our heading is a fragment—a diamond from the string of jewels sparkling throughout it. How satisfying are the words of that wonderful chapter to the stricken sufferer, the world-weary, longing to depart from this scene of woe and misery and be at peace—peace that shall have no rude awakening, no discordance to jar upon its heavenly calm ! "Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in Me ;"—thus speaks with infinite tenderness the Man of Sorrows, seeking to buoy up the sinking spirits of His hearers, and lead them to place more reliance in the goodness and justice of their heavenly Father. And then, rising from earth to a contemplation of the glorious future, He proceeds to lift their thoughts from time and sense, and pointing to eternity yonder, assures them of a home that fadeth not away ; "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you." With sublime emphasis, the Redeemer here enforces the doctrine of a future state, and we know that His testimony is sure ; His assurance to His saddened disciples is a warrant that we are not leaning upon a broken reed, but resting upon the rock of Divine promise, a rock which none of the waters of Time can ever sweep out of our horizon !

"My Father's House." The expression is full of touching power ; it brings to mind a rest, a security, a joy unknown in this changeful world. The image employed is the one best fitted to impress us with a sense of the immutability of that state beyond life to which we look with the clear eye of faith ; that sphere in which we shall be able to exercise our highest powers and noblest faculties without the hindrances now affecting us. There are *many* mansions too, not few ; not sufficient only to hold the great ones of earth, but room there for the humblest and poorest of Christ's little ones. Alas ! here we have no mansions, no abiding-places for the many thousands who suffer the ills and deprivations of poverty ; no rest to give the worn and wasted pilgrims who crave our help ! But *there* it will be all different, for the mansions of that future world are to be for all classes ; no lack of them either, sufficient for all and to spare ! What a glorious saying is here ! Can we wonder that in a crisis such as that affecting the disciples, Jesus should utter words so eminently adapted to cheer drooping spirits, and raise the fallen hopes of His timid listeners ? They were downcast ; they thought all was going wrong ; their views of His mission were cloudy, and their ideas of the situation misty, and therefore He turns away their eyes from the present, and with all the force of His eloquence teaches them not to look to mere temporal powers, but to abiding

and eternal hopes—to the mansions reserved and prepared for all who shall one day be "with Him where He is."

But we have not selected these words merely as a peg upon which to hang an eloquent declamation; rather in reference to a growing and fearful disbelief in the immortality of the soul, and that future state to which we have alluded. We know of no effect more terrible resulting from the arrogance of scientific despots than the insidious diffusion amongst the lower orders of scepticism in regard to the glorious powers and sublime future of the human race. It is needless to go thoroughly into *all* the evil effects which result from such a heresy, but we may say that they can be summed up in a degeneration of thought, motive, and desire; a debased, grovelling appetite that gradually suppresses all those aspirations which lead us heavenwards and God-wards. What possible incentive to goodness, or generosity, or nobility of character can exist where men and women are persuading themselves that there is no future; that the scene of death closes everything, and that the notion of rewards and punishments is a farce not worthy of a moment's consideration? Where can there be any opening for the patient, hopeful toil of unselfish lives, if the theory of the annihilationist be accepted as gospel? The arguments employed by such thinkers in favour of morality are a mockery, and simply a travesty of common-sense, having no bearing on the exigencies of every-day occurrence. We know very well that the hope and faith which cling to the promise of a future state, the ardent desire of the soul for some sphere unstained by sin, are proofs that such instincts will be realised; and such alone can stimulate right action and noble self-denial in this present world.

It is herein that we find the strongest evidence of the soul's immortality. Scientists ask us for *proofs* that the soul lives again when the body dies, but they forget that spirit and mind are not entities to be weighed and demonstrated like things of material nature. We cannot in black and white deduce and show proofs that we shall live again after death, but indirectly we have the sure evidence of the fact. We have seen this very happily illustrated by the comparison of the case to that of a child deprived in infancy of a mother, and left merely to the care of guardians and friends. When that little one gradually merges into childhood, does it not show the child's longing for a mother's caresses, the child's desire for a mother's voice? Yet that little creature has never to its consciousness gazed on the mother's face, or listened to her gentle tones! There is seated in its little breast an instinct which cannot be rooted out, the instinct which leads it to pine after a want it really never knew, save as an implanted necessity of its existence. Just in the same way, then, the human soul longs for the Maker who has left these inexplicable longings for the future in its nature. As natural is it for the spiritual being to thirst for a future world, and the God of its life, as it is for the child to desire the presence of the parent which gave it breath. In both cases the craving is a proof of a vacuum which was intended to be filled with gratification.

But let us not forget that there are evidences overwhelming of the soul's future existence in the nature and capacities of that soul, even in this state. As Wordsworth beautifully writes of childhood:

" Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

And—we may add—will carry us hence to its illimitable shores once again. In our own selves we may discover the evidences of our never-ending life. Can such powers as God has given us be destined only to be exercised for a few short years in sorrow, doubt, perplexity, and then be dissolved for evermore? Surely not. Our hope does not depend either upon books or men, nor upon any external theory whatever, but rests firmly upon our individual consciousness of affinities to some higher state of existence, some grander sphere of beings, far removed from all the detrimental influences of this imperfect stage of our history. We feel that while the world may satisfy the flesh, it does not fill the longings of the spirit; on the contrary, we realise every day of our lives that the ethereal aspirations of our hidden selves cannot be met here; nor the soaring desires of the soul be satisfied this side the grave!

Then consider how inexplicable the arrangement of God's world becomes if we refuse to place our faith in the immortal future reserved for mankind. What can be said of the strange perplexities which start up in life, the unequal distribution of all riches and blessings here; the successes of the wicked, the failures of the good and just who scorn to belie their Christian profession? How can we account for the capricious and apparently cruel distribution of rewards and punishments which we see around us, unless we believe that what here has been unequal will yonder be balanced, and those who have deserved retribution will there receive their righteous deserts? We can conceive of no harmony, no reason, no order, no justice, unless we fix our faith upon the one comforting thought that, however subtle or hidden may be the lot of mortals here, all shall one day be correctly adjusted; all mystery brought to light, when the decrees of time and worldliness come up to the holy tribunal of Jehovah to be finally revised for eternity! Thus, and thus alone, does the world become intelligible, as a probation, not the final home of the human race. If we have no faith in the future, then our philosophy is a web of contradictions which it is impossible to unravel, and there is no light to break up the midnight darkness of our creed.

Let us cling rather to these words of our Redeemer before the clever but baseless fabric of mere mortal wisdom, however plausible and specious. With wonderful pathos does He urge upon us the glorious hope of a resurrection—"If it were not so, I would have told you." The sympathetic Lord of Glory, He who passed the bitter ordeal for our sakes, would never have left us in the mists of doubt. No! He would have told us, He would never let us build up ærial castles which death was to shatter into fragments. He expressly, and with all the emphasis possible to words, says that the place is *prepared* for us; it is waiting our coming. What a

thrilling reflection! Who can read these utterances without feeling that the Divine Saviour alone could have uttered them, and that *He* alone had the *right* to give such assurances to His poor followers. He has not left us to speculation, but told us plainly that there are many mansions in that home of the redeemed; and further, it is His Father's house, so that there need be no doubt as to its blessedness. With God as their father, and Christ as their Good Shepherd, the vast human flock shall go no more into the wilderness of sin, but remain for ever in the fold of His love. Gathered out of much tribulation, sorrow, agony and trial, from all ends of the earth, they shall come to that inheritance which is as surely theirs in the coming era as the Universe is the work of Jehovah, and we are the off-spring of His love. O reader! do not heed the sophistry of these perilous times, but cleave with all the energy of your beings to these words of Christ, and refuse to loose your faith's grip for all that earth can offer in exchange!

Sceptic! you who sneer at these words of ours as the breathings of phantasy, or the mutterings of a fanatic; you who have no belief in the soul's undying essence, no desire for the many mansions yonder when life is done; have you thought over some of the silent evidences that crash into your flimsy theories, and sweep them away as a dream? Have you ever wandered through the silent churchyard, and paused here and there to read the simple words that from the whitened stones spoke a language of love unending; of trust that pierced the dull earth and saw in vision the soul rise to immortality? Have you watched the loving hands that planted and tended the blossoms upon the resting places of the loved, or noted the streaming tears that fell upon the gentle emblems of affection? Came you never upon a quiet spot where the little graves lay thick, and there were many bowed figures that came to shower touching tributes of love? O then you cannot say there is no future, you surely will not tell us that all these severed hearts shall never more beat side by side! We know that these holy feelings—implanted in every breast—are their own justification, and prove that they shall be realised to the full; the riven hearts themselves whisper that one day this agony shall be forgotten in joy everlasting, and reunion without any farewells! As surely as the flowers come forth from year to year on these humble graves, so surely shall the spirits of those who lie below come forth to life and joy on the resurrection morn. Were it not so, the whole of the poetry of these symbols, the eloquence of these brief but touching words inscribed by dearest friends—the faith, the tenderness, the regard, the sweet assurance that they breathe—would be a huge mockery, a bitter irony, a terrible evidence that mankind were cursed with emotions and feelings allying them to Divinity, which were never meant to be consummated. Were this so, then indeed the whole of the best and noblest of our aspirations would be but as ashes, blackening upon the funeral pyre of our existence!

Ah! brother, sister, reading these words, saw you never a dear little one of a few summers fall to sleep with a gathered flower in its puny grasp? *That* was sweetly suggestive, it may perhaps have

led you to muse upon a deeper sleep, and a greater awakening which one day comes to all. O that in such a time, we might, like that tiny unconscious sleeper, with its treasure clutched so tightly, have some flowers to hold in our dying grasp, some sweet and sure evidence which no terrors can shake! What shall we gather against that inevitable day in the future? Self-righteousness? No! that is a poor weed, and will not serve us. Scientific evidences that there is no future to fear? Alas! these artificial blossoms of the intellect will not stand the scorching trial of the last scene! Faith in God, trust in our great High Priest, charity to all the brotherhood of man, and eternal hope;—yes, these are flowers that will never fade. Let us close our hands on such, and then we may fall peacefully asleep, for we shall certainly awake with joy inexpressible when the morning comes—that morning which knows no gloomy night! These flowers will bloom again, and even the ages to come cannot injure their vitality—they will come forth radiant to adorn the “many mansions.” Let not our hearts be troubled, for if we gather and cherish such everlasting flowers as these we may even approach the Great White Throne, and with the confidence of those whom Jesus has ransomed from fear and destruction.

E. CLIFFORD.

BIBLICAL REVISION.

A VALUABLE little book on this subject, by members of the American Revision Committee, has lately been published by the Sunday-school Union. We take an extract from the chapter entitled, “True Conservatism in respect to changes in the English and Greek Text,” by Dr. T. Dwight. The writer believes “that the changes which the weight of manuscript and other evidence will introduce into the Greek text, will bring out the thought more clearly, and forcibly, and felicitously.” A few examples of minor alterations adduced by the writer, which are favoured by prominent textual critics, appear to amply justify this statement.

In Matthew vi. 12, instead of *Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors*, the reading should be, *as we also have forgiven our debtors*; the thought being, that the petitioner should not ask forgiveness for himself until he has already forgiven others. Matthew x. 23, *when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another*, should read, *flee ye into the next*, thus conveying not merely the idea of going to some other place, but to the next town, and so on until they had proclaimed the gospel everywhere. Mark i. 27, *What thing is this? what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, etc.*, should read, *What is this? a new teaching! with authority he commandeth even the unclean spirits, etc.*, thus expressing the astonishment of the beholders at the miracle which they had seen, in a far more striking and more natural way. Mark ix. 22, 23, where the father, asking for the healing of his son, says, *If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us*, the Authorized Version makes Jesus reply, *If thou canst believe, all things*

are possible to him that believeth. But the approved text reads, *If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth.* The force of this form, which expresses surprise that the question of ability should arise, when to the believer everything is possible, cannot fail to be felt in comparison with that given in the old version. In Luke xv. 17 and 22, the naturalness and emphasis of the words are conspicuous in the additions of the modern text—where the prodigal, in contrasting his condition with that of his father's servants, says, *and I perish here with hunger,* (Authorized Version, *I perish,*) and the father calls to his attendants to *bring forth quickly* the best robe (Authorized Version, *bring forth*). Luke xxiii. 15, where the Authorized Version makes Pilate, after saying that he discovers no fault in Jesus, add, *No, nor yet Herod, for I sent you to him,* (the last clause being a mere parenthetical statement, not in the line of the main thought,) the change for the better, given by the new text, will be appreciated as it should be, *No, nor yet Herod, for he sent him back to us*—a proof that he also found nothing to condemn. In John x. 4 and 14, the slight alterations are improvements: *When he hath put forth all his own, for his own*; and, *I know my sheep and my sheep know me, for I know my sheep and am known of mine*, in which latter verse the parallelism with what follows is more clearly brought out, *Even as the Father knoweth me and I know the Father.* In Acts xviii. 5, it is more in accordance with the thought of the passage to read, *Paul was engrossed or wholly occupied with the word*, than, as in the Authorized Version, *he was pressed in the spirit.* Again, in Acts xxiii. 9, does not the verse gain a new force, if the Scribes on the Pharisees' side are represented as saying, *We find no evil in this man; and what if a spirit hath spoken to him, or an angel!* instead of, as in the Authorized Version, *But if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God.* In 1 Cor. vi. 20, the exhortation is more completely connected with the subject under discussion, and therefore is more impressive, if the words in the Authorized Version, *and in your spirit, which are God's,* are omitted. The apostle has been speaking *exclusively* of the body, and the best text makes him limit his exhortation to his converts accordingly, and call upon them to glorify God in their bodies. The somewhat obscure passage, 2 Cor. i. 20, is made clearer if we read, as we are authorized to do by the evidence in the case, *For how many soever are the promises of God, in him (Christ) is the yea, (i.e., the confirmation of them;)* *wherefore also through him is the Amen, (i.e., the assent of the church,)* *unto the glory of God through us.* Galatians v. 1, is more felicitously expressed by the modern text: *For freedom did Christ free us: stand fast, therefore,* than in the Authorized Version, *stand fast, therefore, in the liberty with which Christ hath made us free.* In Hebrews xii. 7, though some writers have held that the reading of the Authorized Version alone is intelligible, the careful reader will approve of the text as supported by the best authorities, *It is for chastisement that ye endure; God dealeth with you as with sons, i.e.,* when you are called upon to endure sufferings patiently, it is as a parental discipline, and this discipline is the end which God has in view. And even in Rev. xxii. 14, where the

strongest evidence is for the reading, *Blessed are they that wash their robes*, as against the Authorized Version, *that do his commandments*, it may fairly be questioned whether it does not present us with a finer and more natural thought, as it shows the author, at the close of his words respecting righteousness, turning back to the source of all true holy life, the blood of Jesus Christ. Other examples might be cited, which would be illustrative of the same point, but the limits of the present article will not allow their introduction, and those which have been adduced will be sufficient to establish what has been said."

LIZZIE BLAKE—A TRUE INCIDENT.

LIZZIE Blake was a remarkably handsome young girl, who was the unrivalled belle of a large New England town. Among her intimate friends was a young physician, who noticed her frequent indulgence in the wines offered at social gatherings, and remonstrated with her on the danger of forming such habits, and the evil influence she was exerting upon the young men by whom she was surrounded. But she carelessly laughed at his scruples, and affirmed that for herself there was no danger, and if weak young men were foolish enough to run to excess, that was no reason why she should refuse to conform to the customs of society, and turn a party into a temperance lecture, as he always seemed inclined to do.

Finding his efforts to check her course without avail, he ceased to try and influence her, save by the power of example.

In a short time she married a wealthy New York Broker, and came to live in a luxurious home on the Avenue. For several years frequent mention was made in the city papers of her elegant appearance at fashionable gatherings. Then her husband met with heavy reverses, which soon caused his death, and Lizzie dropped out of the circle where she had so long held sway.

Her early friend, the physician, often wondered what had become of her, but could learn nothing from those who had formerly known her.

One day, having been called by business to New York, as he was passing through one of the streets near the East River, he saw a man in the door of a basement liquor and oyster saloon, rudely trying to draw a shawl from the shoulders of a dirty, tattered woman, who was crying in a shrill maudlin voice, "You shall not have my shawl. It's real India, and it's all I've got left."

There was a tone in the voice that he recognized, and stepping down in front of the speaker, he exclaimed in amazement, "Why, Lizzie Blake; have you come to this?"

She instantly remembered him, and a deep flush of shame for a few moments covered her face, as she strove to draw the poor remnant of her once costly shawl over the ragged sleeves that exposed her still beautiful arms.

"What right have you to take her shawl?" said the physician to the saloon-keeper.

"She keeps coming here every day for drink, and has already a long unpaid score, so I thought I'd try that way to drive her off," replied the man sullenly.

"I'm hungry and thirsty. This man has had all my money, and now he won't give me one little drink, though I'm perishing for it. But I can't let him have my shawl," she said, in the same whining voice, as she sank back into utter forgetfulness of all save her degraded appetite.

"Come with me, and I'll take you where you will have good wholesome food," said the physician, striving to make his pity overcome his disgust for the loathsome creature his early friend had now become.

"Will you give me a drop of whiskey too?" she asked eagerly.

"No no; they will teach you how to do without it."

"It's too late, I tell you I can't do without it. Here, man, you may have my shawl if you'll give me one more good generous drink."

But the physician continued to plead with her to leave those haunts and go where she would have care and shelter. He appealed to every impulse he thought that would move her, but she looked at him only with a stolid apathy, that suddenly changed to eager desire, as she said, "Now, Charlie, give me fifty dollars for old friendship sake, and I won't trouble you or your temperance retreat."

'Yer see, sir, it's no use. When women takes to drinkin' an' gits down so low, yer can't save 'em," said the man, turning back to his saloon.

The physician followed him in, and handing him some money, said sadly, "I knew that woman when she was rich and beautiful—the belle of the town where we both lived. I see that I cannot influence her. Use that money as far as you can to satisfy her hunger, and not for whiskey." The man seemed touched, and promised to do his best for her. The physician went out, leaving her eating at one of the wooden tables in the dark basement, and never saw or heard of her again.

She doubtless soon filled a nameless pauper's grave.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

THE PRAYING WIDOW.—MRS. MARIA WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 416.)

VI.—WIDOWHOOD.

We must now enter upon the most touching, painful, and yet suggestive period of Mrs. Williams's career. In the lives of most widows, especially those who have been placed in circumstances of dependence, the Providence of God has been remarkably displayed. Mrs. Williams says:—

"When I had been a widow about a year my money was nearly all spent, and I had but very little work to do. My dear children were in want of shoes, and one Saturday night I had not enough to pay my rent which would be due on Monday. On Sunday I was in great perplexity, not knowing where to look for help. But about dinner time I thought I would go to a friend who I knew would lend me a few shillings until I had some work. After the children had gone to school I went into my room to prepare myself to go to my friend. As I put on my bonnet I seemed to hear a most impressive whisper, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble,' &c. I answered, 'Yes, I know, but I want money now.' It was then said to me, 'The silver and gold are the Lord's. 'I know,' I answered, 'but I want it now.' Then other passages, all of the same purport, were suggested to me, while my answer was still 'I want now.' After this had continued some minutes it came with great power to my mind, 'He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' Then I ceased to argue, and throwing off my bonnet I fell upon my knees, and told all my wants to Him who was waiting to supply them. It seemed as if I was talking to a familiar friend face to face. Having remained more than an hour on my knees, I felt sure that my wants would be met. Soon my mind was relieved of its load of care, and I felt sweetly peaceful, trusting in the Lord. The first thing that came to me on Monday morning was an abundance of work, so that before noon I had engaged twelve women to assist me. Here, I thought, is an answer to my prayers. But in the evening a gentleman who had come more than thirty miles, and whom I had seen only twice before, called on me. But he had known my late husband. He told me that on the previous day he was going to the Sabbath-school at about half-past two o'clock, when my face came before him, and he could not get rid of it all the afternoon. When he went home he told his wife what he had felt, and said, 'I fear she is in trouble; I must send her a sovereign in the morning.' But in the morning he said he would run up and see me, and hence his visit to me with the sovereign. I begged him not to give it me, showing him my work, and never by the slightest hint gave him an idea how much I needed money; but he said he was sure it was of the Lord, and I must take it. After he had left I felt more than I can express of the condescending mercy and love of God to me, the most undeserving of all His creatures; that He should so answer my prayer at the very hour I was pleading with Him. Before I called He answered. But this was only a beginning, for on Tuesday my doctor called to see me. He had not been for some time, but was then leaving for the Continent, and said he wished to see me before going out of London. After conversing for some time he bade me good-bye, leaving a sovereign on the table as 'a fee,' so he designated it. I expostulated with him, and told him I did not want it; but he said that he must leave the sovereign, and that where he was next going to call he should receive five.

"Well, I received it as from the Lord, and went on in a humble,

thankful spirit all the week. On Saturday I had earned by my work twenty shillings after all was paid. I was at home in the evening when my friend, of whom I intended to borrow, came to see me, and he astonished me beyond measure by telling me that a gentleman at the West End was sitting in his drawing-room on Sunday afternoon and he thought of me, a person he never saw, but my husband had worked for him. He wondered how I was getting on, and thought how hard it must be for me to procure a livelihood. Then he thought of a plan by which I might have help without any one being the worse for it. On Monday morning, therefore, he went to some others who knew my husband, and twelve gentlemen agreed to subscribe a certain sum monthly for two years, and they had handed to my friend something over £6, which he brought me on the Saturday night. I sat down and told him of my struggles on the last Sunday, of my unwillingness to trust in the Lord, and of my greater confidence in man; but that now He had shown me the wisdom of trusting in Himself rather than in man. My friend cried and sobbed as a naughty child might do, and said he could not have believed it all possible if I had not told him. Truly it was 'the Lord's doing,' and it was 'marvellous in my eyes.' O! if we did but trust in Him more how much better it would be for us.

"I did not tell the gentleman from the country of my necessities, but after he had left I wrote him all about it, and he came to see me again. He said that he read the letter to his congregation on the following Sunday evening, and that his people were thereby affected in such a degree that it produced general weeping, and he believed that it was the means of great good. God grant it may be so.

"On another occasion I was at breakfast with my children when I said, 'I don't know what we are to do for dinner, I have no money nor food.' I had that morning told my dear Lord all about it, but could not see any way of relief. Yet, even as I was speaking to my children, a young man, my landlady's son, ran up stairs, and gave me a letter, saying, 'Here is a love-letter, Mrs. Williams.' I opened it, and it was indeed a love-letter. I spread on the table a large sheet of stamps, saying, 'My Father knew I wanted this, and He has sent it.' The poor young fellow's eyes ran down with tears as I spoke to him of God's goodness in supplying my wants even before they became wants.

"Once when I was in great need, having no work nor money, no food nor fire, the children had eaten all that there was in the house for their dinner, I went to my closet and told their Father and mine our needs, asking that He would send me help. Then I looked about to see if there was anything I could sell to get a little food, &c.; but I could see nothing. I picked out a few rags which I thought would buy a bit of bread, and was putting on my things to go out and sell them. But before I was ready to go a gentleman was announced whom I had seen once before for a minute or two; now he was going to my old home in Cornwall, and, it was impressed upon his mind to call and see how I was that he

might tell my friends. I did not inform him of my poor circumstances, but said we had never wanted, and if my health would let me, I believed we should do very well. He was 'glad to hear it,' he said. Then, on leaving, he placed a piece of gold in my hand; but I begged him not to do so, and he put my hand away, and would not take it back, declaring, 'I must leave it; I am sure the Lord sent me here, and I cannot take it again; it is His gift to you.' He then bade me good-bye, and left me truly thankful and humble before God. I went out and obtained every necessary for present use, and then sat down and wrote him a letter telling him of my necessity when he came, and how I had cried to God for help. Oh! how shall I thank and praise my God sufficiently for His great goodness to me, the most unworthy of all His children!

"One day I had nothing for dinner, and no means of getting anything. I had prayed and cried to the Lord, but no answer came, and when it was near eleven o'clock I felt almost in despair. I cried, 'Hast Thou forgotten to be gracious? Is Thy mercy clean gone? I have no friend to go to but Thee. O! do not visit my sins on my poor fatherless children. O! send help for them. I have given them to Thee, O save them!' Such was my prayer; and while still on my knees I was called to see a gentleman. He was a Christian, but I knew very little about him. When he had inquired about my health, &c., and was leaving, he gave me some money, apologizing for it by saying he was sure it was of the Lord as he had no thought of me until after he had left his home. Oh, how can I ever forget such a loving, merciful Friend as the Almighty Father has been to me!

VII.—A SAD MEMORY.

On several occasions when I had urged Mrs. Williams to give me some account of her experience in writing, she expressed her sense of unfaithfulness and sin in very strong terms. The following statement which she wrote in explanation of that matter will show at the same time the ground of her reluctance, and what at length induced her to comply with my request.

"Dear—, After you had left me the other day I sat thinking on what we had been talking about, and thoughts occurred to my mind in the following manner:—Suppose you have a friend, or know of a poor person, wanting the necessities of life, and in great distress, and you also know a friend who will relieve the poor one if she will go to Him and state her case, would you not tell her, so that at least she may know that she may obtain relief by asking for it? Especially as you know it by experience and have proved it? Well, I said, I will do it, the Lord helping me. I have laid it all before the Searcher of hearts, and have told Him that I wish to do what is right, that He may bless me in my deed, and also those who may read my simple story. Under those circumstances I will attempt to write a few things in relation to my experience of the goodness of God, and of His willingness to give us what we ask if it be for our good. You know it is not 'by works of righteousness that I have done,' but because He is a God that 'delighteth in mercy,' and is faithful to His promises, that I have received such tokens of His favour.

"Dear Friend,—I feel as if I ought to say something to justify myself, for I have said so much to you of my exceeding sinfulness, that I have thought you will, perhaps, consider me a vile wretch, and altogether undeserving of the good opinion of my friends. As to that, it will not hurt me. Still I wish you to know that the sin I feel most of all is between myself and God. I was early in life taught the value of prayer, and very soon after my conversion I was clearly called of God to pray publicly. This call was so plain to others as well as to myself that there could be no reasonable doubt entertained respecting it. But the adversary of my soul was not pleased at it. Though for some time I took up my cross, and was much blessed thereby, yet, after a time, I drew back, and would not answer to my call. One day I was sent for to visit a man who was dying, and who wished me to pray with him. He had met in our class for some time, but was not converted. I went to see him as requested, but when I entered the room where he was, behold there were two of the preachers and the pastor's wife present. One of them, Mr. Richard Sedwell, took my hand and said, 'My dear little sister, our poor friend is very ill, and is not happy. He thinks if you will pray with him he shall be saved.' But I refused to do so. Neither their entreaties, nor the tearful implorings of the dying man, could induce me to pray with him, and he died without having made any sign. Mr. Sedwell prayed, and so did his wife, and the young preacher. They prayed and wrestled, but there was no response. Still the hoarse voice of the sufferer called to me, 'Miss Colmer, pray, oh! pray for me!' We all left, and he is in eternity. My mind was in a horrible state, for Mr. Sedwell faithfully admonished me, and for months I seemed to hear a voice, 'I am lost because you would not pray with me.' If the preachers had gone, and left me with him alone, I would have cried to the Lord for him with all the strength I possessed; but in their presence I felt that I could not do it. And alas! I am still equally faulty in that respect. This is one of the dreadful sins I do so much lament. There are others of the same kind, and of the same dreadful magnitude. They are fearful to think of out of Christ. I am sure you will not wonder that I have had such fears in regard to my own salvation. O! the hundreds of times some who are gone have been set before me as lost, because I would not pray with them! My own mother many times during her last illness begged me to pray with her, and I would not. I said that I could not, but am sure that if I had opened my lips I should have found words to utter in prayer that would have been acceptable to God. A friend being with my mother a few days before her death, on being asked to pray, requested me also to pray, but I refused. 'No,' said my mother, 'Maria will pray with any one excepting her mother.' On the last day of her life, after I had read to her, she said, 'Now, my dear, do pray with me;' but I would not. Later in the day, when I was sent for to witness the closing scene, on entering the room she held out her hand and took mine, and said, 'It is too late now—now, my dear—too late.' These were her last words. O! what

did they mean? Dear —, is it possible that I can be saved? Am I deceiving myself? Has God sent me a strong delusion, and am I believing a lie? I must leave it. I am sorry I have written so much; I know not why; but I felt as if I must. Oh, do pray for me, and tell me what you think of all this. Are there any extenuating circumstances? Can there be any excuse for me, think you? My writing is bad; my subject is awful; and I will conclude by saying, you may use what I have written, and what I may yet write, if it will serve any good purpose. O wondrous love! O boundless grace! I am forgiven. I am saved. I am nearly past writing; but I am, bless the Lord, I feel at this moment I am, in the best of bonds, Your sister in Christ—M. WILLIAMS."

VIII.—TRIED AND MATURED.

Having experienced such a discipline, some observable effects in Mrs. Williams' character might reasonably be looked for as life advanced. And truly those effects were most easily discerned. Her gentleness, charity, humility, and loving dependence upon God, excited the admiration of all who were privileged to enjoy her acquaintance. The state of her mind is expressed in the following communications.

"Dear Mrs. Luke,—In my letter to Mr. L. I had not room left for a word to you. I will, however, write separately to you, and tell you how much I wish to see you. When shall I be thus favoured? Mrs. Hocking called to see me on Friday evening, but she will not come to tea before you do. I am hoping soon to enjoy the great pleasure of having you both, and your honoured husbands to spend an hour or two with me. If you will, in the mean time, come alone, I promise you the company of a Royal Guest whose presence will no doubt be with us, for 'He is my refuge and strength, and very present help in trouble.' This, I have proved in the past. I have scarcely any troubles now, thank the Lord. My only, and very greatest, trouble is that I do not love Him more, and that I do not grow in grace more. But I am looking, and asking, and longing for 'the white raiment' promised to those who overcome. I am earnestly desiring that all that is lacking in me may be supplied; that I may be 'perfect and entire wanting nothing.' May you and I press into this great blessing, is the earnest prayer of your ever affectionate friend,—M. WILLIAMS."

"28, Myrtle-street, Hoxton, Dec. 2, 1876.

"My dear Mrs. Luke,—Mrs. Mountcastle called here last night and gave me your kind message, for which I thank you. It would give me much pleasure to see you, but as you cannot favour me with a visit at present, I have determined to talk with you a little with pen and paper. The good Lord has again raised me up, but I am still very weak, only just able to move around my room. I was taken ill the very day after you were here last, on the Sunday following at about seven in the evening I thought the end was near. From that time till two in the morning I suffered greater pain than I remember to have ever had before, though my sufferings have been many times very severe. At about two o'clock I felt a choking sensation, and had such a dreadful struggle that I felt I could not

bear another of the same kind. But from that time I got better. O! how good the Lord was to me. Truly, agony was heaven! I was so happy that when I could speak it was only to praise the Lord, and to tell those around me how I had been supported. I told them that I would not exchange my condition even then with any one living. In the morning many of the most precious promises in the Bible kept running through my mind. They seemed to have been selected by the blessed Spirit for my special comfort. It was suggested to me that Satan could quote Scripture to suit his purpose. Yes, I replied, but Satan could not impart such happiness, even with the Word of God. It was truly a foretaste of heaven. I am deeply humbled when I think about it, and feel how wonderfully the Lord loves me, yes, *me*. While I write this, my dear friend, I feel that I am the most undeserving of all the children of God, yet I am His child! O! bless the Lord for me! I am an heir of glory! O! how wonderful and unexampled is His love! All my wants have been supplied, and I am living a constant recipient of the bounties of heaven, both temporally and spiritually. I have been severely tempted, but I am on the Rock, and the devil cannot remove me. I am clinging to the Rock. Thank the Lord. Amen."

"Dear——, Can you spare an hour or two on Wednesday next to come and take a cup of tea with Mr. Hocking, and me. I shall esteem it a great favour if you will. And do you think it possible to bring my dear Mrs. L. with you. Please try your very best. I am very feeble indeed. My poor body seems failing sadly, and I say, 'Let it fail and die.' My soul will soar to worlds on high. Heaven seems very near. I have glory in my soul. Not unto me be any praise, but to my most merciful Father, through the atoning blood of the Lamb. Oh! thank, thank the Lord, it cleanses me now. Oh! praise Him for me, 'and let us exalt His name together,' now, and for ever. Amen. May the blessing of the Triune God rest upon you and yours, prays your——sister, in blessed bonds,
"M. WILLIAMS."

"My Dear Mrs. Luke,—When I commenced writing on the large sheet of paper I thought I should not fill it. But when I begin to speak of the goodness of my heavenly Father, I find no end. What He has done for me temporally during the past week is truly wonderful, and I feel it all the more being so underserving.

'I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at His boundless love.'

"My poor hand shakes, you can see. Good-bye. If I never see you again, and you hear I am gone, say, 'It is well with her.' Haste happy day! May we all rejoice together in the better land, is the constant prayer, (with much love,) of, dear Mrs. L., Yours,
"M. WILLIAMS."

"April 2nd, 1877.— —This day I have attained my 66th year. Thank God. Though extremely weak in body, and feel as if every day would be my last, yet all is well. Every night I have thought I should fall asleep to wake up in the better land, and sometimes feel disappointed to find myself still here. The fear of

death has long been removed. The blessed hope of everlasting life is sweet, and at times I long to be for ever with the Lord. As regards myself, nothing of the past is pleasant, my life has been so useless. But I rejoice in the assurance that Jesus has made full restitution to the Father for all my sin, and I am accepted through the blood of atonement. On my bed, I have, of late been able to sing praises to my great Deliverer. This day, Easter Monday, I have thought of the thousands who are enjoying a holiday, but none of them can have more pure pleasure or deeper happiness than I experience here alone in the house. Not one human being is here to speak to me. Yet I have Christ with me and it is heaven."

IX.—CALLED HOME.

For over four months prior to her departure Mrs. Williams was confined to her bed. During that period her sufferings were occasionally very great. She spent most of the time in holy meditation and prayer, and received spiritual strength and consolation according to her need. We were privileged to visit her several times, to hear her remarkable confession of faith in the Saviour, and her glorious assurances of heaven and immortality. To join her in prayer was to realize "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Her chamber truly was "quite on the verge of heaven;" and the house frequently resounded with her exclamations of praise. She seemed to be full of God, and ripe for the harvest of heaven. No language of earth is adequate to describe the foretaste of bliss that she evidently enjoyed. In her countenance the ecstasy of her soul was written, and the tones of her voice conveyed an idea of rapture that was supernatural, and of sweetness born from above. Those who visited her were doubly blessed. She said, "The next good thing to going to chapel is the visits of the friends to me." And on the other hand, it was to them like going into a hallowed sanctuary, to hear the words that dropped from her lips.

A few days before her death dropsy set in, and finding that some change had taken place in her feeble frame she asked, "What is it?" On being told, she observed, "It is another pin failing in the tabernacle; but all is well. Christ is precious. I am safe in Jesus." Her daughter, and a kind lady living in the same house, continued with her as the end approached, to whom she addressed many cheering words; and at last, without much suffering, she committed her spirit into the hands of God, gave a sign of holy triumph, and exchanged earth for heaven, on Saturday morning, February 9th, 1878. In the following week she was buried in Finchley Cemetery.

Among the various traits of character exhibited by Mrs. Williams, may be mentioned her great simplicity in dress and general manners. She did not change the style of her apparel after the custom of this changeful world, but retained, with but little modification, the habit of the early Bible Christians, and other Methodists. Her love for the house of God, and respect for the preachers of the Gospel, were very conspicuous. She was a most attentive and interested hearer of the Word. The class-meeting, and

meetings for united prayer, were by her highly prized. Neither did she neglect the duties included in family religion. She diligently maintained family worship, and her prayers, mingled with weeping, have left an indelible impression on the minds of her two sons and one daughter who survive her. And of all whom the writer has been permitted to hold fellowship with in this world, she has not known one who displayed more vital Christianity, more patient faith, a more contented spirit, or a more unswerving friendship than MARIA WILLIAMS.

"She frequently longed to be gone,
To join the blest spirits above;
To sit on Immanuel's throne,
And feel all the transports of love.

Amidst a bright host she now shines,
Enthroned in the kingdom of God;
Now with her Redeemer she reigns,
Who washed her clean in His blood."

W. LUKE.

MRS. TONKIN.

MARY JANE, the beloved wife of John Tonkin, was born November 29th, 1829, and entered into glory in her native parish, St. Austell, March 1st, 1879. During childhood she attended the Independent Church and Sabbath-school. In the year 1847 special services were held in Zion chapel, St. Austell, which she was induced to attend, having a desire to be made happy in Jesus. She did not feel in any particular manner the burden of guilt, although she knew she was a sinner; but her one desire was to be received by God, and have His love shed abroad in her heart. She did not seek many days before she found Him whom her thirsty soul desired. Her conversion was not rapturous nor demonstrative, but she experienced "the solemn awe which dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love." I have heard her say, when speaking of her conversion, that on leaving the house of prayer some persons almost doubted its reality, as it was so quiet, but the change was so deep and blessed in her heart that their doubts had no depressing effect upon her mind. In looking over her class tickets I found her note of admittance; it is dated March 1st, 1848, John Penny, Minister; hence, from the day of her being received into Christian fellowship to the day of her death was exactly thirty-one years. In the year 1860 we were married, and were sent by the Missionary Committee and Conference, as their agents, to labour in the colony of Victoria, Australia. After being there over sixteen years we returned to England, in consequence of my health having failed, in the hope that the voyage, change of climate, and rest would restore my strength. During the former part of last winter she felt the severity of the weather very much. The day before she was taken ill she was much as usual, but in the night she felt very unwell, and said, "I believe I am going to be very ill," and so it proved, for after eight days' illness she departed this life. On the Sabbath, three days after she was taken ill, she felt the need of a more blessed sense of God's presence. She asked me to pray for this special blessing. After dinner she desired our eldest son to read to her John xiv., which he did with a faltering voice, and eyes suffused with tears. When the chapter was finished she said, "It is clearer now, pa." On the following Wednesday there was an apparent change for the better, but the next day she was worse. She became very deaf, and could hardly speak, her tongue being so swollen. On Friday afternoon I told her that the doctor said that there was but little hope of her recovery; but she seemed not at all disconcerted, and simply said, when I asked her advice about sending for her sister, and our second son at school, "I would not send yet, it will be expensive, and doctors are not always right in their

opinions." During the afternoon of this day she said, "Well, I have said nothing as yet about my spiritual state," but this was her testimony then: "Christ is around and about me. The religion of Jesus is worth living for—there is no vexation of spirit. It is so beautiful to lie down and feel all is well—it is sweet to wake up and say all is well. I have tried to train up the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In too many instances I have been unfaithful, but I have never lost my confidence, and I am not afraid of death. I cleave to Christ. I have felt very happy since Sunday. The religion of Jesus Christ is a divine reality,—I have felt it so through the week. I shall see the Lord to-night." On Saturday night, about ten o'clock, she said, "There has been a cloud hanging over me all this day" (I had observed that her mind was much engaged), "I want stronger faith. I know I am a child of God; that my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life; but I want to feel more." I said, "We are not saved by feeling, but by faith. 'The just shall live by faith.'" "Yes," she said, "I know that, but I want to feel more. You must all pray for me, for I should think that so many praying persons will bring the blessing." After her sister, my son, and myself had prayed, she said to Mrs. Bryant, a dear Christian friend of hers, "Was it a good prayer-meeting—was there a good influence?" Being told there was, she said, "I thought so. I feel better now, but I only heard Tonkin pray." After this she said but little, and a few minutes before twelve o'clock p.m. she exchanged time for eternity.

Since her decease I have read through her diary, and but for the following testimonies of the brethren Teague and Gudridge I might write of her early piety, her zeal for God's cause, her delight in the services of the sanctuary, her visitation of the sick, her love for God's people, her untiring interest as a missionary collector and a Sabbath-school teacher, and her appreciation of everything good and lovely. Her reading of the Bible was as much to learn her duty as her privileges; and whatever she felt was her duty she would discharge to the best of her abilities, at whatever apparent sacrifice, "for duty was hers, results were God's." The Christian life may be said to consist of two things, receiving and giving. "Freely ye have received: freely give." Her principle of giving was the tenth of all her income, and all over and above she regarded as free-will offerings, and thank-offerings for special mercies. Often she had to take from the Lord's bag, as she called it, for family necessities, but it would always be restored. She always felt it her duty to keep up family worship when husband and father was absent from home, and one great source of pleasure to her was the Sabbath evening, with her children around her, with whom she would read, talk, and pray, and often has she said to me, "We have had quite a revival, pa." In the ministers of Christ she felt special interest, and tried to make them comfortable and at home during their stay with us. The remembrance of her many virtues and goodness will be most fondly cherished by the bereaved husband and children, and our hope is that her many prayers for us may be realized, and that our final meeting will be in our Father's house on high.

Br. Teague says, "My acquaintance with the late Mrs. Tonkin began in April, 1863. I was appointed to the Castlemaine circuit, Victoria, Australia, and had for my colleague the Rev. J. Tonkin. Being so intimately associated in the work of the Lord, I had frequent opportunities during two years of forming an opinion of the religious life of our dear sister. Indeed, I may say, such opportunity continued throughout her location in this colony, for being occasionally in contiguous circuits frequent fellowship took place, and when more distant a correspondence between the families ensued, so that for sixteen years I may say I was intimately acquainted with her spiritual life. She was gentle in her manners, retiring in her habits, and possessed of a good degree of self-control; consequently she was not, either in her personal utterances or mode of working, an impulsive Christian, but a quiet, consistent, regular worker in her Master's cause; being in her own unostentatious life an epistle of the Spirit's own writing, sufficiently lucid that she never needed other epistles of commendation to the churches, to assure them that she was a servant of Christ in her own sphere of labour. Her religious life was deep, hence it had the placidity of still waters; the unwithered foliage of the tree planted deep by the rivers; a mild, sun-like radiance, attracting her children to the Lord, and undoubtedly exerting an influence upon others in the various circuits in this colony, the extent of which eternity alone will reveal.

In preaching her funeral sermon at Armstrong-street church last Sabbath evening, May 11th, I summarised her character thus: She was a most devout Christian woman; an excellent minister's wife; an inoffensive, gentle, ready-to-aid neighbour; a kind, yet firm mother; and, in one word, a pattern to her sex of all ages! I sincerely believe those friends here who have known her these eighteen years fully endorse the above as a fair summary of what she was. No doubt she had her imperfections, which she was ready to confess; but I am satisfied she is now before the throne of God—without fault, because washed clean from every stain in the blood of her precious Redeemer and Sanctifier."

Br. Gudridge says, "When I first became acquainted with Mrs. Tonkin her family, with its increasing cares, was gathering about her. Following you, as I did, in the Ballarat and Castlemaine circuits, I have heard many of the friends there speak most respectfully and kindly of her work of faith and labour of love. When feeble in health she dexterously plied her needle, and taught her girls to do the same. She educated her boys to be men, to play a part that should be worthy the name of Him whom their father and mother loved, and whose servants they were. I cannot but think her children will rise up and call her blessed. Her spirit of liberality in supporting the cause of Christ, and especially in sustaining the funds of the Missionary Society, was very evident. There must have been times in your colonial experience when the salary was less than it is now, and when provisions were very dear, when it must have required much self-sacrifice to have given the liberal donations which appear to the credit of your family on the annual missionary reports. I remember casual remarks from her which showed a holy jealousy for the funds of the Missionary Society, and which made one feel that her heart beat true and strong, not only for denominational interests, but the highest human interests, and the still higher interests of Christ's truth and glory; and that whatever retrenchment was made it must not be in giving to Christ's cause. If all felt like her, instead of small and infrequent donations, year by year, we should have large and constant gifts. She was not like some whose great concern seems to be how to appear before men, but, as far as I was able to estimate her, thought more of the inward apparel of the heart—the mild, gentle spirit which exerts a quiet power on husband, children, servants, visitors, and friends, and alone commends itself as a thing more shining than rubies, more costly than gold, and more attractive than facial beauty, or the gayest apparel. She possessed that ornament which is a thing far too rare and too much undervalued by the men as by the women of this world, but highly estimated by God, who looks beyond forms and costly apparel, and declares the meek and quiet spirit, the inward adorning, to be in His sight of greatest price. Whatever artistic representations you and the dear children may have on which an affectionate eye may gaze in loving memory, the most vivid portraiture will be those fadeless outlines and fairest indelible features of the loving, quiet, humble spirit which she exemplified in the home circle, and which are instructive and essential to Christian life, experience, and power. 'She being dead yet speaketh.'"

JOHN TONKIN.

WILLIAM TREMAYNE.

WILLIAM TREMAYNE was born at Constantine, Cornwall, in February, 1817. He possessed a mirthful disposition, and freely mingled in gay society. Under the earnest ministry of Br. J. Maynard, he was convinced of sin, and for a season groaned under a sense of condemnation. But peace came at last, an all-pervading peace, a peace sealed upon his heart, through faith in the atonement of Christ. Having now realised the transforming power of divine grace, he sought his happiness in fellowship with God, and in communion with His people. He therefore united with our church at Constantine, in 1845, and continued a member for eleven years. Having removed to Wendron, where at that time the Bible Christians had no cause, he joined the Methodist Free Church, and continued with that people for seven years. Returning again to Constantine, he once more united with his own people, and took a deep interest in all that related to the prosperity of our church. In 1868, he, and most of his family, came to Victoria, and

settled in the Ballarat Circuit. The voyage did not quench the fire of his love to Christ, nor the fever of gold seeking absorb his desire for the fellowship of saints. He therefore sought and found a Bible Christian Society at Water-Holes, and gladly cast in his lot with them. About seven years ago he came to Sandhurst, and settled at California Gully, and immediately blended his sympathies and prayers with our cause in that place. At that time a blessed revival took place, a new class was formed for the converts, and Mr. Tremayne was chosen the leader; he proved himself an able shepherd of his flock. Affliction at last compelled him to relinquish his much loved work, but in private he never ceased to pray for the welfare of his class. His affliction extended over a period of five years, and during the last two, he was almost entirely deprived of the public means of grace; yet at home he enjoyed in a high degree the sanctifying grace of an all-loving and ever-present God. The sacred volume was his comfort day and night. At times when reading, he would suddenly stop and shout aloud over the precious promises. Mr. Tremayne was also a mighty man in prayer. He usually wrestled Jacob-like, and refused to let go until the desired blessing was obtained. The evening previous to his death, while many of his family were present, he became wonderfully happy—the joy was “unspeakable, and full of glory.” When this state of holy rapture had somewhat subsided he said, “It is known in heaven that I am coming.” The day following, September 9th, 1878, his happy spirit exchanged earth for heaven. His funeral sermon was preached by the writer, in California Gully Church, to a large congregation from Phil. i. 23. Mr. Tremayne was 61 at his death, and had been a useful member of the church of Christ for 33 years. “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

S. P. W.

Chapels.

STAMFORD STREET, PORTSMOUTH.—A noble effort in this place, completed in its first stage, deserves to be recorded in the pages of the Magazine. For some years a complete renovation of the premises was deemed necessary, but not until two years ago were any active steps taken in the matter. Then a fund was started by Mrs. Reed and Sleeman, which amounted, on our arrival in the circuit, to about £37. Soon after, at a trustee meeting, it was resolved to build new school and class-rooms, erect side galleries in the chapel, and otherwise improve its appearance and accommodation. Plans were prepared by Mr. E. J. Smith, architect. The former part of the scheme has been completed. The old school is demolished, and a new and more handsome building has been erected in its stead. It is elevated to about the same height as the chapel, and its external aspect is neat and pretty. Entering it, there is a fine lobby, a raised platform, and a noble room capable of holding some 250 children. Passing through what is locally known as the infant school and up a lofty flight of stairs, there is a room corresponding in dimensions to the one below, save that one end of it has been partitioned off, and made into two commodious class rooms. There are two other class-rooms also over the vestry and the infant schools. The various classes are furnishing these rooms for themselves with carpet and such other comforts as they can afford. Altogether, there is comfortable accommodation for more than five hundred children and young persons. It has been said by many fairly competent judges that a more complete set of rooms cannot be found in the Borough of Portsmouth. And we are thankful to state that the school, under the able superintendence of Mr. Hardcastle Taylor, who has about him a noble staff of teachers, is, under the divine blessing, in a good state of prosperity. More and more must the grandeur of Sabbath-school work be recognized by the church, and the Master's command observed, “Feed my lambs.”

The school was opened on Sunday, March 2nd, 1879, when three much appreciated sermons were preached by Br. John Stephens. The writer gave a lecture the next day on “The Scottish Covenanters,” and the three succeeding days were busily occupied by a bazaar.

The above alterations have cost about £350. Towards this, the following amount have been raised :—

	£	s.	d.
Nucleus Fund	37	7	5½
Christmas Tree, 1877 .. .	42	0	0
Bazaar, March, 1879 .. .	56	0	0
Collected by children .. .	12	18	10½
Collections, donations, &c. .. .	22	2	1
Sunday School Union .. .	10	0	0
Circular Fund (cash and promises) .. .	50	0	0
Articles sold since bazaar .. .	7	10	0
Total	£237	18	5

Br. Perkins is busy collecting, but I am not acquainted with the result of his efforts. We should have been exceedingly glad to have raised the whole cost, but that so much has been done is very gratifying. It represents the toiling of many busy fingers, and the giving of many liberal hearts. No additional burden will come upon the trustees, as the school will pay an additional sum more than enough to meet the extra interest.

We are happy to be able to state that every branch of God's work is fairly prosperous, that every fund is on the increase, and that several persons have been led to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

ARTHUR HANCOCK.

WEEK ST. MARY CIRCUIT.—*Maxworthy*.—The society and congregation worshipping at this place have long felt the necessity of having a better place of worship. Some twelve months ago, application was made to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for a site on which to build a new chapel and school-room, but in consequence of some legal difficulty he was unable to comply with the request of the friends, but generously gave £20 towards the purchase of a site elsewhere and the expense of building. The trustees then made another effort and succeeded in obtaining the necessary land in a good position. The memorial stones were laid on Tuesday, July 1st. In the afternoon, a thoughtful and practical sermon was preached in the old chapel, by Mr. C. Ware, at the close of which the congregation walked through the pitiless ruin to the new site. After singing and prayer, the stones were laid by the following persons. Mr. John Turner, who gave £5; Mr. Worden £1, Miss E. Rockey £1, for a friend £1, Miss G. Bray £1, Miss Venning also gave 10s., Mr. H. Pearce £1, a friend through Miss Rockey £1, collection on the spot £2 8s. Tea and evening collection £9 os. 10d. The stones being laid, Mr. Jacob gave out a hymn and Mr. Sweet offered prayer, after which the company proceeded to Whitely Farm, where a public tea was provided in the large barn kindly lent by Mr. Gilbert, who, with Mrs. Gilbert, spared no pains to make every one comfortable. The provisions for the tea were given by Messrs. Rockey, W. Turner, Gilbert, and W. Colwill. In the evening, a public meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Bendle, who in his opening address expressed his pleasure in being present; he then spoke of the necessity of having a better chapel, and then called upon Mr. Jacob to present the financial report, which showed that up to that day about £80 had been received, which, with the £23 that day, would make a total of £103 towards the building fund, a very satisfactory amount at such an early stage of the effort. The building consists of a double isle chapel, the whole to be seated with the best pitch-pine, a school-room at the end separated from the chapel by a moveable partition; also a stable and furnace house, and when erected will present a very nice appearance. The work is to be completed by the end of December, 1879. Mr. J. C. Sweet then followed with an earnest and telling speech, showing forth the superiority of the gospel over the philosophy of Voltaire and others of a similar school, also pointing out the grand success of gospel truth. Mr. C. Ware was then called upon, who on rising said he wished to follow a course different from any of the preceding speakers, and in his own energetic and effective manner, pointed out the constitution of a church according to scripture teaching, and concluded an able address by exhorting all to cleave to God with purpose of heart. Votes of thanks to all who had lent a helping hand brought to a close a pleasant and successful day.

Bennacott.—Services in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of a

new chapel and school-room, were held on Tuesday, August 19th. In the afternoon an excellent sermon was preached in the old chapel, by Mr. W. H. Tickell, of Holsworthy. At the close of the service, the large congregation adjourned to the new site. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Bond (Methodist Free Church), offered prayer, after which, Mr. Jacob read Psalm lxxxiv. The stone was laid by Mr. T. Oliver, of Ashwater, who placed on it the sum of £2, Miss E. Reed £2 10s., Mr. Perry £1, other sums 10s. 7d., collection on the spot £2. Tea and evening collection £10 11s.; amount previously raised £50, making the total amount raised in behalf of the building fund £68 11s. 7d. The evening meeting was held in Mrs. Gubbin's barn, which was filled. Mr. Holman, of Kilburn, presided, and by his well chosen remarks and judicious management, contributed to the success of the meeting. The report was presented by the writer, who observed that it was evident to all who were acquainted with the situation and character of the old building that a new chapel was greatly needed, and after briefly dwelling on the encouraging character of the report and the liberality of the friends gave place to the strangers who were waiting to address the meeting. Mr. Bendle, in a short but interesting address, explained the nature of the building, the estimated cost, and the desire he felt to open the new buildings with but a comparatively small debt. Mr. Bond followed with an excellent address. He congratulated the friends on the amount of interest which they showed in the undertaking, observing that dark and cloudy weather tests the genuineness of our interest more than do the bright and sunny days, and to see so many people present that night in spite of the pouring rain was an evidence of their enthusiasm. Chapel debts, said the preacher, were a reproach, hence it is the duty of Christian people to roll this reproach away. This could be best done by systematic giving, which was the scriptural method—"Give as the Lord has prospered us." Funds would then be well sustained, and prosperity enjoyed. The speaker then proceeded to observe that he considered a model church should be a *soul-winning* church—they should aim at bringing in new members every quarter—a regular increase. It was their duty also to preach pure doctrine. In many papers and periodicals the cardinal doctrines of our religion were being frittered away. Let them stand by these grand old truths. In the new chapel the doctrines of the Bible would be taught. He hoped it would be made a home of *social* feeling. If it is homely, people will come. They wanted recognition of friends on earth as well as in heaven. They want more of this social, cheering feeling, and less murmuring with one another. Above all, they should seek in the new building to pray down the Holy Spirit, that all the services might be of the highest spiritual character. If favoured with God's presence the new house would prove a blessing. Mr. Tickell next addressed the meeting, observing that he rejoiced in the erection of new chapels, because in them man's desire for worship was guided into the right channel. Man's fault is not that he does not worship, but that he worships too many gods. Man's capacity for worship raised him above the brutes, and rendered him capable of holding communion with God. Chapels are also places for the exposition of truth. Pilate's question, "What is truth?" is frequently asked to day—by some with a sneer—by others with intense earnestness. In our expositions of truth we teach the necessity of personal reformation—all true reformation begins here. Truth adjusts human relations, and if received and practised will insure rectitude in all the affairs of men. Chapels are also aids to national greatness, for in them is preached that righteousness which exalteth a nation. He argued in favour of disestablishment and religious equality. A chapel is also a calm witness for God and eternity. In this age of unrest, stir, and competition, all thoughts of God and the soul are too often crowded out. Chapels are also centres of holy work, the church is not a hive for drones, but all should exercise their talents and influence. Then God will bless us. Mr. S. Allin, of Waterloo-road, in response to the wishes of the chairman and friends, made a few remarks expressive of the pleasure it afforded him to enjoy the excellent services of that day, but in consequence of an affection of the throat, he was at home for rest, and could not take an active part in the meeting.

A hearty vote of thanks was presented to the chairman and speakers, and to Mrs. Gubbin for her great kindness in placing her premises at the disposal of the friends. The provisions for the tea were given by members of the congregation. Truly the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.

THOMAS C. JACOB.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Already acknowledged - £1,086 11s. 6d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
PENRYN—				Guy Warne, 1st instalment	1	0	0
Miss Barratt, don. - -	0	10	0	SHEBBEAR—			
Second collection - -	1	0	0	Sutcombe, 1st collection -	1	0	0
CAMELFORD—				AUSTRALIA—			
Mr. R. Radcliffe, don. -	0	10	0	R. Dale, Esq., don. -	1	0	0
HICKS MILL—				LONDON—			
Mr. Tremere, 1st instal. -	0	5	0	Mrs. Pillow, per F. W. B.	1	0	0
Do., collected (book) -	0	5	1	BRIGHTON—			
Mr. Newcombe, don. -	0	5	0	J. Botheras, 1st instalment	0	10	6
Mr. J. Opie, 1st instalment	0	1	0	Mrs. Shelley, don. -	1	0	0
Miss Cully's card, 1st audit	0	1	0	Miss Janner, 1st instalment	0	2	6
J. H. Batt, 2nd instalment				Miss Stevens, do. -	0	2	6
of £10 10s! - -	2	12	6	Mrs. Gillett, do. -	0	2	6
A Friend - -	0	10	0	CHATHAM—			
ST. JUST—				Mrs. Hodges, 2nd instal. -	0	10	0
Mrs. G. B. Hicks, don. -	1	0	0	Mr. Bow, do. -	0	5	0
Mr. Guard, 1st instalment	0	2	6	Mr. White, do. -	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas, do. -	0	1	6	Mr. Boakes, do. -	0	5	0
TAVISTOCK—				Mr. Tremain -	0	10	0
Miss Polly Foot, don. -	2	0	0	S. Jory -	1	0	0
Miss Palmer, don. -	0	4	0	Mr. R. Penwarden, "an old			
Mr. Kellaway, don. -	1	0	0	boy" -	2	2	0
Mr. W. Rowe, don. -	1	0	0	Mr. W. Kimp -	5	0	0

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In September Magazine the total announced is correct, but there are two mis-prints in the August particulars. "Miss Kelland, Copplestone, 1st audit," is 15s. 6d. instead of 15s., and "Mr. Vaughan's 2nd donation" is £1 5s. instead of £1 as printed.

Each pastor has been supplied with circulars for each Sunday-school in the home stations, and we hope they will be returned to us by the end of October with money enough, from the various school treasurers' funds and the money gathered by the children, to enable us to go on with building the house for the head-master.

With the October parcel each pastor will receive some bazaar circulars. They are affectionately asked, with their colleagues, to faithfully distribute them. More will be gladly sent on application. Let us make this bazaar a great success. Will the wives of our ministers kindly help all they can in working and collecting for this bazaar? The Earl of Portsmouth, under date of Sept. 3rd, 1879, says:—"You are welcome to put down the names of Lady Portsmouth and myself as patronising your bazaar. I wish it success." If such friends are interested, surely each person in the Denomination should find a pleasure in contributing something.

O friends! give! give! give! in this hour of trial and need! A few of the new circulars will also be sent in the October parcel, and we ask very earnestly that, if possible, ministers and friends will pay up their promised subscriptions before October 7th, when the College Committee meets. We hope to find then that we can safely proceed with the building of the house for the head-master.

Mr. Editor and dear friends, we are sure that, by some act of self-denial and a fresh consecration of ourselves and what we have to God, we may relieve ourselves from debt in a single year.

Yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*, 16, King Street, London, W.C.
W. HIGMAN, *Agent*, New Street, Torrington.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, SHEBBEAR.

THE Report of the Examiners of the Oxford Local Examination was published September 1st. It is the most decided testimony yet given to the efficiency of the school, and the immense advantage which the new buildings and apparatus are proving to the Master. As several pupils were preparing for the Competitive Civil Service Examination (at which a pupil last January very highly distinguished himself), only four pupils were sent. These, as will be seen from the following summary, were remarkably successful :—

Total number of Junior Candidates	..	..	..	1437
Passed in First Honours Division	..	..	83	
" Second " " "	..	..	157	
" Third " " "	..	..	619	
Failed	..	..	578	—1437

Among these—

G. P. Dymond is placed 38th in the First Honours Division.

S. Pollard " 45th " " " "

W. M. Hocking " 52nd " " " "

Among the names in the Second Honours Division, H. C. Honey ranks 35th in order of merit.

So that every boy passed in Honours, and three out of the four in First Class Honours. This result will compare favourably with any similar institution in the kingdom.

The preliminary subjects in which all must pass, and in which failure in any subject is fatal, include Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Dictation, Grammar, and English Composition. Beside these, G. P. Dymond satisfied the examiners in Holy Scripture, English History and Classic Authors, Latin, Greek, French, and Music; S. Pollard, in Holy Scripture, English History and Classic Authors, Latin, Mathematics (advanced), and Mechanics; W. M. Hocking, in Holy Scripture, English History and Classic Authors, Latin, Mathematics (advanced), and Mechanics; and H. C. Honey, in Holy Scriptures, English History and Classic Authors, Latin, French, and Mathematics (advanced).

W. M. Hocking is the youngest boy in England, except two, that was placed in the First Division.

No further comment is necessary, as the Report speaks for itself.

VALEDICTORY SERVICE, NEWTON ABBOT.

ABOUT 50 members of the society and congregation (six of the oldest members had been specially invited) took tea together on Monday, August 18th, preparatory to a meeting which was held and largely attended, to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman on their leaving for their new sphere of labour in Wales. Mr. J. H. Mathews opened with prayer; the writer, as the chairman of the meeting, spoke of the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman were held and of the success of Mr. Bridgman's pastorate. Messrs. Cane and Rogers spoke in a similar strain, the latter of whom spoke of his conversion as having been effected through Mr. Bridgman's instrumentality. Mr. Towell (Wesleyan) also spoke a few grateful words. Mr. T. Davey an old local preacher, then made a few appropriate remarks, and presented Mr. Bridgman with a handsome silver plated biscuit box, bearing the following inscription :—

"Presented to the Rev. Charles Bridgman, B.C.M., by the members of the society and congregation of the Jubilee Chapel, Newton Abbot, Devon, in recognition of his valuable services during his pastorate of four years. (From 1875 to 1879.) August 1879." After this an address (which had been artistically executed by Mr. Josias Crocker of Newton Abbot) was read by Mr. Flowers as follows :—"This Memorial, with a small piece of silver plate, is presented to the Rev. Charles Bridgman, Bible Christian minister, by the members and congregation of the Jubilee Chapel, Newton Abbot, Devon, as a token of their sincere regard and high appreciation of his uniform kindness and care for their

spiritual welfare during the four years they have sat under his ministry, from 1875 to 1879.

"The subscribers while considering the circumstances which have transpired during his pastorate, feel that they should be wanting in Christian love and sympathy if they allowed him to depart from amongst them without some proof of their due recognition of his very efficient ministerial duties, and they beg his acceptance of the same, with their sincere prayers for the present, future, and eternal happiness of himself and his much esteemed wife, and that at the last great day he may present a numerous assembly as evidence of his zeal and success in the service of his great Master, and that among them may be found the subscribers." The names, about 40, followed. Mrs. Bridgman was then presented with a silver cream ladle and sugar lifter, bearing the initials "J.B." The presentation was made on behalf of the Sunday-school by Charlotte Jones, the gift being accompanied with a few suitable remarks expressive of the attachment of the scholars. Mr. Bridgman suitably acknowledged the kindness of the friends. He attributed the success that had attended his efforts mainly to the generous and continued support he had received from those friends who had remained true and steadfast to him. In conclusion, Mr. Bridgman expressed a hope that the support which had been accorded to him would be extended to his successor. The doxology having been sung, the meeting, one of the most interesting and unanimous ever held in the chapel, was brought to a close.

RICHARD NICHOLLS.

JOTTINGS FROM YORKSHIRE.—No. III.

THE Connexional year which has just closed has been, to both ministers and people in the Cleveland mission, one of intense solicitude. A variety of causes, but especially the state of trade and commerce, made the darkness denser, and our forebodings still more sad and gloomy. Never, in our experience, had the outlook been less inviting, and the desire for success stronger. The few kind words of the Missionary treasurer at the commencement of the year, "To work with a heart and a will," had a soul-stirring effect, and encouraged us to work. God has been with us. Many souls have been won for Him, but the actual labour of the year cannot be described; that it will yet be seen we doubt not.

THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICE

at Brotton, the first it is believed that has been held by Nonconformists in the neighbourhood, awakened a curiosity which increased the interest of the occasion. The chapel was tastefully decorated with corn, vegetables, fruit, and flowers, and, with the singing and speeches, delighted the large audience, including some of the leading agriculturalists of the parish. To foster gratitude, and secure financial aid, it was decided that this service should be annually repeated.

THE MISSIONARY MEETINGS

were of an interesting character. The claims of the society were ably advocated by the Brethren Banwell and Lee (deputation). Our anticipated financial success would doubtless have been realised but for the snow, followed by a incessant downpour of rain. The monetary result was, however, considerably ahead by the aid the

JUVENILE MISSIONARY GATHERINGS

at Brotton, Guisborough, Carlin Howe, and Loftus, rendered. Appropriate sermons were preached, and interesting pieces and dialogues, interspersed with singing, were recited. It will be well to allow these young friends again to wield their attractive power. Their service is invaluable.

BROTON CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.

Sunday services, conducted by Bro. H. Werren, of Durham, were seasons of hallowed memory. The Lord of Hosts was in the midst of His people. The tea on the following day was well attended, as was also the public meeting, which was presided over by W. France, Esq., and addressed by Br. Werren and the circuit ministers. Proceeds over ten guineas. The reduction of the debt on the estate

was a felt need, and notwithstanding the extremely depressed state of trade, the matter was broached by the pastor, and, encouraged by the trustees and friends, it was decided to hold a

BAZAAR

in the month of May; all resolving to "work with a heart and a will." It was thought desirable to postpone the holding of the bazaar until the 15th of July. Mrs. Morrison, of Loftus Hall, performed the opening ceremony. The school-room was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the three days' sale produced the following results:—

No. 1, Society's stall	..	..	..	..	..	£	s.	d.
No. 2, Mr. and Mrs. T. James's	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	9
No. 3, Mrs. Finch's	..	..	..	..	20 16	1		
No. 4, Refreshments	..	..	..	..	3	8	8	
Cash by J. and A. Finch	..	..	..	..	23	0	0	
							47	4
Admission Fees	..	..	..	..	..	1	6	3
Sewing Teas	..	..	..	..	..	2	11	10
Sunday Collections	..	..	..	..	..	0	12	7
							£64	0
Total	..	..	..	..	..	2	18	0
Expenses	..	..	..	..	..			
							£61	2
Net proceeds	..	..	..	..	..		7	

The trustees have thus been enabled to reduce the debt by £50, which will come in next year's accounts. It will be further reduced by a grant (claim) from the Committee, and we hope also by the sale of the large number of articles left from the bazaar. The future of this mission, by untiring and consecrated effort, with God's blessing, shall brighten; and it shall yet witness "greater things than these."

August, 1879.

J. FINCH.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Babes in the Basket; or, Daph and her Charge. By the AUTHOR of "Timid Lucy," etc. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 1s.)

THIS favourite children's book is a welcome addition to this excellent series.

True to His Colours: or, The Life that Wears Best. By the Rev. T. P. WILSON, M.A., Author of "Frank Oldfield." Nelson & Sons. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A CAPITAL temperance tale. In "Tommy Tracks," its chief hero, many a reader will become as much interested as if he were a personal acquaintance. His opinions are always worth listening to, and a specimen of his quaint and lively discourse on a subject of present interest and importance, our readers will, we are sure, highly prize. That "There's a twist somewhere in people's views about the education of young ladies in our day," and that "they're beginning at the wrong place altogether, in filling young ladies' heads, as they do, with all sorts and sizes of knowledge," is the conviction of multitudes, and if they are asked *how*, they cannot do better than let "Thomas Tracks" answer for them as he did to the Vicar of Crossbourne.

"Just this way, sir. I were in Sheffield for a day or two last June, and as I were a-staring in at one of the cutler's shops, I caught sight of a strange-looking article stuck upon a stand right in the middle of the window. It were all blades and points, like the porcupine as I used to read about at the National School when I were a boy. It was evidently meant for a knife, but who would ever think of buying such a thing as that, except merely as a curiosity? There must have been some fifty or sixty blades, and these were all sorts of shapes and sizes, just, I suppose, to show the skill of the workman as contrived to fasten such a lot of them together; but they would have been no earthly use to a man as

wanted a real working article. Now, as far as I can see and hear, the young ladies in these days is being got up something like one of 'em fancy knives. It seems to be the great wish of these young ladies' parents or friends to put into their heads a lot of learning of all sorts—so many languages, so many sciences, so many accomplishments, as they calls 'em, as thick as they can stand together. And what's the end of it all? Why, folks wonder at 'em, no doubt, and say a great many fine things to 'em and about 'em; but they're not turned out a real serviceable article, either for their homes or for the Great Master's work as He'd have them to do it."

"It is too true, dear friend," said the Vicar with a sigh.

"Ay! and if I'm not too bold in speaking my mind," proceeded the other, "that ain't the worst of it. You'll excuse my homely way of talking, sir, but I can't help thinking of Timothy Pinches' donkey cart when I reads or hears of these young ladies with their science classes, and their Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, and their colleges, and what not. Timothy Pinches were an old neighbour of mine when I didn't live in these parts—that were several years ago as I'm talking of. Now Timothy had a donkey, a quiet and serviceable animal enough, and he'd got a cart too, which would carry a tidy lot of things, yet at the same time weren't none of the strongest. He used to cart my coals for me, and do an odd job for me here and there. Well, one day I met Timothy with a strange load in his cart; there was a lot of iron nails and bars for the blacksmith, two or three bags of potatoes, a sack of flour, a bottle or two of vinegar, a great jar of treacle, a bale of calico for one of the shops, a cask of porter, and a sight of odds and ends besides. And they was packed and jammed so tight together, I could see as they were like to burst the sides of the cart through. 'Timothy,' says I, 'you'll never get on with that load, it's too much for the donkey, and it's too much for the cart.' 'All right,' says he, 'we'll manage.' 'Nay,' says I, 'it's too much for the poor beast; make two journeys of it, and you'll do it comfortably.' 'Can't afford the time,' says he. But he *could* afford the time to keep the poor donkey often standing before the door of the public for an hour and more together. But just then he'd had an extra glass, and he wasn't in a mood to be spoken with. So he gives the poor beast a fierce kick, and a pull at his jaw, by way of freshening him up, and the old cart goes creaking on up a hill by a winding road. I could hear it as I went on by a footpath as took me a short cut into the road again. Then the noise stopped all of a sudden; and when I'd got to the end of the path, there was Timothy Pinches looking anything but wise or pleasant, and cart and donkey had both come to grief. The side of the cart was burst right out; the donkey had fallen down and cut his knees badly; the potatoes was rolling down the hill; the flour had some of it come out of the sack in a great heap, and the vinegar and treacle was running slowly through it. When I looked at poor Timothy's face, and then at the break-down, I couldn't help laughing at him; but I gave him a helping hand, and I hope he learnt a useful lesson. You see, sir, it don't do to overtask a willing beast, nor to load a cart with more goods than it's meant to carry, specially if it ain't over strong. But they're making this very mistake with many of the young ladies just now—I don't mean anything disrespectful to them in likening them to a donkey-cart, but it's true. These young ladies themselves are overtasking their constitutions which God gave them, and they're loading their brains with more than them brains was designed to carry. The Lord has'n't given them, as a rule, heads fit to bear the strain as men's heads were made to stand. I'm sure of it; it's the opinion, too, of Dr. Richardson, who has the best right of any man, perhaps, to speak on this subject, as he's studied it, I should think, as much or more than any man living. Now, sir, just look at your own dear child, Miss Clara,—why, it makes my heart sore every time I look at her; she ain't got the right healthy look in her face; her mind has got more to bear than ever her Maker meant it to have; and there's no reason, surely, why she shouldn't be as cheerful as a lark, and as bright as the flowers in May."

Brief Expositions of Scripture Illustrated by Remarkable Facts. By JOHN LEIFCHILD, D.D. Sixth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

SOME of the best illustrations of Scripture with which we are acquainted are to be found in this volume. We have known it for years, and have found it very

serviceable. Dr. Leifchild's [precise purpose was—to elucidate Scripture by the facts of human experience. His son and biographer beautifully says of him :—"His love for Scripture was the animating principle of his preaching, the passion of his life, and even the ruling passion at his death." One of his expressions in his last illness was, "'O this blessed Bible! I should like to die with it in my arms!'" Assuredly he did die with it in his heart." One of the incidents illustrative of *Special answers to Prayer* is so remarkable that we cannot forbear quoting it.

"When travelling on the borders of Italy," writes a Christian friend, "we arrived one evening at the town of C——, from whence we were to proceed on our journey at nine o'clock next morning. On rising, the first thing we heard was that a young man, in the military service, having been guilty of a misdemeanour, was to suffer the penalty of death for his offence, at nine o'clock that morning. The thought rushed into my mind, How dreadful that this young man should be thus precipitated into eternity, perhaps wholly unprepared! I became greatly agitated, and I could ill-control my feelings. The instant I could leave the breakfast table, I retired to a secluded chamber, and locked myself in, and there in earnest prayer I felt compelled to plead and wrestle for the salvation of the doomed soldier. The burden of my petition was, that if he were not prepared to enter the presence of his Judge, his death might be averted, and time be given him for repentance.

"I continued upon my knees thus agonizing in prayer, till in a moment I heard the sound of a discharged volley of guns. It vibrated through my heart, my lips were closed, my prayer was stopped, and in a few moments I was obliged, agitated as I was, to hurry down to join my friends, who were just starting to leave the town. We were quickly beyond its precincts, and heard no more of the awful catastrophe of that morning. Having been for some time past severely exercised on spiritual things, I had been led to form the resolution not to read any of the public papers that came in my way, their topics ill-accommodating with the state of my mind at that time.

"I adhered to this resolution until about two months after, when, in a distant town, I one morning almost unconsciously took up a paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was the account of an extraordinary event, which occurred at the town of C——, viz., that a young soldier having been sentenced to death, was accordingly brought out for execution in the usual manner by the hands of his comrades, twenty-four of whom were at a given signal to fire at his heart. The signal was given, the guns were discharged, but, to the amazement of all, every bullet missed its aim! The volley had been fired, but he stood unhurt, and so extraordinary and even miraculous was his escape considered, that his pardon was instantly granted, and he was permitted to live! His subsequent history remains unknown."

Uncle John Vassar; or, The Fight of Faith. By his Nephew, Rev. T. E. VASSAR. With an Introduction by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 2s. 6d.)

OF all the memoirs we have ever read none has impressed us more than this has done. Such a life of consecration has been seldom lived, and therefore such a record of usefulness has been seldom penned. The story is told, too, with consummate skill. The wide circulation of this memoir could not but have the happiest effect on the life and prosperity of our churches. We give one extract here, and may give a longer one next month, just to whet the appetite of our readers.

"A DAY'S WORK."

"On Monday morning he started out, with his districts and families all designated, and began to button-hole every one he met with the characteristic question, 'Are you sure that you have been born again?' As I was able I went with him. Some remarkable scenes took place. We saw a young man chopping wood in his back-yard. We stepped across the road, and Uncle John plied him with sword-thrusts. The effect was such that he felt prayer was needed, and there by the fence, the youth on one side and we on the other, we took off our hats and prayed. The young man was one of the converts soon.

"At a store we found another young man alone. He found himself cornered,

and submitted to the interview with an ill grace, and a sort of dazed look; but he, too, quickly came to regard that interview with a very different mind.

"At another place—the post-office I think it was—a group was assembled around the stove. He there knelt and prayed and called on me to follow. The town was soon in a blaze over it, and not all of fire from above.

"What prodigious labour the good man did! He did not realize it himself. Tramp, tramp, from dawn to dark, with such a continuous draft upon his nervous vigour and vitality. I have often marvelled that he held out so long. Oh, how rich I have always felt in the special love and recognition of this great and saintly soul. My children loved him dearly, and remember him to this day. There is one tune he used to sing which we call 'Vassar' still. The words he used to put to it were, 'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.' There was a Catholic woman who would not listen to him, or take a tract from his hand, but she did finally suffer him to sing. And to this tune, whose proper name I do not know, he raised the verse:—

'But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.'

and at its close she was utterly subdued, and ultimately became a true Christian. Her experience she used to sum up in the words, 'Ah! those drops of grief—those drops of grief—I couldn't get over them.'"

Christian Sunsets; or, the Last Hours of Believers. By JAMES FLEMING, D.D., Author of "Remarkable Conversions," etc. Third Thousand. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A new and cheaper edition of this interesting work. Many good Christian people have a constant dread of death; their friends could not do better than place this volume in their hand that they may see that true Christians have nothing to fear by death's approach. The last days of Sir James Y. Simpson, the eminent physician, are thus described:

"He was seized with the illness which carried him off, in the early part of 1870. During the weeks that followed, his experience was in accordance with the surrender he had made of himself to God. His language on one occasion was: 'My sole and whole trust is in the love and work of Christ as my all-sufficient sin-bearer and Saviour, my Creator as also my Redeemer. I have not lived so near to Him as I desired to do. I have had a busy life, and have not given so much time to eternal things as I ought. Yet I know it is not my merit I am to trust to for eternal life. Christ is all.' Then he added with a sigh, 'I have not got far on in the Divine life.' I said, 'We are complete in Him.' 'Yes, that's it,' he replied with a smile; 'the hymn expresses my thought—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

'I so like that hymn.' He spoke of not having a mind for theology. 'I like the plain, simple, gospel truth, and don't care to go into questions beyond that.'

"During the night, when in great suffering, he said to his nephew, Mr. R. R. Simpson, 'Repeat to me some texts.' I quoted several verses from his favourite chapter, John xiv. Though he was very familiar with the words they now seemed new to him. When I came to the verse, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' he said, 'What a wonderful redemption this is! Christ's blood can float a cork or a man-of-war; it can bear every one to heaven.' I quoted I. Tim. i. 15., 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief.' 'Well may I make use of the words.' He then spoke with joy of being for ever with the Lord, and of the reunions of heaven. The simplicity of his trust in Christ was very striking. 'It has happily come to this: 'I am a sinner needing a Saviour, and Jesus is the Saviour I need.' Again: 'I have mixed a great deal with men of all shades of opinion. I have heard men of science and philosophy raise doubts and objections to the gospel of Christ; but I have never for one moment had a doubt myself since I believed.' 'Never so much as one doubt of the Bible crosses me now,' he said on another occasion. 'If we could fully understand the Maker of the world, or His word, it would just prove that He neither made the one nor wrote the other.'"

The Cornish Biblical Quarterly. No. 3. By the Rev. W. S. DEWSTOE.
(Price 1s.)

THE chief contents of this number are a sermon on "Acquaintance with God," "Various Theories of Creation," Brief Expositions of Scripture, Explanations of Difficult Passages, and Bible Class and Theological Notes. Mr. Dewstoe sends the Quarterly *post-free* for 1s., or a year's numbers for 3s. 9d. paid in advance.

Rays from the Realms of Nature ; or, Parables of Plant Life. By REV. JAMES NEIL, M.A., Author of "Palestine Repeopled." London : Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

THIS is a beautifully-illustrated book. The author "is persuaded that if the growing materialism of this scientific age is to be arrested, it will not be by ignoring its marvellous attractions, but by meeting it upon its own ground. What good Thomas Taylor said in 1634 is still more true now, 'Earthly things must remind us of heavenly ; we must translate the book of nature into the book of grace.' Such is the purpose of the work," and in a small compass he has realized his purpose. Our extract will show the method he has pursued.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

"Those who are familiar with the life of the ocean tell us that the plants called sea-weeds, when they live near the surface of the water, are green. Those which are observed in lower beds of the sea assume deeper shades of rich olive. But down in the depths still below, far removed from the glare of day, where no human eye can see, and scarcely a ray of the sun can reach, the flowers of ocean are clothed with hues of splendour. For there

'The crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.'

"It is thus with the believer. His surface qualities may not be so generally attractive. Gravity, sobriety, and earnestness, often mingling with human defects of character, may seem lacking in beauty. True piety is in its very nature unostentatious, and its fairest features lie deep. Look below ; fathom the man ; gaze into the clear, tranquil depths of his sincere heart, and you find increasingly richer and brighter traits."

The "floral dial" at the beginning of the book is quite a novelty and has a very pleasing effect.

A NOTE.

WITH the capture of Cetewayo, the war in South Africa is, we hope, over. But the murder of our envoy in Cabul is the bitterest satire conceivable on the policy of the Government, and the late Treaty of Peace with Yakooob Khan. The terrible experience of 1841, seems to have been quite lost upon the Government. Greater disasters and humiliations, we fear, are in store for us. It appears to us a most religious duty for every Christian man to use his influence in favour of righteousness, peace, and truth the whole world over, and if these principles prevail, despotic monarchies must not only undergo great changes, but the people must take care that at the head of better forms of government they place men worthy of confidence, which we are afraid our present Cabinet is not.



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

GLORYING IN THE CROSS,

“But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—GAL. vi. 14.

PAUL's wonderful conversion is a cogent argument in favour of the divinity of the Christian faith. Before he “obtained mercy” he was an inveterate enemy of the infant church. He “breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the” crucified Nazarene. He persecuted them to prison, and even to death. But witness the transforming power of the grace of God! He is arrested in his sinful course, and he “who was a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious,” receives Divine forgiveness; is put into the Christian ministry; and preaches with matchless enthusiasm the faith he once endeavoured to destroy. All his noble powers and marvellous energies were fully consecrated to the unique work of proclaiming, defending, and propagating the Gospel of Christ. His Epistles are replete with sublime thought, powerful argument, and masterly composition. His object in writing this Epistle is worthy of notice. Some time after he had “received grace and apostleship,” the love of Christ constrained him to visit the province of Galatia and preach the Gospel there. He was successful in planting Christian Churches. Happy, indeed, would Paul have been to hear, after his departure, of the prosperity of the Galatians. But, alas! he had to mourn over their spiritual defection. In the first chapter he says: “I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel, which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ.” Judaizing teachers had perverted some of the Galatian converts. They taught the necessity of circumcision and observing the ceremonial law.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

The law was more important to them than the Gospel. Moses was higher in their estimation than Christ. Like many religious teachers of the present day, they gloried in ritualism, and through their influence many were led away from the simplicity of the truth concerning Jesus. Such a state of things caused the Apostle to write with his own hand, and admonish the "churches of Galatia." In opposition to their false teachers, he plainly tells them that any dependence they might place on external rites for acceptance with God would be utterly useless. He says, "In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love." He tells them, also, that their heterodox teachers did not keep the law themselves, "but desire to have you circumcised, that they may glory in your flesh." Then he says, in the emphatic language of the text, "But God forbid that I should glory," &c. We invite attention, first, to the fact,

THAT PAUL GLORIED IN THE HIGHEST OBJECT—"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Every man has an object of glory; some one thing sits as the sovereign on the throne of his heart. The human affections must entwine themselves around some person or thing. The objects of glory depend on the ruling purpose of the mind. The thing we best love is that in which we glory. This human instinct lives in all stages of civilisation, and develops itself in every part of the globe; it is as old as the ages, and as wide as the race. We observe—

(1.) *The Jews gloried in their illustrious ancestry.* They boasted that they were the direct descendants of Abraham by Isaac his heir; and looked upon the Gentiles with the greatest contempt. Paul had as much right as any of them to glory in his distinguished genealogy. He had Abraham for his father; he was not a proselyte, but a native Israelite; he was "circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews." He descended from Hebrew parents, and none of his ancestors had married with Gentiles. If any Jew might glory in his illustrious pedigree, it was Paul; but he did not. Distinguished ancestors, and even deeply pious parents, are no real advantage, unless we possess their moral goodness, and copy their godly example. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. v. 10.)

(2.) *The Pharisees gloried in their supposed superiority over their fellowmen.*—They separated themselves from their countrymen by particular strictness in observing the ceremonial law, and considered themselves the peculiarly holy of the people. They were the High Churchmen of the nation. Their religion consisted in

worthless externalisms. They were puffed up with immeasurable spiritual pride, and held the common people in great disrespect. To this class of self-righteous men Paul once belonged. Before his conversion to Christianity he was a distinguished member of the most influential religious sect of Judea, "as touching the law a Pharisee." In the observance of ceremonial rites he was exemplary, "touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." Never was there a stronger sectarian, or a greater religious bigot than Paul once was. Judaism was his god, and Pharasaism his religion. But the light from heaven, and the words of the risen Saviour, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" revealed to him his self-righteousness, the corruptions of his heart, and the sufficiency of the Cross to satisfy the intense cravings of his spiritual nature. Having become "a new creature" in Christ, he now looks with holy scorn upon his former self, and the ruling sentiment of his life is, "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." How unlike the boasting Pharisee is Paul now become! In the light of the Cross he sees himself as "the least of all saints," and even "as the chief of sinners." So completely is he stripped of self-righteousness that he descends to the lowest step of humility. The most Christ-like are always the most humble. Self-glorying is hideous in the sight of God. Who can be justified when He judges?

(3.) *Philosophers glory in their wisdom.*—Philosophy is the shrine at which they bow. "The wisdom of this world" is everything in their estimation. The Cross was foolishness to the philosophic Greeks. They worshipped the beautiful in art, adored human genius, deified worldly wisdom, and looked upon all the rest of the world as barbarians. There was nothing in the simple story of the Cross to suit their taste, foster their vanity, or gratify their curiosity; hence they treated it as being altogether beneath their notice. The same spirit prevails among the *litterati* of the present age. Many of our great scientists are not real admirers of Jesus, or devout students at His Cross. They glory in their scientific discoveries and literary attainments. If any man might glory in his wisdom, it was Paul. He was a profound philosopher. But few men ever possessed a stronger intellect; and fewer still, perhaps, of his age, received a higher mental culture. Tarsus, his birth-place, was a little Athens; there, in early life, he became acquainted with the philosophy and poetry of the Greeks. Thence he went to Jerusalem to study the Jewish law, under the direction of Gamaliel, the most famed doctor of that age. He was well versed in the philosophy and literature, not only of his own country, but in that of classic Greece and imperial Rome. He could reason with the logician,

expound with the divine, silence the caviller, put to shame the sceptic, and take the first seat among the learned of his age. He had explored many a field of Rabbinic and Pagan lore, and had plucked the most fragrant flowers from them all. What a Rabbi Paul would have made ! What a power he would have been among the seventy senators in the great council of the nation ! But he did not glory in human wisdom. The Cross taught him self-abnegation. He clearly saw that all the valued learning of men was confounded and eclipsed by the moral grandeur of the atonement effected by the death of Christ. He says, "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." What tremendous folly it is to glory in human wisdom. The wisest man knows but little compared with the unknown. He is, at the best, but a child.

" So runs my dream, but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night ;
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry."

"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom."

(4.) *Men glory in the labours they perform, the sacrifices they make, and the privations they endure.*—So might Paul, but he did not. Who ever performed as much real work as he ? The labour he accomplished was almost superhuman. Who ever made as many sacrifices as he ? or endured as many privations ? Hear his statement:—"Are they ministers of Christ ? . . . I am more ; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice I was beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep ; in journeyings, often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." (2 Cor., xi. 23—28.) Speak we of ministerial care, here it is ; privations experienced, here they are ; sufferings endured, what a picture he gives ? Paul might have said, "See, what work I have done, and what sacrifices I have made during my ministry ? What churches I have established, what sermons I have preached, what letters I have written, what dangers I have braved, what souls I have been instrumental in saving !" He might have said

all this, but he carefully avoided it. In none of these things did Paul glory. He gloried "in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The infinite dignity of His person, the matchless glory of His character, His unique life, and His atoning death, so fully engaged his thoughts, and so completely won his affections, that he had neither time nor inclination to boast of any thing else. He valued the Cross infinitely more than his brilliant talents, his unequalled labours, his extensive usefulness, his earthly friends, his liberty, and even his life. All the powers of his mind were largely influenced by it, and all the feelings of his heart were deeply affected by it. The whole current of his being pointed to the Cross like the needle to the pole. All his hopes centred there. It was every thing to him. He could say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord," &c. His love to Christ was sweeter than life, and stronger than death. When his friends advised him not to go to Jerusalem, he said, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts xxi. 13.) Christ crucified was the exclusive object of his glorying. This he asserts with great emphasis:—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross," &c. Are you glorying in the highest object, "the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ?" Can you say in reference to the Cross—

"My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth, my world!
My light in darkness, and my life in death!
My boast through time, bliss through eternity!"—*Young.*

We invite your attention, secondly, to the fact that—

THE APOSTLE HAD THE HIGHEST REASONS FOR GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

The reasons for glorying in Christ and His redemptive work are numerous and powerful. We can only glance at a few of them. We observe,

(1.) *The Cross is the fullest and grandest development of God's character and perfections.*—Creation proclaims a Creator of infinite wisdom and illimitable power. To create, whether it be an atom or a world, a glow-worm or a sun, an insect or a seraph, involves omnipotence. But the material universe is silent concerning the Divine Fatherhood. It cannot teach man that he is an erring child, and that he has a merciful Father in heaven. But Christ has revealed the Infinite Father. He said to Philip, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?" He is "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person." In His incarnate Son, "the Father of spirits" comes near to us; the Invisible is revealed to our sight;

the Infinite addresses us in human tones, and is clothed in human form. In the spotless life and vicarious death of Christ, all the attributes of God meet together, and kiss each other. The Cross is the unfolding of His divine affections, the unveiling of His infinitely loving heart. Apart from that stupendous act, in all probability, a boundless ocean of love would have remained for ever concealed in the Infinite. But in the Cross it has found an ocean-channel. Unveil the Cross, and see the spring-tide of everlasting love, and the meridian splendour of eternal mercy. Behold "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

(2.) *The Cross is the sublimest revealed mystery.*—The fact is revealed, but the thing itself is, and ever will be, mysterious. It is too great to be comprehended by finite beings. Its mysteriousness is a proof of its Divinity. Had it not been mysterious, it would not be Divine. We are surrounded by mystery. A little child may ask questions which the greatest philosopher could not fully answer. The land and the sea, the heavens above and the earth beneath, are covered with the robe of mystery. Man's pulsating heart and the sparkling stars are alike mysterious. But that the everlasting Father should become a helpless infant, the Eternal God take upon Himself "the form of a servant," the infinite Author of life and liberty die the death of a slave, is the wonder of all wonders, the marvel of all marvels, the mystery of all mysteries. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh." It is mysterious alike to men and angels.

" 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
 Who can explore the strange design!
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine!
 'Tis mercy all; let earth adore;
 Let angel-minds inquire no more."

(3.) *The Cross is the highest kind of power.*—All power is itself invisible; it can only be known in its agents and results. Material power is great, mental power is greater, spiritual power is the greatest. The Cross is the greatest spiritual power. It is an uplifting power, a transforming power, a power to put away human sin, remove human sorrow, and restore fallen man to the moral image of his Maker; it is the power of Infinite Love, "the power of God unto salvation." It is not the power of coercion, but the power of Divine attraction. As the magnet draws the iron to itself; the ocean, the rivers; the sun, the planets; so the Cross draws human souls to its unclouded brightness and eternal blessedness. It has the power to attract the intellect, the heart, and the truest sympathies of all tribes and nations of men. Christ said, "And

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." "Unto Thee shall all flesh come." "All nations shall call Him blessed." The power of the Cross was never greater than it is to-day; it has lost none of its magnetic force, and never will, until humanity shall be illumined by its light, and saved by its grace. Christ crucified is the moral magnet of creation, and its mighty influence is felt throughout the spiritual universe. It thrills all worlds. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," is the song of eternity. "Christ's death fell on the universe as the pebble on the centre of a lake, widening in circles of influence on to its utmost boundary." Has the Cross drawn you to its sacred enclosure? Or have you resisted its divinely gracious influence?

(4.) *The Cross is the channel of all spiritual blessings.*—Moral captives need divine emancipation, and guilty sinners require a gracious pardon. We have these glorious blessings through "the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul says, "We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. i. 14.) We have peace with God, but it comes to us through the Cross. The Apostle says, "And having made peace through the blood of His cross." "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is also moral purity. How can our soul's pollution be removed, and a meetness for heaven obtained? The apostle John gives the perfectly correct answer—"The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin." All the sublime blessings of "eternal salvation" flow from the Cross. There is no other channel. The nearer the Cross the richer the blessings. May we dwell under its protecting shadow, and enjoy its life-giving streams.

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God."

(5.) *The Cross is the grand theme of the Christian ministry.*—Some preach theological theories, philosophical speculations, and sectarian bigotries. In many pulpits the Cross is lost in the preacher's cloudy creed. The only true preacher is he who preaches Christ in His atoning work as the moral Deliverer of the world, the Life of the Church, and the Hope of humanity. Paul had one great and absorbing theme for all men—"the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He preached the *Cross* with unwearied diligence, wondrous energy, and marvellous enthusiasm, alike to the self-righteous

Jews, the philosophic Greeks, and the rude barbarians. The Cross is the grandest subject that ever engaged the attention of the human mind, or inflamed the eloquence of the human tongue. It affords ample scope for the strongest intellect, the greatest genius, and the highest mental culture. The Cross, dear brethren, must be, in our ministrations, what the fragrant rose is among the flowers, the enduring oak among the trees, the glorious sun among the planets. As we wander from the Cross we wander in darkness. To proclaim salvation except through the Cross is blasphemy. There can be no true success in the ministry apart from the Cross; without it, a minister is like an artist without his pencil, a mariner without his compass, a labourer without his tools. O for the daring boldness and intense earnestness of Paul, to preach "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" to sinful men. We desire no other theme. Dawn the happy day when all pulpits shall be filled with men who will preach the grand doctrines of the Cross in glowing thoughts and burning words. Only such preachers are true successors of the Apostles.

(6.) *The Cross is the sublime cause of a successful life, a triumphant death, and a blissful immortality.*—Without the Cross life is a miserable failure, death a terrible curse, and eternity unending despair. But with the unrivalled blessings of the Cross life is divinely prosperous, death is truly blessed, and eternity is an ever-brightening future.

" The Cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above."

May we, dear friends, glory, like Paul, "in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Let us ever speak of Jesus—the sweetest and dearest Name on earth. Let us whisper it in every home, to every soul, that the whole world may be bathed in its brightness, and filled with gladness and joy.

R. GROSSE.

BOOKS AND READERS.

An age of books ought to be an age of readers. Ours is as remarkable for its rank harvest of books as for its dearth of

readers. The present population of Great Britain is about twenty-eight millions; in 1650 it probably did not exceed six millions. Elementary education is more general among the poorer classes than in 1650. Combining these facts, we may assume that there are nearly ten times as many persons able to read to-day as there were in 1650. Yet we have very good reasons for believing that the number of readers was greater then than now. The headlong bustle and strife of business renders this result to some extent inevitable. The profusion of books of every kind, the appetite for newspapers and "fashionable novels," and a wide-spread intellectual idleness, are other causes. Probably there are others. But the reflection is a sad one.

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon; but it is the honest reading of honest books. Pretended reading maketh an impertinent man. Most men to-day read only newspapers; most women only periodicals and novels. It is not easy to say which is the unwise course. The regular newspaper contributor is a man who undertakes to perform impossibilities, and, being no more than human, fails. He is compelled to assume a familiar acquaintance with lands hastily studied in Atlas and Encyclopædia, with events of history culled from Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," and with the writings and opinions of men whose very names are almost unknown to him. What is then to be expected but the sounding brass and cymbal? The style of some of our most popular newspapers is detestable. The reader is one moment annoyed at the arrogant air of omniscience which the writer assumes, the next amused at a display of ignorance which would discredit an average fifth-form boy. The "leaders" of some newspapers are obnoxious, too, to another and graver indictment. They are intended to tickle the ears of the thoughtless, and to colour facts for party purposes. We consequently find in journals of very high pretensions such impudent assumptions and transparent sophisms as could only be intended for the dullest of mankind, interspersed with such perversions of history, such adroit misquotations from foreign authors, and such shameless travesties of the speeches and writings of political opponents, as could only be penned by the most dishonest. One is even tempted to believe that certain journals court notoriety by the very hardihood of falsehood. The articles of most periodicals are intended to live but a week or month, and the greater part are buried unwept within the allotted term. This does not apply of course to our best Monthlies and Quarterlies, which often contain articles worthy of a permanent place in our literature. These are however dear, and, except in large towns, inaccessible to the *poor*.

The neglect of our greatest authors, and the careless reading of carelessly written periodicals, is altogether bad for head and heart. A pretended reader of this class persuades himself and tries to persuade others that he has a fair general acquaintance with everything in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and in the waters that are under the earth. Nothing is more common than to hear persons utterly ignorant of the first principles of science

wisely abusing the inductions of Huxley and Tyndall. This is emphatically the "knowledge that puffeth up." It is the only form of knowledge that deserves the reproach. It is the knowledge that "worketh death." Genuine knowledge bears in her right hand length of days, in her left hand riches and honour.

Another class of readers, a far more earnest, manly class than the former, read a few books, but always books of a special character. These are often persons of decided religious convictions, and their books are always exponents of their peculiar religious opinions, and very generally the works of about half-a-dozen authors. Such men do not search for truth. This they believe they have found already. What they ask for is either a defence or illustration of some dogma already accepted. The very honesty of such readers renders their judgments warped, and their criticisms worthless. A book which defends any one of their favourite opinions assumes a value not its own; whilst a treatise, however masterly, appears unsatisfactory, illogical, and worthless if it advocates opinions at variance with their own. Such readers become more obstinate and unreasonable the more they read; their judgments more defective, and their appreciation of the beautiful and the true, if ever they felt any, more callous and dead. Here we have one cause of the astonishing blunders which are constantly made in estimating the value of books,—blunders which would be laughable if they were not too pitiful for laughter. On the bookshelves which I have had the opportunity of examining I have found six copies of Pollok's "Course of Time" for a single one of Mrs. Browning's Poems. In Pollok's performance there are spirited passages which would season a sermon, or illustrate an argument in a book of Theology; but it would be a difficult task to discover in it a single line of genuine poetry. Mrs. Browning was the most highly-gifted lady that this country has ever produced. The senseless rant of Mr. Robert Montgomery had an enormous sale till Macaulay's withering critique killed the book, and conferred an unenviable immortality on its author. Thousands of readers are constantly deceived by the impudent bluster of what are called pulpit orators, while the sermons of Frederick William Robertson are comparatively neglected, and the yet nobler ones of Dr. J. H. Newman are the treasure of but a few.

It is quite true that men of the highest culture have made grave mistakes of the same kind. Lucretius, the greatest of the Latin poets, is seldom read; Virgil, a decidedly inferior bard, has been absurdly ranked with Homer himself; and Dryden, in his too-celebrated and most unhappy lines, has placed him between Homer and Milton, to the exclusion of his fellow-countryman, Dante, a genius of a far higher order. Shelley, the greatest poetic genius, if not the greatest poet, that Europe has produced since the death of Milton, has only lately found a few admiring readers. The philosophical opinions of Lucretius and Shelley in great part explain the comparative neglect of these authors; and the exquisite grace, and unrivalled word-harmony of Virgil easily explain the extravagant homage paid to him. National prejudices and the

application of false rules of art have produced more serious mistakes. Voltaire praised the lifeless elegance of Addison's Cato, and believed a drunken savage might have written the grave-yard scene in Hamlet. Madame de Staël was enraptured with the fire-work spluttering of Macpherson. In spite of all this, in its deepest, noblest meaning, the saying is still true, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" "Wisdom is justified of her children." After the whirlwind and the fire, the still small voice of truth is heard, and by the wisest of mankind is revered.

There is yet a class of readers that must not be forgotten, I mean those who indulge in what is called "pleasant reading." A pleasant book is a sham treatise for a sham reader. Every true book is a difficult book: every true reader works at reading. "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Don Quixote" are apparent exceptions to the rule,—but only apparent. The school-boy who revels in these inimitable stories is not precisely the reader for whom the authors wrote. There are difficulties besides those of Latin Syntax even in what J. P. F. Richter very aptly styles "the worldly persiflage of Horace." Shakspeare is as difficult as Æschylus. Every page of Milton is so crowded with learning that a man must be almost universally read to understand his allusions without careful search; and even then the task of reading Milton is but begun. The two greatest works of the last hundred years, Goethe's Faust and Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, are two of the hardest poems in the world. The greatest of living authors, Mr. Carlyle, is also the most difficult. It must always be so. "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This law of labour applies as forcibly to reading as to any employment one could name. God is not mocked: what is lightly won is little worth.

For him who is disposed to work the harvest is plentiful, and the grain is golden. Neither a classical education nor acquaintance with foreign tongues is essential to the honest study of some of the world's best authors. Our own mother-English is more richly furnished with masterpieces of every kind than, perhaps, any language beside. At all events we divide the crown with Greece and Germany. He who reads Shakspeare can afford to leave Sophocles to scholars. If the unclassical reader is denied the exploits of Achilles and Ajax Telamon and Turnus, he may rejoice that the sixth book of Paradise Lost is left him. Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley, are greater names than any that Rome can boast, and challenge comparison with the proudest of the Greeks. Nor do these remarks apply to poetry alone. Bacon's wisdom is as far-seeing and comprehensive as Aristotle's; his wit incomparably finer. If our literature can boast nothing that in any way rivals the matchless dialogues of Plato, neither is there anything in the surviving literature of Greece similar and equal to Thomas Fuller or Bunyan, Ruskin or Carlyle.

For a long time past I have thought that a series of short essays on the life and times of some of our greatest authors, accompanied with a slight examination of their chief works, might stimulate

some readers to an honest study of the authors themselves. This idea was gradually assuming a practical shape when the publication of Mr. J. Morley's "English Men of Letters," a series of small volumes of unusual excellence, seemed to prevent any action on my part, by executing my design in a far abler manner than I had hoped to do. Instead however of wholly abandoning my intention I determined to modify it considerably. Mr. Morley has selected the best typical authors of every class, without regard to the characters of either the men or their books. And in so doing he has acted most judiciously. Such a course, however, would be altogether inadmissible in a Magazine rather religious than literary. The authors selected must be such as all may read with profit,—writers whom the best will honour most. Such, among many others, are Milton, Cowper, Thomas Fuller, Bunyan, and Jeremy Taylor,—men whose lives adorned the religion which their writings defend and enforce. A series of short essays on authors like these shall be attempted for the Magazine if acceptable to its readers.

The mischief is, that all books and papers of this kind encourage the dishonest practice of talking about books and authors which have never been read. A thing is not proved however to be intrinsically bad when it is shown that dishonest people make an ill use of it. All reading may be abused; yet reading is indisputably a noble employment. The intention is quite other than this; to provoke, namely, some few readers at least, to a diligent study of the authors themselves.

THOMAS RUDDLE.

AMERICA: THERE AND BACK.

(Continued from page 451.)

At one o'clock I left for London—119 miles distant. Like other Englishmen, I was pleased to enter the dominions of the Queen once more. Had an opportunity of seeing much cultivated land, new towns and villages, and wide tracts of forest land, as yet untouched by the settler. Roads could be seen marked by the trees being cut down in straight narrow lines. The extent and fertility of the country, and the vastness of the lakes and rivers, are truly wonderful. Arrived in London, Ontario, at six p.m. Messrs. Rice, Quance, and Whitlock, ministers, Mr. Bartlett, and other friends, met and heartily welcomed me at the depôt. I was most kindly entertained at Mr. Bartlett's, whom I knew well in Jersey. Saw several places of interest in the evening, and was highly gratified at meeting some old English friends.

May 4th.—Sunday. Morning service at Horton-street Church, London Centre. Felt a little strangeness, and suffered from sore throat. The church was well filled by a very attentive people. At London East in the evening the church was filled, and the service a truly happy one. Felt refreshed to-day to meet Messrs. Brenton, Manness, and several other friends with whom I had been previously acquainted in Jersey.

5th.—At Lambeth, six miles from London. Lectured on "Ancient Egypt," occupying about two hours. The nice little church was crowded. The chairman eulogized the proceedings, perhaps too flatteringly; but made a statement respecting his conversion highly gratifying to the lecturer. Mr. Whitlock kindly entertained me at his house, and I was charmed by my brief sojourn there; glad to make the acquaintance of Mrs. W., a daughter of the late Mr. F. Methersall.

6th.—Preached at Talbotville. Only a few present at first, but towards the close the church was nearly full. Many English people here offered me a friendly greeting, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams showed me unmeasured kindness.

7th.—Visited Port Stanley, on Lake Erie. The lake, a fine expanse of fresh, smooth water; the town with its beautiful, high picnic grounds, presented a most interesting scene. About a mile from the Port I was shown a fountain of mineral water. A small stream of pure water flowed from it; but it made all the soil it touched perfectly black. The odour proceeding from it was worse even than that of the vilest cesspool, and is to the taste most abominable. Yet it does not appear to be unhealthy. Passing over a beautiful tract of country we reached St. Thomas, and were heartily welcomed by Mr. Mallett, B.A., our minister. A tea meeting was being held, and speeches were announced; but some friends insisted on having a lecture. Accordingly, at a late hour, the diagrams were put up; the lecture commenced at 9.15 p.m. and finished at 10.30. The proceedings were very enthusiastic, and the large assembly made no haste to depart.

8th.—From St. Thomas to Detroit, on the Canada Southern Railway, the best in Canada. The line is perfectly straight for sixty or more miles. A locomotive may be seen, like a speck, at a distance of thirty miles. On the journey I saw many log cabins and shanties, the work of the first settlers; also a great extent of "the bush," trees felled, &c. The train crossed the river Detroit on a floating bridge. On this bridge, twenty-one railway cars, three abreast, can be taken over at once. Having again entered the United States, my baggage was examined for the third time. At Detroit we had to cross the river again to get to Windsor. At a soiree, held in our church, in the evening, a written address of welcome was presented to me. The meeting was large, the ex-Mayor presided, and our Canadian president, Mr. J. J. Rice, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, a Presbyterian clergyman, and others, delivered addresses. The Bible Christians have realised gratifying success in Windsor during the five years' labours of Mr. Ayers in that rising place. He first built a frame church which was burnt down, and then he built one of brick and a good parsonage, towards the cost of which he has raised £800. The society consists of 50 members, and the people liberally support the mission cause.

9th.—Paid another visit to Detroit; a very fine city, and the capital of the State of Michigan. We ascended the lofty tower of the City Hall, from which a magnificent view is obtained. Took

train from Windsor to London, 110 miles, on the Great Western Line. Passed by the Lake St. Clair, and through a large tract of well-cultivated land. On my arrival I had to set up diagrams, hastily take tea, and deliver a lecture in the London South Church, which was comfortably filled. Had a lively time. At the close, Mr. Wilkins, late of Jersey, to my astonishment approached, and began to read an address to me. Then Mr. S. Bartlett presented me with a beautiful metal stand. Messrs. Brenton, S. Bartlett, and others spoke; and the whole audience shewed deep interest in this, to me, unexpected proceeding. It was the act of a few of my old Jersey friends.

10th.—By train from London to Exeter, 131 miles. Felt great pleasure in meeting Messrs. Butcher, Allen, Davis, Spargo, and L. Braund. Lodged at the house of Mr. Pickard, from Ringsash. He has a splendid residence, and very large stores, well filled.

11th, Sunday.—Preached in the morning in our commodious church in Exeter, to about 600 persons. We have an influential congregation in this place. Had a good service. In the afternoon I delivered a brief address to the Sunday-school teachers and children. They wished me to bear their love to the Bible Christian Sunday-schools in England. A deeply affecting and memorable scene! Journeyed 18 miles to Mitchell. Here the affability of Mr. and Mrs. Hooper cheered me much. The church, a very long, but neat and comfortable building, was thronged at the evening service. I was hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Jolliffe, a minister's son; and was delighted to meet Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with whom I was stationed at St. Columb, my first circuit.

12th.—The little church at Bethel, Fullarton, was filled¹ and the people manifested remarkable interest in the lecture. Mr. Rice, junior, is pastor here, whom, with his amiable wife, a daughter of Mr. Chapple, I was exceedingly glad to meet.

13th.—By train to Clinton, where the "Representative from England" was cordially welcomed by Mr. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. Ferry, and other friends. A good church has recently been erected here, and the cause looks robust and healthy.

14th.—Went to Bethesda, Hensell Circuit. Lectured at night; the church nearly full, and a very cheerful time. The country from Clinton to this place is thought to be as beautiful as any in Canada. The farms, houses, and lines of forest on both sides are very fine. The road itself has not a single bend throughout the whole 18 miles' distance.

15th.—Entered the district of Centralia. Lectured at Crediton to a good audience. Lodged at Mr. Parsons's, a merchant. He keeps an "Eggers." By using a solution of salt and lime the eggs keep good from the Spring to the Fall. His full stock is 24 vats, each containing 14,400 eggs. He has at present 12 vats full. In this place, 28 years ago, there was no settlement or cultivation whatever. Bears and wolves then held possession of the land, and roamed undisturbed. Now there are fields, orchards,

vines, and civilisation in an advanced state. The majority of the settlers are Germans.

16th.—Returned to London; parted from Mr. and Mrs. Davis at Centralia, much impressed by their affectionate farewell. The receipt of a letter from our president, Mr. Honey, and the Magazine for May, greatly revived my spirit. Called on Mr. and Mrs. R. Burch, from Jersey. Went from London to Hamilton, 80 miles. The monotony of the country is broken here by some hills and valleys. It is more like the home country. At Beachville, on the journey, an old lady forgot to get out of the train, but it stopped when about half-a-mile from the station to put her down! The slow trains here are called "Accommodation Trains," and this one well deserved the name! At Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Copeland gave me a pleasant welcome, and I was glad to meet some more good, hearty English people. A small congregation came to the church; but we had a refreshing service.

17th.—From Hamilton to Toronto, 40 miles; a very pleasant ride through good land, by the side of the Lake Ontario. Mr. Webber met me at the Depot, and conducted me to his house. Our church here is a handsome Gothic edifice, and seats 1,050. In the arrangements of the school-room, class-rooms, vestries, &c., good judgment has been displayed.

18th, Sunday.—The Sabbath School Anniversary Services to-day are said to be a success. The congregations were good, though the church was not nearly filled. Dr. Hunter, a Wesleyan minister, preached well in the afternoon. Admirable singing by the children and the choir. Sisters of our late Brother P. M. Beswetherick, Mr. James Hinks, Junior, Mr. Barker's estimable daughter, and other friends, many of them from Devon and Cornwall, kindly greeted me. Toronto presents a fine field for the enterprise and labours of our brethren in Canada.

19th.—Visited the Museum, the Wesleyan Methodist Metropolitan Church, and several other objects of interest in the city. Dined at Mr. Rundle's, from Torquay. Good Sunday-school meeting in the evening. The addresses of Messrs. Guard, Holmes, Copeland, and Veale, were quite up to the average of what we hear on similar occasions in England.

20th.—The first District Meeting of the Toronto District commenced its session here this morning. Only seven present. The stations do not appear to be very prosperous, but the brethren are laudably hopeful. Tea Meeting at six, followed by an interval of animated social converse. Lecture at 8, in which abundant interest is shown by the numerous audience.

21st.—To Bowmanville, 43 miles. Was met at the station by Mr. Barker, who drove me first to his home for refreshment, and then to Ebenezer, five miles distant, to the Bowmanville District Meeting. A most fraternal reception was accorded me. The brethren present number 18, and they do their business in a manly and creditable manner. In the evening I preached to a large and attentive congregation, and believe that the service produced some good. The Lord's Supper at the close, was a hallowed

season. Many old English friends surrounded me, as at other places, with numerous inquiries and congratulations. Among them were Mr. P. Robins, and Mrs. Hoidge, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Hoidge, and her youngest son; meeting with whom gave me great pleasure.

22nd.—This morning Mr. J. H. Eynon came to the District Meeting. He is, considering his age, a wonderful man. He is stout, upright, and sprightly. That he should have been our pioneer missionary to Canada nearly 50 years ago is a surprising fact. An extremely kind resolution recognising my visit was adopted by the District Meeting; a copy of which, signed by the chairman, was given me. Returned to Bowmanville, and enjoyed a quiet evening at Mr. Barker's.

23rd.—Visited Mrs. Robins, Mr. and Mrs. Pinch, and Mr. and Mrs. Gale in the morning. Mr. Bowden drove to Hampton in the afternoon. Went with Mr. Cunnings into the graveyard; saw Mr. Hoidge's grave and those of four of his children. Lectured in the church in the evening. It is a fine building; looks like a good English parish church, and is the only one in the place. There was a large congregation. I lodged at Mrs. Hoidge's. Her sons all came home in the evening. An interesting family.

24th.—Took a drive with Mr. Barker around the Bowmanville Circuit. Passed through Newcastle, a nice little town. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Limbert, at Orono, where we have a commodious church. At Providence, where we have a good church and cemetery, I saw the tombs of several belonging to the family of Mr. John Thorne, also of the Allins, from Sutcombe, and of Humphrey Rundle and his brave wife, who were chased by howling wolves on returning from the first Quarterly Meeting in Canada. The land, for some distance around this spot, is owned chiefly by Bible Christians.

25th, Sunday.—Preached in the morning in our fine large church at Bowmanville. Congregation excellent, and very attentive. Dined at Mr. Rice's, from Brentor. Preached at Oshawa in the evening, and lodged at Mr. A. Clarke's. Pleasant place.

26th.—Mr. Newton, formerly of Brentor, drove me to Elim, Columbus Circuit. A large number of people came in their buggies to a tea meeting here. I never before witnessed such a scene. Many of the people are from Devon and Cornwall.

27th.—At Columbus. Felt a mournful pleasure in seeing the tombs of Philip James, Catherine Pinch, a Mr. Harper, and other early friends of our cause. Had an interview with Mr. and Mrs. N. Rodd. He placed my initials on the Bodmin Circuit Plan 36 years ago. Dined at Mr. P. Werrey's, and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Eynon. Near Mr. Eynon's house is Bethesda Church, surrounded by a beautiful graveyard. The first Mrs. Eynon, Mrs. H. Kenner, Mr. H. Ebbott, and a host of good friends lie here. Lectured at Tyrone in the evening. A very pretty church quite filled.

28th.—At Cobourg, I was met at the railway station by Mr. Kenner. Tea in the evening, in the basement of the church,

from six to eight, followed by a public meeting, for the twofold purpose of saying "Good bye" to Messrs. Kenner and Rollins, and of bidding me welcome to Canada. An address of the kindest nature was read to me, in which touching allusion was made it, having occurred here, to the beginning of our Denomination in Canada. A D.D., and a young Congregational minister, spoke interestingly at the meeting. The latter said, "We are come to welcome Luke, and to say 'good bye' to John;" and he expressed a hope "that Luke, on his return to England, might be able to give a good account of the Acts of the Apostles."

29th.—Visited the Cobourg prison, in which Mr. Eynon preached his first sermon on his arrival from England. Am here now in the midst of a contested election. Spent three hours, this afternoon, in listening to the nomination speeches. The style of speaking, "I guess," is something between the Yankee and the English. Several speakers manifested ability, and a fair hearing was accorded to them all. A fine view of the town, and of the Lake Ontario, is obtained from the clock-tower of the Town Hall.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."—JOB xxxvii. 21.

A BRIGHT light in the clouds! Where? Where? I cannot see it,—says some troubled hearer. The clouds are so dark and lowering, they cover all the heavens. The gloom is so thick and heavy that it makes my way doubtful and perplexing. I walk in darkness and have no light. I can discern no feeble gleams of sunshine. Certainly, if it be there, I see it not.

You see it not? No! Men see not the bright light which is in the cloud. In the comfortless day they see nothing cheering nor hopeful. The cloud is nowhere illumined. It has no bright edges; no reflected light. Dark and dreary is your way; for clouds and darkness are round about you.

But look again, and look more attentively. Be not so greatly discouraged. It is not so utterly, hopelessly dark as you, in your despondency, are ready to think. If men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, the Spirit of God, the promised and ever-present Comforter, can make it plain before you. Faith can see light when to human sense all is dark and dismal; can distinguish stars in the darkest night; sunbeams in the blackest cloud. Lift up your eyes, ye sorrowful believers, and look towards heaven. Is it all overclouded and threatening? Is there no promise of better things? Is there no bright light even in the clouds? Lo! God is in that thick black cloud. The light of His paternal countenance shines through it. I see Him, if I see nothing else there; and if He is there the cloud itself becomes a robe of light round

about Him. "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." "Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." I do see, or think I see, the bright light which is in the clouds, and believe the wind will soon pass and cleanse them.

But the wind rises—a cold and searching north wind, it may be; for the words immediately following the text are, "Fair weather cometh out of the north." But be that wind cold and searching as it may, it disperses the dark clouds, and then the sun breaks forth in its warmth and splendour. The chill of the breeze is forgotten in the genial warmth of its radiance. Fair weather has come out of the north. Tranquillity, comfort, prosperity, have come upon us after the storm.

DR. HALLEY.

*PERSONAL CONVERSATION WITH THE UNCONVERTED.**

It was I think in the work of personal conversation with the unconverted that Mr. Vassar did his greatest work, and exhibited the most remarkable power. The intensity and boldness of his appeals, the tenderness and pathos of his entreaty, the tireless patience of his struggle for conquest, was something which I never saw approached, and which I now remember with the greatest admiration. The old Puritan phrase, "closing in with the sinner," expresses what he invariably did when he approached the unconverted. He grappled with the soul like a spiritual athlete. His whole bearing was that of one who knew himself to be wrestling, "not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers." He had every weapon at instant command, and used each in turn as with the sharpest insight he saw what was needed. It was now the "terror of the Lord," and now "the love of Christ," now the freeness of salvation, now the certainty of "the wrath to come," all brought to bear with such tearful tenderness that the effect was often perfectly overwhelming. And I do not exaggerate, when I say that his subjects generally had either to surrender or to flee, such was the vehemency of his approaches. What always struck me as most remarkable in his personal conversations was their absolute abruptness. In scores of interviews of the sort which I have witnessed, I never once remember his introducing his subject with any preliminary remarks. He came at once to the theme. His first question, after the ordinary salutation, was generally the vital question, "My friend, will you kindly permit me to ask, Have you been born again?"

This method I think he adopted deliberately, as having been proved by years of experience the wisest. Noticing the shock and revulsion which this abrupt approach sometimes produced, I used to regret that he was not more circuitous in his advances. But I

* This is from the preface, by Dr. Gordon, to "Uncle John Vassar," a book which we noticed and recommended last month.—ED.

confess that with larger experience I have changed my mind and come to the conclusion that this directness is one of the most vital conditions of success in personal conversation. It does not require long experience to teach one the danger of starting a train of general conversation when dealing with the unconverted. For such a current once started the tide may easily become so strong that it will be found exceedingly difficult to divert it into the desired channel. Indeed, if the person addressed desires to avoid the subject, he will often do his best to prevent this result by keeping up a strain of rapid and distracting talk, and even leading on if possible into light and trivial discussion, to turn aside from which into the subject of personal salvation will be far more abrupt and difficult than it would have been to strike the subject at the outset.

We must remember that this personal dealing with men is often a duel of wills, and in this duel the strongest and most athletic will will be likely to conquer, other things being equal. Hence it is a fair question with the spiritual gladiator how to get the advantage of his antagonist. He should adopt the best possible strategy, and aim to effect by his alertness and skill what he might fail to accomplish by main force. Hence John Vassar's method was to strike a man at once with the most direct and vital question which could be brought to bear. Instead of hinting by a lengthened introduction what he proposed to do, he did it before his subject had time to gather himself up, or brace himself against the attack. And no sooner was the battle opened than it was followed up with the intensest rapidity by appeal, and argument, and warning, and entreaty, all ending in a most fervent and melting plea at the throne of grace that the Spirit would seal his words to him who had heard them.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. H. JEWELL.

ISABELLA, the wife of Mr. H. Jewell, Woolfardisworthy, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Jewell, Clovelly, and was born in 1801. When she was about two years of age her mother died. From that time until her marriage she lived with her uncle at Dyke Farm. Particulars as to the time of her conversion cannot be ascertained. Conversions greatly differ. The operations of the Holy Spirit are various. Their apt symbol is the wind, which not only "bloweth *where* it listeth," but *as* it listeth; with impetuous power to-day, with wondrous gentleness to-morrow; one can point to the very place and mention the exact time when he "passed from death unto life;" another has no date to give, and no special circumstances to detail, yet he "knows whom he has believed." The great question is, "Have we the Spirit? Do we

love, trust, and serve Christ?" If so, the rest is of but little consequence. He who has got hold of the Cross of Calvary, and holds to it tenaciously, need not greatly trouble himself as to *how* he first grasped it.

It is understood that Mrs. Jewell was one of the first-fruits of Mr. James Thorne's visits at her uncle's, in whose house the services at that time were held. Mr. S. Pollard, in "The Finger of God," says, "She was drawn to Jesus gently—on and on she prays until comforted by the sudden and effectual application of these words to her mind, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come.'"¹ But the time and circumstances of her conversion are of little importance as compared with the FACT ITSELF. She *was* "born of the Spirit," and for many years maintained an undeviating course of piety as won the admiration of all who knew her.

The Bible was her chief study. She made it a rule to read a portion of it on her knees daily, and to read the whole of it once a year. David said, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart"—many hide it in the head, others in the library, but the best place is in the *heart*. In the library it is seldom read; in the head it is seldom practised; but in the heart it is ever useful, and never useful except when there. It is not the food on the table that does us good, but that which we assimilate; so it is not scripture on the tables of our memories, but in the depths of our hearts, that gives us spiritual and substantial refreshment. Her soul without the Bible would be like the earth without the sun, the ground without rain, a ship at sea without a compass, an Alpine traveller without a guide, or a soldier in the battle without a sword. Would that, in "this money-loving, luxurious, and pleasure-taking age," the necessity of Bible reading were more truly felt and more generally practised by the professed followers of Christ.

Mrs. Jewell's regularity at the means of grace was most exemplary, as was also her devout attention when assembled with the Lord's people. She was scarcely ever absent from the sanctuary unless prevented by causes over which she had no control. In the class meetings she took great delight. What a blessing to our societies if our people generally did but follow her example in this respect. The prosperity of the Denomination, under God, greatly depends on this social and *Scriptural means of grace* being generally prized, which should be conducted with cheerfulness and devotion. Strange that any persons familiar with the history of class meetings should talk of giving them up; at a time too when other churches are adopting similar meetings for the promotion of spiritual union and prosperity in their midst. Many are the excuses given for non-attendance, but we fear in most cases it arises from a low state of grace. "Many are weak and sickly." They have not by their education and refinement outgrown the necessity of such meetings, but they "may have become so worldly that they do not relish them." "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name."

Brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Bible Christians, Mrs. Jewell became strongly attached to them, and was practically interested in the prosperity of the Denomination. Its literature she read, and its institutions she supported. Those who "laboured in the word and doctrine" were highly esteemed for their work's sake. She sympathised with them in their toils, and did what she could to make them comfortable. Her conviction of the uselessness and danger of strong drink was so powerful that for forty years she was a total abstainer, and willingly took the trouble in harvest time to provide other drinks for the men rather than supply them with that which would intoxicate. The characteristics of her religion were humility, gentleness, meekness, cheerfulness, peace, fidelity, patience, and charity. For several years before her death she became quite deaf; this she regarded as a great calamity, not so much on account of the domestic as the religious disadvantages,—as she could no longer enjoy the ministry of the Word, which had been her delight for many years. This deprivation was however borne with Christian patience and resignation. She frequently said, in reference to it, "My Heavenly Father knows what is best." It was quite a privilege to be in her company, as her "conversation was in heaven."

The last service she attended was the class meeting, at the close of which she engaged in prayer. She supposed it would be the last time, and such was the general impression, so that all wept as they thought they should see her in their meeting no more.

Some days before her death she had an attack of bronchitis, followed by congestion of the lungs, which proved fatal. The manner of her death was nearly all that could be desired. A short time before her departure she sang the hymn beginning, "There is no friend like Jesus." **JESUS WAS PRESENT.** The friends in the room wept and shouted for joy. She sank gradually, and sweetly passed away, on March 6th, 1879, in the 79th year of her age.

Miss Thorne, Adelaide, writing to Mrs. Jewell's only daughter, Mrs. J. Andrew, says: "I was not surprised to hear of your dear mother's release. At her age, and with her infirmities, the tidings might have been expected at any time. It was a great comfort to you that she was so far collected in her last illness, and able to appreciate your attentions. Her removal is no cause for grief, as she had lost the power of keen enjoyment, and has gained so infinitely by her change. But I am sorry for your loneliness—you must miss her so much—more from your never having been much separated. She was emphatically a **GOOD WOMAN**, and will long be remembered in the world she has forsaken. I can never forget her uniform kindness to me. Give our very kind love to Mr. Jewell. He will be looking forward to the welcome she will give him on the other shore. I hope you and Mr. Andrew are comforted by the assured hope of one day finding again all the friends you have missed from this lower sphere."

Miss M. Thorne says: "As soon as I saw your mourning envelope my heart told me: what the mournful intelligence would be—another dear old friend gone. I sympathise with you very truly

and deeply—your loss is very great—your dear mother was so truly good and so affectionate that to know her was to love her. I have known her many years now, and can say from my heart there was nothing in her I could have wished altered. From the time I made her acquaintance, when a child, she has always been to me an embodiment of all that was good, pure, and lovely. I am so thankful that she retained her faculties to the last. You 'did not need her death-bed experience to satisfy you as to her safety; but it is a comfort to have satisfactory assurances from the lips of our friends at the last. It added greatly to our sorrow in losing our dear parents that neither of them was conscious towards the end, and that we were denied any farewell words. It is a great loss to your dear old father. He must feel it acutely."

A funeral sermon on the occasion of Mrs. Jewell's death was preached to a crowded congregation.

"See her now in glory shining,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
On the Saviour's breast reclining,
She eternal life hath won."

R. SPENCER.

MRS. THOMAZIN ORCHARD.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these when those are passed away."

GREATLY encouraged myself by reading the biographies of the truly pious who have passed away to their rest, I have gladly prepared a short account of the life and happy death of Mrs. T. Orchard, in the hope that it may afford comfort to some weary pilgrims to the eternal city. Mrs. Orchard was born June 16th, 1811, at Sutcott Farm, in the parish of Jacobstowe, Cornwall. Like many other young persons she grew up neglectful of the one thing needful, but was steady and moral. In the year 1837 she became the wife of Mr. John Orchard, of Week St. Mary. After a few years they removed to Plymouth; both moral, but thinking little about conversion. They sent their children to the Sunday-school, which proved to be a great blessing to both children and parents. Two of the children were at an early age converted; one of them is a minister at the present time. On leaving Plymouth they returned to Week St. Mary. The young converts joined our society there. The mother seeing the marked change in the children, became the subject of deep religious impressions and after listening to a sermon by Br. P. Ebbott, she was constrained to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" sought and obtained peace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ April 24th, 1859. She at once joined society, and was a very consistent member from the time of her conversion to the day of her death. Unwavering

in her piety, God's house was a favourite place, her language being, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." The class and prayer meetings were much more prized by her than by many; she found them to be seasons of refreshing. The congregations would be larger as a rule if all were like her. The preached Word was a great delight, and as long as health and strength permitted her place was rarely vacant. Her chief books were the Bible and hymn-book, and these she read over and over again. She gathered her household at the family altar, and supported the cause according to her ability. The second preacher in the Week St. Mary Circuit had his home at her house for several years, and she did her best to make them comfortable, regarding them as the servants of her blessed Lord and Master. Br. Murley writes:—

"DEAR MRS. PROWER,—It affords me pleasure to pen a few words respecting the Christian character of your dear mother. I believe her piety to have been very genuine, her attachment to Christ deep and unwavering, her regard for the Lord's cause hearty, and considering her means she very liberally sustained the funds of the society. She highly appreciated the means of grace. At family worship she often manifested considerable fervour, and at the stated seasons of public worship, both on Sundays and week days, she was usually found in the company of those who 'go up to the house of the Lord.' She was also habitual and regular in attendance at the class and prayer meetings. She was likewise 'given to hospitality.' It was her delight to entertain the servants of Christ. As one of the young ministers who, when in the Week St. Mary Circuit, lodged with your father and mother, I may say that I had the privilege of a true Christian home. Though ten years have elapsed since I left her roof, I still gratefully remember her Christian and motherly kindness and attention, her sound advice, her profitable conversation, and her bright, cheerful, happy spirit and temper. She mingles now with the members of the bright and joyous home-circle of our Father's house. I was pained to hear that her sufferings during her illness were so great. It was the refining process—the trial was great, but the purpose gracious. She is now released; her eternal jubilee is begun; she has reached the happy land that knows no pain. Let us earnestly strive to meet her there.

D. MURLEY."

Her daughter writes, in November, 1875:—"The Lord saw fit to put my dear mother in the furnace of affliction, where she remained for nearly three years. At times her sufferings were very severe, but she bore them with Christian fortitude. What a blessing that she had Christ with her! When the pain was very severe, she would express a wish to depart to be with Christ. Then, again, she would say, 'I must wait, must I not, till the appointed time?' Everything of a worldly character was given up long before her death. At times she would say, 'The world and worldly things are nothing to me.' To her children she said, just before her death, 'I have given you all up—take care of your dear father.' She prized much the visits of friends who spoke to her of Jesus and

prayed with her, but often said, 'I don't want to hear a word about the world; that's nothing to me.' The last three days she was in a kind of stupor, occasionally opening her eyes and looking at us with a smile. About half-an-hour before she died, I said, 'Mother, do you feel Christ precious to your soul?' She looked at me a moment, said 'Yes,' and almost immediately passed away to a better clime, on Friday evening, October 11th, 1878, aged sixty-seven years."

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

J. BENDLE.

JAMES DENYER.

"THE memory of the just is blessed." There have been bright Christians whose quiet lives have passed away unnoticed, except in a very limited social circle. But without occupying any prominent position, there has been such a firmness of purpose, and such consistency of life manifested, as to awaken pleasant associations in their companions and survivors. Br. James Denyer was one of this class. He was born about the year 1796, and was the eldest son of James and Sarah Denyer, of Linchmere, Sussex. His mother died when he was young; which event threw him on his own resources very early in life. Means of education in rural districts at that period were very scanty, and of such as existed, our brother had none. He could not even read, which in after life was a cause of deep regret.

At an early age he became a farm servant. And whether good masters make good servants, or good servants good masters, or whether both are essential, it is certain that he was one who earned a good report. He entered Mr. Chalcraft's service (of Bowhunt), and continued to work for the family for nearly sixty years; a fact which certainly speaks well for Br. Denyer's fidelity. Of his early religious life we know but little more than that he attended the Established Church, and was much attached to its rites and services.

About the year 1824, he married Mary Kinshott who survives. During an affliction of Mrs. Denyer's, through the instruction of pious visitors, she became aware of her state as a sinner. She earnestly sought mercy and found the Lord to the great rejoicing of her heart. Soon afterwards she joined the Bible Christian Society near Liphook. And although her husband still attended the Church, he sometimes accompanied his wife to the meeting-house, soon manifested great kindness to the ministers, interested himself in their welfare, often welcoming them to his house, which in that day was a great kindness. My acquaintance with the deceased commenced about thirty-two years since, and well do I remember his genuine kindness to me. After the toils of the day, he would attend the cottage service in the village below, and warmly invite the minister to his house to have some refreshment before going home.

In 1850, during revival services conducted by our late Br. W.

Clarke, Br. D. became decided for Christ. But not however until after a hard battle. He strongly objected to some of the preacher's remarks about the Established Church, and at one time he resolved not to hear him preach again. But the barbed arrow of conviction had penetrated deeply. He reasoned thus: "If I stay away I shall be lost, I must go." He started over the lonely common one dark night, a fierce struggle he had with the enemy on the way, who was to him a real person, and never more so than at that moment. He thought to himself, "If I go back I shall be lost; I can but perish if I go on; and though Satan withstands me, I will go." His courage increased, the enemy was vanquished, and that night the great change was experienced. The preacher at one stage of the meeting asked all who wanted salvation to remain on their knees, and to the surprise of every person Br. Denyer remained in a kneeling position, saying afterwards he could not get up because he felt he wanted it. Invited to the pulpit pew, where a few friends gathered around him who directed him to the Saviour, he struggled and wept, but at length he arose, with a face beaming with delight, and in the presence of the whole congregation said, "You may as well tell me that the sun does not shine at noon-day as that my sins are not forgiven." His joy was most abundant; as the joy of harvest. "He had truly sown in tears, he was now reaping in joy."

Having given his heart to Christ, he gave his hand unto his people, and forthwith joined the little church, more fully making the cause of God his own cause. He was also careful to maintain good works before his fellow workmen, thereby recommending the religion of Christ to them. And through Divine grace he was enabled to witness a good confession, leading a happy and cheerful Christian life to the end; and has doubtless realized the fulfilment of the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

There were many traits in Br. Denyer's character worthy of notice and imitation. He was very regular in his attendance at the means of grace; although he had a numerous family, and much occupied by duties all the week, and some necessary ones on the Sunday, yet these attended to, he would walk a mile and a half to the seven o'clock prayer-meeting of a Sabbath morning.

He was also a very attentive hearer, whoever the preacher might be. He believed that the Master, by his weakest servant, would impart some lesson of instruction to him. We were forcibly impressed in our visits to him during the last months of his life, by the great number of very appropriate texts of Scripture which he fluently repeated. As we knew he could not read, it could only be accounted for by his diligence in treasuring the precious portions which had formed the texts of the discourse to which he had listened. A careful hearer of the word, he was also a faithful doer of the same.

He had an utter abhorrence of wasting his precious time at the public-house, and would not enter one unless business compelled him. He was not content to eat his morsel alone, but would quietly speak to his fellow workmen, often gently reproving them, and en-

treated them to serve the Lord. They would sometimes answer, "We are churchmen," when he would say, "Why don't you go to Church then, instead of mis-spending the Holy Sabbath as you do at the public-house?"

Br. Denyer was consistently pious, not alas, like too many, who are in the prayer meeting one night, and in the ale-house the next. When tempted to spend an evening there, Br. Denyer would reply, "I have neither time nor disposition to attend such places; or money to spend on the useless habits of drinking and smoking."

The swearer did not go unreproved by him; so jealous was he for his Master's honour, that he would faithfully remind them, whether equals or superiors, of the coming judgment, and the account to be rendered there. Nor was he content to be a receiver only; freely he had received, and, according to his means, he freely gave: considering his circumstances he was a liberal man. Giving was a part of his creed, and should it happen that nothing had been provided for the Lord's treasury, and he had to pass the box with nothing to put into it, he was disappointed, and was sure to provide against the next opportunity.

Such was the simplicity of his manners, and the sincerity of his motives, that we marvel not at the cheerfulness he usually displayed. The wise man says, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Br. Denyer's was a remarkably cheerful countenance; and he always had a smile, whoever might frown. Until within a comparatively little time of his death, he was a strong and healthy man; but the health and strength of the strong man now gradually declined. Such was the esteem in which he was held by his employer, that he allowed him to live in a cottage, and made him a weekly allowance to the end of life. He had an impression before he was entirely aside that he should not live another year. In the beginning of November last he was confined to his room. He was very happy indeed, and would break forth in songs of triumph. One of his favourite stanzas was,—

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what must it be to be there?"

And his custom was to praise the Lord aloud. Shortly afterwards, I was surprised in one of my visits to find him under a cloud; on inquiring the cause, I found his tender conscience was distressed lest he had spoken harshly to a fellow-workman, though he had great provocation to do so. We read, talked, sang, and prayed together: the cloud vanished, and the bright shining of the sun of righteousness flooded our souls with light and joy divine.

Much given to the holy exercise of prayer in health, Br. Denyer found it to be a great blessing in sickness; often in the night season was he heard by his friends earnestly wrestling in prayer in the room below; relief obtained, the prayer ended in praise to God. He was visited by many friends, most of whom were delighted with the pleasing testimony he cheerfully bore to the power of saving grace, through faith in Christ Jesus our Lord.

We had a delightful season while celebrating the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Christ was precious near, and greatly blessed us while waiting on Him. He seemed to be fully aware that his end was approaching, saying to his friends, "I don't think you fancy I am so weak as I am. I shall not be with you much longer." He retained the use of his faculties to the last. He affectionately took leave of the members of his family, fervently entreating them all to meet him in heaven. He earnestly commended his spirit to God in the suitable prayer, "Lord, help me."

On Thursday, January 22nd, 1879, at 6 p.m., he seemed to dose off, and, without a struggle or a groan, he passed away to the land of the good and the holy; in the eighty-third year of his age. He leaves a widow and nine children to mourn their loss. His death was improved by the writer in Liphook chapel, on January 25th, subject, "The blessed dead." O may we all meet him in heaven, for Christ's sake. Amen."

CHARLES DENING.

JAMES HEYSETT.

THE subject of this sketch moved in a very narrow circle; yet the influences of his life were so salutary, and his general deportment so consistent, that his friends desire to have his memory perpetuated. The following particulars have been supplied by Brother Grater, of Highampton.

JAMES HEYSETT, the son of John and Fanny Heysett, was born at Ley, in the parish of Blacktorrington, Devon, in the year 1803. The family was so poor that the children were compelled to get their own livelihood at a very tender age. With this object, James left the paternal roof when only seven years old. Two or three years after this his mother died, whose loss he keenly felt.

In a few years, without any apparent restraint, the deceased freely indulged in wrestling, cockfighting, and drinking, which were pernicious in their effects. Yet, as a workman, he gave his master, Mr. John Guscott, now of Langabear, Hatherleigh, general satisfaction. Though he often went to the house of prayer on purpose to make sport, yet there were times when his conduct appeared to himself to be very blameable, and fearful possibilities would stare him in the face. As the father of a family, he felt the importance of his position.

In the year 1839, Mr. Pudney held special services at our chapel at Highampton, which were followed with glorious results. Friends still living remember well this gracious time. Our deceased brother was deeply wrought upon, and for some time failed to find the rest he so much coveted. He was so alarmed, that on one occasion he rose at midnight, and cried to God for mercy in such a way as to cause some consternation among the neighbours. Eventually the blessing came, unspeakable joy was realised, and the witness of the Holy Spirit was enjoyed. From this time until his death, a period of nearly forty years, he held fast his integrity, and adorned his profession by a consistent life. The services of the house of prayer

he highly appreciated, and whenever the opportunity presented itself thither he wended his way. Though for nearly thirty years a cripple, yet it was a rare thing to see his seat vacant when service time came. The support of the cause also was to him a matter of great moment. Frequently he was found doing extra work that he might be able to give his usual contribution. Often has he been heard to say that when he could no longer support the cause, he hoped the Lord would take him home. Such self-sacrificing efforts are surely acceptable to God, and enriching to those who make them. The prayer and class-meetings had special charms for him, and were regularly attended. From his humble worldly position, he thought that some rather hesitated to fraternise freely with him, which caused him many tears. But we believe that, in this respect, his fears were unfounded. How exemplary was the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, when, at the Sacramental Altar, he whispered to one who, on account of his social status, was about to move farther away, that "we are all equals here." Br. Heysett always took a lively interest in revivals, and sought to promote the spiritual welfare of the younger part of the Society. In the early part of last winter he suffered from bronchitis, which eventually proved fatal. During his illness he realised the preciousness of the promise, "I am with you alway."

He was visited by many friends, to whom he spoke of his confidence in God, and his willingness to depart to be with Christ. Br. Coles visited him the evening he died, and found him, though weak in body, perfectly resigned, and anticipating a speedy exit to the land of rest. Just before he died he was asked if it were dark; with a countenance expressive of joy he feebly articulated, "O no, there is no darkness here." Soon after, apparently without a struggle, at the age of 76, nearly 40 of which he was a member of the Bible Christians, he left the church militant for the church triumphant.

Br. J. Sanders, his class leader, says, "Our late Br. Heysett was a regular attendant at the class-meeting, was rich in experience, and confident as to his acceptance with God." Br. Coles preached his funeral sermon at Highampton from Luke ii., 29, 30. The chapel was crowded, the preacher at his best, and a blessed time was realised.

May the preacher, people, and writer, meet the departed, where—

"No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of human woe,
Can never enter there."

J. DATSON.

MISS MARY LITTLE, OF WOOLWICH.

THE announcement of Miss Little's death will be read with surprise and sorrow by ministers and others, whose privilege it was to be acquainted with her. Death, whenever and wherever it approaches,

produces great solemnity, and more or less sorrow, especially when our nearest relatives and dearest friends are its victims. But what a relief to us in the midst of our tears, to realise the grand and glorious fact that we shall see our friends again, and that all the faithful will one day join in singing, "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. . . . to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." As a church we lament the loss that we have sustained in the death of Miss Little, but we wipe our weeping eyes, and hush our troubled spirits because we anticipate a happy re-union beyond the grave.

Miss Little's stay here was not a very long one; neither did she experience perhaps such rough experiences as many. She was the daughter of Scotch parents, who having themselves been taught to search the Scriptures, and to walk in the fear of God strove to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To Mary—as well as to other members of the family—pious example and Christian precept, accompanied by the Divine blessing, had a salutary effect; for early in life she gave unmistakable proofs of deep religious impressions, and sincere Christian zeal. From the beginning of her Christian career until the close of life she maintained a character unspotted before the world. Having early in life put her hand to the gospel plough, she happily did not look back, making the Apostle's motto her own, "I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

She identified herself with our church at Market-street in this town, about fifteen years ago. She soon after found a sphere of usefulness. A thorough believer in work, she did whatever was assigned her, with all her might, heartily as unto the Lord. Well that she was thus interested and diligent in the vineyard of Christ, for the night soon overtook her when she could no longer work. Well that she begun to lay up for herself treasures in heaven so early in life, for had she postponed it until she had reached its meridian, she would have lost the opportunity, for her sunset just before noon. While in active health, she took cold which resulted in a serious and fatal illness. An attack of pleurisy and cancer in the lungs, made such inroads upon her constitution that, after a few weeks of great suffering and weakness, she succumbed to the complicated malady.

On the Sunday after the funeral, a special sermon was preached by the writer from 1st Corinthians xv. 55-58. The chapel was filled with friends of the deceased, whose memory they so greatly revere. We hope that good impressions were made on the minds of many. At the close of the sermon the subjoined paper was read, which the Elders' Meeting wish inserted in the Magazine—:

The object of this paper is not to unduly extol the character of her whose death we deeply mourn; but to remind you of certain facts in her career, and features in her character in harmony, with the Gospel which we should all do well to cultivate and to manifest. We also desire that our allusions to our dear departed Sister Little—taken away from us comparatively suddenly, and in the bloom of life—should produce in our minds deeper impressions, respecting spiritual and

divine things—a fuller consecration of ourselves to God, and an earnest determination to work for the Lord with our might, remembering that the night will soon come when none of us will be able to work. If this be achieved, then the life and death of our sister will prove to be a marvellous and glorious power. True Christians neither live nor die to themselves. They are the “light of the world,” “the salt of the earth,” and after death their works do follow them.

From childhood, or at least from early youth, Miss Little was distinguished by thoughtfulness, earnestness, and goodness. These principles were implanted in her nature when so young, and grew so rapidly with her advancing years, that it is difficult for her friends to determine the exact period when she really passed from a death in sin to a life of righteousness, and so became the new creature in Christ Jesus. So consistent was her general conduct, so amiable her disposition, so beautiful her spirit, so powerful her influence, and so useful her life, that none could doubt her full adoption into the family of God. In fact, at home as well as abroad, by the members of her own family and by intimate friends, as well as by casual acquaintances, she was recognised as a devoted Christian, and spoken of as a pattern of piety.

Hers was not merely a religion for the Sabbath and the sanctuary; as you saw her on the Sunday so was she during the week; and as you were impressed by her in the chapel, or in the school, so did she impress others by her jubilant spirit in her home and in the midst of her domestic duties. She was not only Christian-like and good at the house of her friend or neighbour, but she was equally the Christian in the company of her father and mother, brothers and sisters. “As you saw Mary in your house or at the chapel so was she at home,” was the testimony borne by an interested member of the family. Persons who show piety at home, to live the gospel before our nearest relatives, as well as “before all men,” is indeed a proof that they “have the root of the matter,” that they possess that hope without which no man shall see the Lord. This is unmistakably the taking up of the Cross, and the confession of Christ before men.

And in *this respect* our dear sister is verily worthy of imitation. We as professors of Christ want—must have—the fire of God’s love burning in our hearts—must be so distinguished by Christian courage and zeal—“bold to take up and firm to sustain the consecrated Cross”—as to live Christ, and manifest our graces wherever we go, and with whomsoever we associate. “Let your light so shine before men that others may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,” is our blessed Saviour’s injunction to every one called after His name.

And then it affords us pleasure to state that the religion possessed by Miss Little was of that active, earnest, diligent, practical kind that Christ enjoins upon all His followers in the exhortations, “Go work to-day in my vineyard;” “When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren;” “Feed my lambs.”

Not only in the church, or in direct connection therewith, was she ever ready to attend to the duties assigned her—work for which we thought she was specially adapted—but we fear we shall often miss her in many other ways. She was a teacher in the Sabbath-school for a great number of years, labouring with intense zeal, deep interest, praiseworthy regularity, and considerable efficiency. Hers was much more than simply a name on the Sabbath-school *roll*—more than a mere unit placed on the list of teachers—more than a mere formal union with Market-street school. She had the *work* much at heart. She felt about it, talked about it, and prayed for it during the week, and she was therefore prepared on the Sunday to discharge her important duties.

She was so different from, alas, many Sunday-school teachers—those we mean who come only when it is convenient, and who are not punctual when they do come, and make but little preparation at any time.

In our deceased sister and fellow-worker in the school we had a helper whose place it will be difficult to fill. So honest and true, so faithful and kind, so noble in purpose, so earnest in effort, so anxious was she to lead the children to Christ, and so desirous to build up the cause of the Redeemer, that she endeared herself—not only to her own class, but to the whole of *us*. Our earnest united prayer is that God may speedily raise up many such workers.

I may add that Miss Little has for some time been the *treasurer* of our school, and upon her devolved largely—if not solely—the preparation of the children for our anniversary, and other public services in which the children took a prominent part.

I shall not soon forget one of the last acts of usefulness and kindness she rendered, namely, the part she took in our late bazaar, held at Eltham. Amid rain, and wind, and mud, she was found at her post, interestedly engaged in doing the work imposed upon her. But alas! in the midst of strength and vigour she was seized by serious illness. In her sickness she manifested the greatest patience and resignation. She told myself as well as others that all was right. It was in fact impossible to doubt her acceptance and safety. “Quite ready am I to go if it be the will of my heavenly Father,” said she to me; and at the same time she expressed herself as being equally willing to remain a little longer—to do more for God—if *He* so willed it. He however, who is “too wise to err and too good to be unkind,” saw fit to take her to *Himself*. She was evidently one of those sheaves that had fully ripened for the granary of the skies. She gently passed away on the afternoon of Friday, August 22nd, 1879, her last intelligible words being, “Around the throne! around the throne!” Our sister is gone, but only a little before *us*. And while her death is our great loss, her departure from our midst is her infinite gain.

Her place in the family circle can never be supplied. We therefore pray that the bereaved ones may be graciously sustained, and that they may, one and all, faithfully serve their God, so that by-and-bye they may meet the sainted daughter and sister in that rest, where only the pure in heart can enter. Her place in our church

is vacant ; who will step in and take Mary's place, and fill it to the best of their ability ? May many respond, Here am I, take me, use me ! I consecrate from this hour my whole service to Him to Whom my more than all is due. Amen.

WM. OATES.

JOHN HELLYAR

Was born at St. Eval, November 1st, 1829. When about two years of age his grandfather took him. During his childhood, up to the time of his conversion, there is nothing particular to narrate. Just as other youths attend as a matter of form, he attended the means of grace occasionally. He was led to think about the great concerns of his soul in the following manner:—His grandfather sent him with a load of corn to Mr. C—— at ——, whose daughter asked him if he was a Sunday-school teacher, or a member ; to which he replied in the negative. When he was about to leave, she gave him a tract, entitled, "Don't you think it's time to begin to pray?" accompanied with a request that he would read it. In compliance with her request he did so, and was convinced, of his neglect and culpability. His eyes were now opened to see the awful danger of living in sin against God, and he saw that he must either pray or perish. The Sunday after he came to chapel, with a full determination for "God to live and die." In the prayer-meeting, after the service, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He was soon made happy in the Lord, and like one of old "went on his way rejoicing." His inquiry now was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He soon began to pray in public, and exhort others to come to the Saviour, which led to his initials being put on the Plan, and ultimately to become an approved local preacher.

As a *preacher*, he was generally acceptable, and very punctual in taking his appointments. *Humility* was a feature very prominent in his character. For several years his health had been failing, though he never possessed a strong constitution. He frequently suffered from bronchial affection. About two years ago last Christmas, he was seized with rheumatic gout, and was confined to his bed more than twelve months. Last Lady-day he was taken worse, with violent fits of coughing. But as it was constitutional, his friends did not think his death was so near at hand. Though his sufferings at times were very great, yet he bore them with exemplary patience and resignation, and very frequently "unutterably full of glory and of God." He had a very clear perception of his title to his inheritance with the saints, which he often expressed in the following verse:—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

He often spoke of the happy seasons he had enjoyed in the prayer-meeting, and especially in the class-meeting, mentioning the names

of some of his old class-mates, in particular to two old class-leaders, Thomas Hill and Joseph Powell, he would say, with peculiar emphasis, "I know I shall meet them in heaven." When the writer was appointed to St. Eval he generally called on him, and while talking and praying with him he always seemed happy and resigned to the will of God. The Sunday-week before he died he was in an unusually happy frame of mind, and when asked if he would rather live or die, replied, "I'm about midway; I don't think as I've got so near the harbour, I should like to go back to the ocean again." A few days before he died he could only speak in a whisper. One of his friends said to him, "If you could talk, how much you could say about the sufferings of the past week, couldn't you?" He smiled, and said, so as to be understood, "That's all gone." During his illness, he used to look at the Circuit Plan every Sunday morning to know where the preachers were appointed. On the Sunday morning previous to his death, he wished for the Plan as usual, when his wife said, "You are too weak to read it; shall I read it for you?" to which he assented. In the same evening, his wife, perceiving he wanted something, leaned toward him, and found he wanted to know how H. O—— (a young brother who was appointed to St. Eval that same evening) got on. He had always been interested in the work of God, and so he continued to be when just about to cross the river. He gradually got weaker, and on Tuesday, April 8th, 1879, about half-past seven o'clock in the morning, the spirit took its flight from the body. His death was improved by the writer, a short time after his decease, from 1 Cor. xv. 51, to a deeply attentive and sympathetic congregation. The deceased was very much respected in the neighbourhood. Our little Society there feels his loss, and those that remain are reluctant to take his place. As our Elijahs are taken away, may the Lord raise up more Elishas to catch their falling mantles, and when our work on earth is done, may we hear our Master say,—

"Servant of God, Well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

W. B.

JOEL PERRETT

DIED at Weston-Super-Mare, August 13th, 1879, aged 79 years. Our dear brother was converted to God nearly fifty years ago, and from that period to the close of life he enjoyed the Divine favour. He was a man of moral honesty and uprightness. He not only believed in God, but was careful to maintain good works. He took great delight in attending the means of grace, and esteemed it a privilege to support, according to his ability, the cause of God. During his illness he cultivated the grace of patient endurance, and looked for the "better inheritance." I saw him the morning he died, when he was anxiously waiting the coming of the Lord. And he is now "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

J. B.

MR. CHARLES MANNING.

DEATH, to the Christ-like man, as well as life, has its sorrows and its joys. Sorrows in leaving those to whom the heart is united by ties the most tender and sacred—joys arising from a consciousness of divine favour, and of future happiness and reward. Our dear brother, whose decease we mourn, united with us in church fellowship at Cadeleigh, Devon, when our Society was first established in that place. He attended the first class-meeting held there by us, which was in 1839, and then received his note of admittance from Br. John Ching, and continued a member of our Society until his death. That his moral nature had been bought into conscious contact with Christ was evinced by his great attention to the *religious* services of God's house, as also in his liberality to the cause of truth, and the purity of his life.

For many years (during Mrs. Manning's life), many of our Quarterly Meetings were held at their house, Worth Farm, Cadeleigh, and a very deep interest they took in the cause of God. The ministers were ever heartily welcomed and entertained at their house. Mr. Manning's sufferings during his last illness were severe, but he retained an unswerving confidence in the Atonement of Christ. The setting sun of this aged pilgrim's life was clear, and his sky cloudless. He completed the years of his pilgrimage May 22nd, 1879, having reached his 83rd year. A funeral sermon was preached by the writer to a large and attentive congregation from 2 Timothy iii, 7-8.

"He frequently longed to be gone,
To join the blest spirits above,
To sit on Immanuel's throne,
And feel all the transports of love.
His soul hath o'ertaken its mate,
And caught her again in the sky,
Advanced to his holy estate,
And pleasures that never shall die."

A. G. CHURCHILL.

MRS. MARY HUMPHRIES.

MRS. HUMPHRIES was the daughter of pious parents. She was converted when young, and united with the Wesleyans at St. Mary's, Islands of Scilly, and was a constant member of that church until her marriage with Mr. Abraham Humphries, of St. Agnes. There being no other Dissenters on the Island she at once identified herself with the Bible Christians, and continued a true friend for nearly fifty years. Her house was always a home for the servants of the Lord, where they were always welcome. She was of a quiet, retiring disposition—not fond of noise or show. Her path was like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

She had great love for the house of the Lord, and would not only go herself, but would so arrange that her household should go

also. But having become deaf, and for the last few years of her life very feeble, she could not attend the means of grace. She, however, employed her time in reading her Bible, which was her daily companion, and from it she derived her sweetest consolations and her strongest joys. She was a follower of the lowly Jesus, and partook largely of the spirit of meekness and gentleness. She was also very industrious and frugal in her habits. In the habit of visiting her house for seven years, I always found her knitting, sewing, or reading; an example of cleanliness, neatness, and industry, as well as of piety and devotedness to God. She was a loving and kind wife, a tender, affectionate mother, who trained her daughters in the way they should go (who are now walking in the steps of their departed mother), a liberal supporter of the cause of Christ, and her dying request was that they would not give up the preachers as long as they had a meal to give them. As a neighbour she was very kind and obliging, willing to assist at any time. She was much respected and beloved by almost all that knew her, and her presence in the old arm-chair will be much missed by her family and neighbours. But Aunt Mary, as she was familiarly called, is gone to a better land, to her home in the skies, where all is rest and peace and joy. The "abundant entrance" was granted to her on the fourth day of October, 1878, in the 81st year of her age. May the reader and writer meet her in our Father's house above is the prayer of

W. DENNIS.

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Brief Notices of Books.

The Last Sayings of our Lord; an Exposition of the Words uttered by Jesus on the Cross. By JOSEPH KIRSOP. London: T. Newton. (Price 2s. 6d.)

A SMALL but vigorous production. We have read it with interest and profit. Mr. Kirsop is, theologically, a safe and trustworthy guide. He has dealt brief

but comprehensively and satisfactorily with several questions of vital importance. We give just one extract on a subject which has been much discussed, but which is ever fresh and interesting, to illustrate his style and method :—

THE SOULS OF BELIEVERS ENTER GLORY IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH.

"There are some Christian thinkers who maintain that the future blessedness of believers will commence at the resurrection of the dead. Until the second advent the soul will be unconscious, but at the blast of the archangel's trumpet body and soul will start at once into newness of life. There will be to them no remembrance of a dreary interval between death and the resurrection; their renewed existence will to their consciousness seem a continuance of their former life. The moment of the resurrection will be to them like the moment after death.

"Who could wish such a doctrine true? Explain it as you will, conceal, if you can, its repulsive features, minimise its painfulness as you may, yet it shocks our sensitive nature, and if true, it would add a new terror to death. Even to the Christian man, who believes that absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, there is something unpleasant in the thought of death. No one loves to think of 'saying to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister,' but if we had not only

'To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,'

but all the powers of thinking, feeling, acting, were to be virtually extinct for ages, the thought of dissolution would be tenfold more painful than it is.

"Paul thought it better to depart, but could he have done so if departure meant going into a state where there was neither service nor enjoyment? Surely in such a case it was better to remain.

"When our friends fall asleep in Jesus, we comfort ourselves by thinking they are happier than they could have been on earth. But if this be a delusion, and they are really inert, inactive, unconscious, how shall we comfort ourselves?

"If this doctrine be true, our Lord has none of the fruits of His passion with Him. He does not see of the travail of his soul in the glorification of disembodied spirits. Enoch and Elijah are in bliss, for body and soul were gathered together into the bundle of life; but Abraham, the father of the faithful, Moses, the giver of the Law, John, the beloved disciple, and all

'The sacramental host of God's elect'

are wrapped in dreamless sleep. The saints are all unblest. If Jesus is not an empty vine, He is not cheered by seeing fruit.

"This doctrine deepens the mysteries of God's providential government. God's ways are a great deep. Often we are obliged to cry, 'Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself.' But were we to receive this doctrine, God's providence would seem still more inscrutable. Rays of light which now shoot across the gloom profound would be withdrawn. When Christian workers die in the midst of their days and usefulness, we cry out, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men.*' Still, we remember that God has other worlds where they may glorify Him. We rejoice to think that, freed from a load of cumbrous clay, they can serve Him day and night in His temple, with untiring activity and sleepless vigilance. But if no palm waves in heaven, no song of the redeemed is sung, no service rendered by the spirits of just men made perfect, then we can but wonder that believers are early taken from a world which needs them. We dare not burden God's dealings with an additional mystery. His ways are incomprehensible, we must not make them unintelligible.†

"This doctrine tends to Materialism. Man, such is the common opinion, has both body and soul. The soul has the properties of spirit—intelligence, consciousness, and will; the body has the properties of matter—inertness, form, weight, and divisibility. For life the body depends upon the spirit; the spirit does not so depend upon the body. Hence, the spirit can live when the body dies, and, apart from revelation, there is a strong presumption that it will so live.

* Psalm xii. 1. † Dr. Channing.

The wisest of the heathens believed in the future existence of the disembodied soul. 'They had reasons then which they thought cogent, that induced them, though unassisted with divine revelation, to conclude they survived their forsaken bodies. And what else could any unbribed understanding conclude or conceive, when we find they have powers belonging to them, which we can much more easily apprehend capable of being acted without help from the body than by it?'

"The heathen philosophers who so reasoned or conjectured were not materialists. From the nature of the soul, they reasoned to its future separate existence. But if this separate existence is denied, if it is said that when men die their souls as well as their bodies slumber till the resurrection, there must be a logical tendency to confound the natures of body and spirit, and to deny the essential, everlasting, ineffaceable distinction between them.

"We think there is a force in all these objections to the doctrine of soul-sleeping; yet, we acknowledge, they would go for nothing if Scripture clearly taught it. God's immutable and infallible Word is to us an end of all strife. What saith the Scripture? If it sanctions the doctrine we will receive it.

"This doctrine is utterly opposed to Scripture. When Lazarus died, the angels carried him to Abraham's bosom. Moses, as well as Elijah, conversed with Jesus on the mount of transfiguration. The first martyr prayed, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Paul said, 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.' Judas Iscariot went 'to his own place.' The rich man lifted up his eyes in hell. We are now come to the spirits of just men made perfect. John saw 'the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus.' Why multiply references? Our Lord said to the penitent thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Can this clear, unmistakable promise be reconciled with the doctrine of soul-slumber? When our Lord said 'to-day,' could he mean thousands of years afterwards? Impossible, unconceivable. There is no long interval between death and blessedness. The souls of believers enter glory immediately after death."

Seppel; or, The Burning of the Synagogue of Munich. By GUSTAV NIERITZ, Author of "Busy Hands and Patient Hearts," &c. Translated from the German. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 2s. 6d.)

A POWERFUL tale, its most striking feature being the clear way in which it shows how the observance of Jewish laws affects the descendants of God's ancient people who live in modern times, and among Christian nations. One striking illustration of this we quote:—

"Zirl!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, dear Seppel," said the young Jewess, "God be praised that I have met you! A great affliction has befallen us; my mother has had so many fainting fits, and is now so extremely ill, we fear she is dying. I have come here for a doctor, but, though I have called out loudly, I cannot make him hear. Do assist me!"

"Foolish girl! do you not see the doctor's bell?" said Filter.

"Oh yes," answered Zirl, "I have already asked several passers-by to ring it for me; but some were tipsy, and did not understand; others insulted me, and passed by without the least pity?"

"Why did you not ring it for yourself? Have you need of a servant to do that for you?"

"I do not dare to ring," said Zirl, sobbing; "to-day is the Sabbath, and all labour is forbidden us; besides which, the bell is of bronze, which is another reason why I dare not touch it to-day?"

"Then you prefer to let your mother die? Is that your filial love?"

"Several times," said Zirl, weeping, "I extended my hand to the bell, and then withdrew it, fearing to bring down the anger of God upon us. I was placed in a painful position, between the observance of the law and my anxiety and affection for my mother."

Filter pulled the bell with so much force that he nearly broke it.

"What an absurd law!" he murmured. "This girl would rather let her mother

die than touch a little bit of iron. 'O ye Scribes and Pharisees! ye strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel!'"

"Who is that? Who is that? What is it there?" cried out the doctor from his window, alarmed.

"Sir," said Filter, "pray come directly to the wife of the poor Jew Eli, who is dying, as her daughter informs us. She has come here to call you."

The designation of "poor," which Filter, with the best intention, had added to that of Jew, completely failed in its object; the doctor was reluctant to leave his house.

"Go about your business!" he replied, angrily, shutting the window.

"Well, we are no further advanced than we were," said Filter, regretfully. "The poor Jew has all the world against him, as well as his own Law; but to this he nevertheless clings, and attaches himself to every minute observance of it, with a blind persistence, being thereby rendered miserable."

"Father," said Seppel, "why then can you not go to Zirl's mother? You know something of medicine, and how to cure sick people, for you cured me of the scarlet fever."

"Are you serious in wishing me to mount up all the stairs which lead to the Jewish family, instead of taking you home to your bed?" asked Filter, with surprise.

"I have already slept enough," said Seppel, "and I should not mind being up the whole night if we could help them."

Filter, conscious that he possessed some medical knowledge, repaired to a chemist to procure some drugs which he thought might be required. They then proceeded to the Jew's dwelling, and there found Ruth undoubtedly in a critical state. She gave but slight signs of life, the children were sobbing around her. Eli was snatching out his hair and his beard by handfuls, and by cries and caresses was endeavouring to bring his wife to life.

"Br-r-r-r-r!" ejaculated Filter, looking round; "it is dreadfully cold here." He felt the stove. "The stove is as cold as ice!" he said, in a reproachful tone. "Eli, my friend, you really are very careless; your wife will die of cold. Have you no wood? or is it from idleness that you have no fire? Come! quick now, light a fire, the stove must be well heated. See, your old father is trembling with cold, and your children seem quite benumbed. They look like death, with their blue lips and white cheeks. Light the fire, I say!" seeing that no one moved towards the stove.

"The Sabbath is not yet passed," said old Solomon, with chattering teeth.

"The Christian girl who works for us was here this morning, but is not yet returned," said Zirl.

"I have no patience with you," said Filter. "Then you cannot even light a fire in the stove on the Sabbath day? Why, what would become of us, if we were all of your persuasion? If you could not find a Christian to consent to be your servant, you would perish with cold, or be obliged to pass your Sabbath in your beds. 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.'"

"The Almighty," said Solomon in a serious tone, "blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because on that day He reposed from all his work."

"I know it well, old father," said Filter; "God reposed on the seventh day, that is to say, he ceased to create; but He did not repose from his work like a fatigued human being would do. The goodness of God never rests, never ceases, not a single instant, I tell you; if it did, we should all be lost, and the world would fall to pieces. If the mighty God did not sustain in their place on the Sabbath, as well as on other days, the sun, the moon, and the stars, what would become of us? Every moment God does what is necessary for the preservation of the world; and we also, on the Sabbath, may do what is necessary for the preservation of life."

"Moses ordained that we should not do any work on the Sabbath day," replied Eli.

"It is true that you ought not to traffic on that day," said Filter, "nor undertake any work that you can do on other days; but you should conform to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Law which kills. Besides, the Law was addressed to the children of Israel in Canaan, and not in a country where the land is often covered with snow, and where the rivers are frozen. If you cannot

even light a fire, it is impossible to obtain boiling water. I wished to make an infusion of valerian, which would have a good effect on this poor sick woman."

Eli was undecided. "Father!" he said, in a supplicating tone. The old man replied with firmness: "These are the things which the Eternal One commanded should be done: thou shalt work six days, but the seventh shall be kept holy; whosoever shall work on that day shall be punished by death. Fire shall not be lit in any of your dwellings on the day of rest."

Eli was silent.

But Filter said, "It would be easier for me to persuade a wild horse than to persuade one of these obstinate Jews. Keep your Sabbath-day as you please, although the unfortunate woman may die. But it seems to me that I hear fire crackling in the stove. Oh, Seppel, you are a good boy (seeing that Seppel and Zirl were no longer in the room); whilst I lose precious moments preaching, you are acting according to my wishes." In fact, directed by Zirl, Seppel had cut the wood in small pieces, had lit the fire, and boiled the water, which he brought in with a brightened face.

Filter prepared a restorative, which he got the poor woman to swallow. After remaining two hours, during which time she slightly recovered, he thought of returning home. Observing that the window-panes were no longer frozen, and that a genial warmth was diffused through the apartment, he said to Solomon, Well, old father, look at these children, they are now no longer benumbed with cold, and you are indebted to the principles of Christianity for the removal of scruples which impede the employment of means necessary for your daughter's recovery. Her illness proceeded from her not having taken anything warm during the day, which, moreover, she has been obliged to pass in an icy cold room."

Thereupon Filter and Seppel, having afforded all the assistance in their power, took leave of the family.

James Montgomery, Christian Poet and Philanthropist. By JABEZ MARRAT. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 1s. 6d.)

A GRACEFUL and appreciative sketch of this true "poet of the sanctuary," such as this is, will be a welcome addition to our Sunday-school libraries. Mr. Marrat skillfully uses his pen, as one paragraph will be sufficient to indicate:

"Many great movements of the human intellect have been started by slight circumstances. Benjamin West said that his mother's kiss made him a painter. Gibbon was musing one evening amid the ruins above the Tiber, when he heard a band of friars chanting a vesper hymn in an ancient temple. He felt a sudden impulse to write on the theme suggested by those relics of imperial grandeur and those accents of monastic devotion, and employed himself for nearly twenty years in rounding into epic magnificence the great story of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. In early youth, Humboldt saw a palm-tree in a conservatory in Berlin, and from that hour had a desire to travel in tropical countries. The desire was at length gratified, and his books tell of the glories of tropical life he beheld as he trod the savannahs of Venezuela, or was paddled up the long track of the Orinoco. Cowper was requested by a lady to write on the sofa, and as he applied himself to the unromantic theme, thoughts and images came trooping to it in swift procession. One idea drew another after it, and he added line to line until he gave to the world the noblest of his poems, *The Task*. Paley, when at college, was indolent and frolicsome, but a sharp exclamation from a fellow-student roused him to mental industry, and in the end he sat down in the shadow of Lincoln cathedral as an acknowledged defender of the faith, and as a dignitary of the Church of England. A trifling incident induced in Montgomery's mind a wish to excel in poetical composition. One fine summer day he was taking a walk with the master and some of the scholars. Coming to a hedge, they rested in its shadow, while the master read to them a part of Blair's *Grave*. The other boys fell asleep, but Montgomery was thrilled and fascinated by the terrible word-painting of the powerful, if somewhat coarse, poet, and said to himself, 'If ever I become a poet, I will write something like this.' A little after the scene behind the edge, one of the inmates read to him Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, which he thought finer than Blair's *Grave*. He mistook heaviness for grandeur, and in happy ignorance of the author's unenviable position among British poets, resolved that he would be a Blackmore."

Youthful Nobility: the Early Life-History of Gotthelf and Frederika; their Childhood, Youth, Marriage, and Maturity. Translated from the German. John Kempster & Co.

THIS is a fascinating story. It tells of a child of wealthy parentage who, when about eight years old, was driven from his home by the calamity of war, and became the adopted son of a forest official, whom he faithfully loved and served as his father. He carried with him but one treasure—his mother's Bible. This he fondly cherished; and how he lived, by its light, a life of love and duty, under circumstances of the most trying nature, is told with considerable power.

Jane Hudson, the American Girl. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 1s.)

A PURE and healthy story, which powerfully enforces the duty of self-exertion.

Quiet Messenger Series. Nos. 1 to 12. S. W. Partridge & Co. (Price 6d.)

ATTRACTIVELY got-up, the passages of Scripture are also nicely arranged, and therefore likely to do much good if widely and wisely distributed.

Poetry.

"THE HARVEST IS PAST."

"The harvest is past." How familiar the words,
Yet of meaning how pregnant and full,
What food for reflection and thought they afford
As touching both body and soul!

"The harvest is past," and Nature puts on
Her russet and sombre robes,
And migratory birds have forsaken, and gone
To warmer and pleasanter groves.

"The harvest is past," the farmer said,
As the last load came from the field,
"And for the eater there's plenty of bread,
For with wheat is my granary filled."

"The harvest is past," the labourer sings,
As he lays down the pitch-fork and scythe.
At his cheery bright song the deep valley rings,
And his wage he takes home to his wife.

"The harvest is past," say the gleaners who roam
Full of joy on the grassy sward,
And all classes join in the glad "harvest home,"
From the cottager up to the lord.

"The harvest is past," cried the prophet of tears,
As he wept o'er his country's fate,
"Which might have been saved in by-gone years,
But alas! 'tis for ever too late."

"The harvest is past," is at times the lament
Of hoary, but sinful old age,
Whose lengthened life has been wickedly spent,
And none can his terrors assuage.

"The harvest is past, and I am not saved"
Are the saddest words ever read,
Ever muttered by lip, or by chisel engraved,
Or moaned on a dying bed.

Week St. Mary.

T. C. JACOB.

Our Miscellany.

REV. DR. MULLENS.*

JOSEPH MULLENS was born in London on the 2nd September, 1820. He was educated for the ministry, at Coward College. The students of Coward College became students of University College. Here Mr. Mullens obtained high-class honours, receiving the first prize for proficiency in Greek language and literature. He was also among the earliest graduates of the University of London. He completed his studies in the University of Edinburgh, which in after years conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. His purpose to be a missionary was early formed, and soon after leaving Edinburgh he proceeded to Calcutta, where he commenced his labours early in 1844. The sphere was admirably fitted to develop his energies and varied powers, so that, after speedily acquiring a knowledge of Bengali, he spent fourteen years chiefly in the Bhowanipore College, as pastor of a native church, and in preaching to the heathen. These duties were varied with the less official engagements of writing and compiling books and articles on missionary themes, travelling to Orissa, to Benares, and to Southern India, and discharging the secretariat duties of the Bible Society. Early in 1858 he returned to England, where he remained until the autumn of 1860, engaged in preaching and speaking on behalf of Indian missions, and also in literary work.

On his return to Calcutta he resumed most of his former engagements, but to a less degree, on account of the numerous opportunities that arose for the employment of his literary skill. He had previously written a prize essay on "Vedantism, Brahmoism, and Christianity"; another prize essay on the "Religious Aspects of Hindu Philosophy," a work of high merit, which simplified and popularized all that was then known of the different systems of Hindu philosophy; "Missions in South India"; "Results of Missionary Labour in India"; and several articles for *The Calcutta Review* and *The Calcutta Christian Observer*. Moreover, he collected and compiled with great labour the "Statistics of Missions in India and Ceylon," as well as a class-book of poetry; and now, after ten years, he prepared fresh "Statistical Tables of Missions in India, Ceylon, and Burmah"; wrote on the basis of these, "Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India," and a biography of his excellent father-in-law and coadjutor, the Rev. A. F. Lacroix. He visited the north-west of India as far as the Punjab, and subsequently Almorah, in the Himalayehs. He received the honour of a place on the Senate of the University of Calcutta, and the catholic spirit manifested in all his statistical and philosophical work justly entitled him to the confidence of all the Churches, as well as of the great Society of which he had been so long the trusted servant and advocate. His Indian career was brought to an end by the directors of the London Missionary Society, who invited him, in 1865, to assist Dr. Tidman, his friend and former pastor, as foreign secretary. The request was not unlooked for, and was accepted. He was well satisfied with his sphere of labour, which had gradually become more free, wide, and important, but the new one had strong attractions for such a mind as his. As a preparation for the duties of this important position, he spent some months in visiting the various missions of South India, and China, travelling to Peking and as far as the great wall. He came to England in the spring of 1866. His new duties greatly taxed his energy, his administrative ability, and his organizing power. The expenditure of the Society exceeded its annual income by many thousand pounds; and in the course of years many of the missions abroad needed a re-arrangement of their finances, agencies, and methods. This Dr. Mullens vigorously undertook, and with the aid of willing helpers, accomplished.

It is open to some question if all was equally well done, for many of the changes effected were very sweeping. Thoroughly enthusiastic as he always was toward foreign missions, he sometimes appeared defective in sympathy with missionaries themselves, and whilst possessed of a mind of unusual vigour, and clear, good

* This sketch is from the pen of the Rev. E. Storow. It appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* last month.

sense, he had not always the subtle tact and sweet courtesy so useful in dealing with various classes of men. But the general result was eminently satisfactory, for the Society was rescued from great financial embarrassment, and changes were introduced into its operations which, on the whole, have ensured economy, efficiency, and growth.

From that time until his unfortunate departure for Africa, on the 24th of April last, he has been unceasingly, though variously consecrated to the missionary enterprise. The routine work of his office in guiding the affairs of the various mission stations, made constant and heavy demands on his time and feelings. Much new and important work was undertaken in developing the re-formed Madagascar Mission, in establishing one of much interest and promise in New Guinea, and in preparing for that in Central Africa, for which, at the present moment, hope and fear are trembling in the balance.

His anxieties were relieved and his labours diversified by foreign travel, which he intensely enjoyed, for in 1870, in company with H. Wright, Esq., and Rev. Dr. Allon, he spent some months in Canada and the United States, officially endeavouring to interest the churches of the former in foreign missions, and in the latter holding conference with the leading representatives of missions.

In 1873 he was sent, in company with the Rev. J. Pillans, to visit Madagascar, from which he returned in the following year. He was somewhat reluctant to undertake missionary deputation duties at home, but his pen was ever at the service of the grand cause, and in 1868 he produced "London and Calcutta," a work of great value, which contrasted the extent of Christian agency at work in the two cities, and justly claimed the gratitude of the Church for the grand results which had been secured in the heart of heathendom by appliances so immeasurably less than those which grapple with the worldliness and sin of London.

In 1875 he published his "Twelve Months in Madagascar." Perhaps the last two years of his life were more fruitful of literary effort than any previous period of equal length. He had undertaken to write the history of the London Missionary Society, in separate, portable volumes, and made considerable progress with the first, on the South Sea Missions. He did more than anyone to bring to efficiency the Mildmay General Missionary Conference of last October. The volume of its proceedings—more rich in missionary information than any previous publication—was put into admirable form by him, as the records of the Liverpool Missionary Conference of 1860 had been; and moreover, he was engaged to write three or four important articles for the present issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Alas! that a life so active, vigorous, and important, should so suddenly and sadly have ended. The funeral sermon for his admirable and gifted wife, preached from a text suggested by her own most unexpected and as it seemed, untimely death, is equally applicable to him—"Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."

The Society had undertaken to plant a new mission on the shore of the great lake Tanganyika, on the very spot where Stanley met Livingstone. Most carefully had every possible exigency of the pioneers of this mission been considered, and four ministerial missionaries, with other efficient highly-qualified helpers, started for the interior of Africa. Numerous disasters, with which our readers are sadly familiar, befel their enterprise and arrested their progress, until, by the departure of two missionaries and the death of another, the directors believed that Arthur Dodgshun was the sole ministerial representative of the noble band who had entered on this laborious mission. He, too, was in sore difficulties, struggling with the chicanery and violence of Mirambo, and his true position only partially known to his friends. Dr. Mullens, with the zeal of a young missionary and the enthusiasm of an old traveller, panted to take part in the work. With the high spirit and sanguine expectations which so constantly befriended him, he offered to go in person and bring his large experience to bear upon the difficulties of his younger brethren, and to reorganize and establish the mission. It was not until after he had himself fallen a victim to his heroism and consecration that the melancholy tidings reached even Mpwapa, that the promising, noble-hearted, beloved young missionary, Arthur Dodgshun, had fallen, seven days after arriving at Ujiji, a sacrifice to the great and trying exertions he had made. He, too, had finished the work which the Lord had given him to do, before the reinforcement

of the mission had left our shores. The detailed accounts which have just reached us in the able communication of Dr. Southon, permit us to follow our lamented friend day by day till he succumbed from over-fatigue, from recurrence of a chronic malady, and from an attack of African fever. We can discern his cheery, active habit, we almost hear his well-remembered "All right," when condoled with on the hardships of the way, minimising them, triumphing over them, until the last days arrived. It is of unspeakable comfort to his friends that he should have received from Dr. Southon, and from Dr. Baxter, of the Church Missionary Society, all the help which human hands could give. But the Master came and called for him, and we know from intimate knowledge of him that he was not unwilling, but even anxious to depart and to be with Christ. The foundations of this mission have been laid in holy deaths and with precious dust. We have taken possession of the land with memories that will not die. Livingstone, Thompson, Dodgshun, and Mullens, and the brave martyrs of the Victoria Nyanza hold the fortress, and before long the victory will be won.

In the death of Dr. Mullens the London Missionary Society, and the mission cause generally, suffer an immense loss.

Dr. Mullens was physically robust, intellectually clear-minded and strong-willed. He was conscientious, temperate, indifferent to wealth, and trustful of the providence of God, and had undaunted faith in the ultimate victory of the kingdom of Christ. He had such unusual power of looking on the bright side of disaster and disappointment, that it slightly interfered with his faculty of sympathy. His memory was remarkably retentive. His manner was somewhat abrupt and dogmatic, and his *foible* was omniscience of all matters in every part of the missionary field, surpassing the knowledge of the men who were busily employed upon it. His administrative ability was very great. He could work at his desk without fatigue for more hours than most men, and thought and wrote with unusual rapidity and clearness. Thus he was able to undertake and accomplish many things with comparative ease. He could turn his attention from one pursuit to another with extreme facility. He usually had some literary project in hand, and others in anticipation, even while attending to his official duties. Perhaps the latter suffered a little through the eagerness with which he pursued his researches, for one book or article was seldom completed, or one course of travel ended, ere his thoughts were busy with some other enterprise. If his work as a teacher, traveller, writer, and secretary of a great society during some of the most critical years of its history be summarized, it will be seen that few men have accomplished so much. Good health, a methodical mind, temperate habits, a clear head, and resolute will aided him, but yet more did an absorbing interest in the great work to which his life was given. His matter-of-fact manner and interest in many things—for he had a remarkable fund of information, and there were few topics on which he could not converse freely and intelligently—concealed from strangers his intense missionary zeal, but no one could know him intimately without feeling how unselfishly, entirely, and nobly his whole nature was consecrated to the cause of foreign missions; nor have we ever known more than one person whose knowledge of them was as wide as his. It was his invariable custom before retiring to rest—which was seldom at a late hour—to walk, in India on the roof of his house, and in England in his bed-room, meditating on the events of the day. He slept well when he did sleep, and this as well as all else he did, was with a will, so that when he awoke he was wide awake for the day. Though the writer was in his company hundreds of evenings, he never remembers seeing him drowsy. His study was a model of order. Friends often wondered what became of all the papers used in the preparation of his books. Dr. Mullens was altogether a strong man, and as it often is with such, a *little* hard. He was strong in his confidence in God, strong in moral integrity, strong in intellectual insight and acquisition, and strong in power and will to work for God among the heathen. The missionary cause has lost in him one of its greatest leaders. Few men have travelled more widely, and perhaps no man has ever furnished himself, by ocular inspection, with so much knowledge of missionary work. He saw all its weakness and rejoiced in its strength and progress, while his faith in its ultimate victory never failed him.

EYES, FEET, AND HANDS.

"A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers." —PROV. vi. 12, 13.

YOU have seen a boy very angry at another for telling tales of him which he wished kept secret, and which he thought no one knew of. But did it ever occur to you that this very boy was all the while telling everybody he met—strangers as well as friends—every one of the things he wished kept secret?

Naughty people think nobody knows anything about their naughtiness, when the truth is that everybody knows it—at least, every person who studies the Bible, for it is the best of all books for revealing secrets and uncovering character. Recently there was a man who created quite a sensation in this country by professing to read men's thoughts. He attempted to tell persons what they were thinking about when they came before him. But the Bible teaches you how you can read in the man's eyes, fingers, and feet thoughts that have passed through his mind many years before; in other words, a bad person tells out his own character without intending it or even knowing that he is telling it. The inward character of the man is expressed through mouth, eyes, hands, and feet.

1. EYES.—"He winketh with his eyes." How much of the character the eye expresses! There is the open, clear, intelligent look that speaks volumes. There is the low, cunning look, the guilty, stealthy look of the criminal—well known and easily detected by experts. It says as plainly as words can, "I am not to be trusted; I am a wrong-doer." And that is its language when the person is trying to make the opposite impression upon you. While the tongue is stammering out its self-praise, its tale of sorrow or misfortune, the eye is telling the truth and giving the lie to the whole utterance. Two young loafers entered a gentleman's office in New York city and told their story so well that the gentleman took out his purse to help them. As he opened it he chanced to spy one of them throwing a side-look to his companion which said plainly, "We've fooled the old novice, Dick; we'll soon have a drink!" The gentleman returned his purse to his pocket, ordered them from his presence, put a detective on their track, and that night they were lodged in the Tombs.

The eye speaks all the motions of the mind. It can command, entreat, repel, invite, subdue. How different the clear, calm, quiet look of the virtuous eye from that of the confused blink of the felon's eye! The Greek language is not more beautiful in the flow of its rhythm or expressive in the force and vigour of its style than is the language of the well-stored mind, the cultivated intellect, and the warm heart, all of which speak through the eye. Nor can words tell more plainly the barrenness of intellect, the poverty of mind, and the hollowness of the heart than does the vacant look, the stolid gaze. "The eyes of a fool," says Solomon, "are in the ends of the earth."

Emerson says, "The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind." . . . "The alleged power to charm down insanity or ferocity in beasts is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be signified in the eye."

2. FEET express the character. Look at the business man on Broadway with his keen eye fixed and his firm step speeding toward a certain point; then look at the aimless stare and shuffling wriggle of the young loafer. Do not these speak with their feet a language as articulate as words? So expressive of character are the feet in their movements, that we have a class of lazy, good-for-nothing men named after them. How much of bad character is expressed in the one word "tramp." So the Bible, recognising this fact, often designates the whole character of man by the word "walk." "Walk worthy of the vocation." "Enoch walked with God."

3. THE HANDS, too, have a language. The wave of the hand, the use of the hands in public address, the sign or signal between two persons. The dumb talk altogether with their hands or fingers. The two hands with dilated fingers held out from the face—I never knew the meaning of this sign, except that I knew it to be the sign used by those who are far removed from the character, breeding, and refinement of a gentleman. There is not a member of the body but is vocal in proclaiming the character of the person. Emerson says that Balzac left a

manuscript in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical. But as it has not been given to man the power to stand guard at once over these four simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth and you will know the whole man."

REMARKS.

1. Would you be received and treated as a worthy person in the community? then you must be worthy at heart.
2. Would you be known in your neighbourhood as an honest, upright, true man? then you must be such at heart.
3. Would you aspire to rank in the community as a lady or gentleman? you must be such in every fibre of your being; and then your eyes will look it, your tongue will utter it, your feet will proclaim it, your hands will hint it, your every member and motion will declare it. Character carries its own certificate always with it.
4. Would you have angels rejoice over you as a repentant, returned sinner? then repent, return. There is no joy in heaven over counterfeits, but over real true penitents.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

DR. G. H. SMYTH.

A DYING NONAGENARIAN'S STATEMENT.

THE Rev. Dr. A. Bonar, in presiding at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper at Mildmay Conference, last June, said:—"It was when the Lord's Supper was spread, as it is before us now, that one who afterwards long served the Lord, got a vivid sight of him.

"A minister had word brought him that an old saint, fast approaching the age of ninety, was about to die, and that if he wished to see him he must hasten to his bedside. He immediately went, and found that the aged saint lived in a cottage quite alone. When he reached the door he saw it open, and walked in.

"He seated himself by the bedside of the old man, whose eyes were dim, and who, not being able to see his visitor, went on speaking as if no one were present. The words he murmured were these, 'Remember my death till I come.' 'Do this in remembrance of me.' The minister said to him, 'Whose death is it that you wish to remember?' The old saint replied, 'I am thinking of the death of Him by whose death I got life, and shall so be enabled to go through the valley of the shadow of death, and have no fear.'

"Is it long since you knew him?' inquired the minister. 'Forty years ago,' was the reply. 'It was when I was looking on at some people partaking of the Lord's Supper, and just as the minister lifted the bread and broke it, and said, 'This is My body broken for you. Do this in remembrance of Me,' *I got a sight of my Saviour which I never had before*, and I saw the meaning of Christ dying for sinners. It was then I knew the Lord. When you came in just now I was thinking of that Communion scene, and I was repeating the words, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.'

"The dying man's voice faltered, and he ceased speaking. 'Shall I pray with you?' asked the minister. The aged saint said he would be glad, and suggested one of the Petitions which should be offered. The minister had not long engaged in prayer when there was a deep silence in the room. At the close of his prayer he looked towards the old man, and found that *his soul had fled*. He had passed through the valley, and without fear. May I now say to you who are about to communicate that I trust you will have such a view of Christ broken, Christ bruised for you, that you will carry it with you as a source of strength and joy?"

A PICTURE OF THE ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT.

THE following passages are from an article in the *Rock*, entitled, "Episcopal and Evangelical Apathy":

"No wonder that the Church of England should be in a consumptive state when many of its ministers are mere hirelings, whose chief motive for wishing to be put into 'one of the priests' offices' is that they may obtain 'a morsel of bread.' Must it not strike the calm-thinking portion of the laity as an inexplicable anomaly, that while the heads of the Ritualistic Conspiracy are abusing the Church of England, railing against her Articles, denouncing her Protestantism, defying her bishops, superseding the service of the Holy Communion by the sacrifice of the Mass, and earnestly desiring corporate reunion with the corrupt Church of Rome, these clergymen should, in spite of such glaring inconsistency, retain their benefices and pocket the emoluments? And there can be but one way of satisfactorily explaining the riddle, viz., that these clergymen are playing a double part—apparently members of the English Church, though in principle and sympathy entirely in union with the Church of Rome—if not really and furtively belonging to her communion. As such, they can, without the slightest scruple, swear anything, however false, so that it be calculated to advance in any way the interests of 'the Church' to which they are, in their secret souls, the attached and faithful adherents.

"What the Church of England must do in the present crisis is to get back as quickly as possible to the state of things anterior to the so-called 'Catholic revival.' Otherwise there is not the slightest chance that the Church of England can remain a national Establishment. Nothing now can save her but the action of Parliament. The confusion is spreading on every side. More than 2,500 clergymen are openly preaching Popish doctrines. Upwards of 1,100 have been in treaty, by their representatives, with a Romish cardinal, with the view of absorption into the Church of Rome. Every day we read of perversions both of clergy and laity—mostly in good positions, and almost all from the educated classes. There is nothing done to offer any effectual resistance to this apostasy. The Public Worship Regulation Act, owing to the keen-eyed criticism of lawyers, is so defective, that out of eleven or twelve cases of prosecution only one seems to have come within the limits of the law to any purpose. The Press for the most part is silent.

"Like the sliding snow, Ritualism has for some years past been gathering strength and volume, and now, swelled into an avalanche, it threatens to overturn in its progress the national Establishment itself.

"The very first movement for the overthrow of the Establishment will be the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords. Already the arrow is on the string. The Radical party see their chance, and when they next come into power it will be in the interests of Protestantism. The present Government are weak—not in its chief, who is a staunch Protestant—but in his colleagues, the majority of whom are tainted with High Churchism. The people are still sound at heart, and at the next general election the watchword will be, 'The Protestant religion and the liberties of England.' No Government will obtain popular favour in the next Parliament which will not take up the burning question of the hour, and do something really effective to put down Ritualism."

WHAT THE PEW SAID TO THE PULPIT ONE MONDAY MORNING.

The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.—HAB. ii. 11.

I HAD occasion lately, on a Monday morning, to enter a place of worship, which it may be as well not to mention by name. No one was there but myself, and, to my surprise, I heard, or thought I heard, a conversation between the Pulpit and a somewhat forward Pew. The Pew had most to say, and seemed to justify its right to the larger share of the talk, on the ground that the Pulpit had had all to say on the previous Sabbath.

"Well, neighbour," said the Pew, "we heard you, or, at any rate, tried to hear you yesterday." "Tried to hear me," replied the Pulpit, "I thought my voice was loud enough to be heard all over the place." "That may be," said the Pew, "I don't complain of your voice, excepting that it is sometimes needlessly loud. Our difficulty in hearing you arises, not from any lack of power in your voice, but from a lack of power in what you say. There are pulpits whence sounds 'only a still small voice,' but they are listened to with much more attention than you can command." "There were not many here yesterday," said the Pulpit, "and I don't much wonder that the congregation was so thin. It was a very wet day, and you can't expect people to run the risk of catching their death of cold." "Yes," said the Pew, "it was a wet day, but it won't do to throw the blame upon the weather. I have a relative in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and he tells me that, no matter what the weather is, it makes no difference." "But," answered the Pulpit, rather testily, "your pews are so narrow, cold, and uncomfortable, that people, in these luxurious days, won't submit to the torture to which you would subject them." "If we are narrow," said the Pew, "whose fault is that? We were made narrow for your sake, that you might have more of us, and make more by us; but you say that we are cold. I wonder that you are not ashamed to speak so. You ought to be, the stove of the whole place; if you were warm we should be warm too. I admit that we afford but little comfort, yet we are not quite as bad as some others. There is a nephew of mine, a Pew in a church in the south end of the town, and, although he is as narrow as a knife-board, and as hard as a Yorkshire flag-stone, he is always fully occupied. Indeed, if you were to make us more comfortable, our tenants, already too apt to get drowsy while you drone over their heads, would fall fast asleep." "Well, Mr. Pew," quoth the Pulpit, "you will admit that it is very depressing to have to preach—excuse me—to wooden benches, with a few people scattered here and there upon them. Give me a crowd and then see how inspired I shall be, and what interest will be felt by the congregation!" "Give you a crowd," replied the Pew, "pardon me, Rev. Sir, but it is none of my business to obtain a crowd for you; if you wish to go in for a crowd, you must get it by your own exertions. But, to be frank with you, I must say that your dependence upon a crowd for inspiration does not appear to me to be orthodox. Did the First Preacher of Christianity depend on a crowd for His inspiration? You know as well as I that He spoke with just as much earnestness, fervour and power, when His only hearer was the woman of Samaria, and when He conversed privately with Nicodemus, as when, on the Mount, or from Peter's fishing boat, He preached to thousands. And pray, sir, when did Paul preach better than when he said to the jailor 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?' But you, forsooth, must have a crowd, or you are cold, feeble, flat, dull, dead. Is it not written, 'whosoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them?' It does not seem to occur to you that He is one of your hearers. Ought not His presence to be an inspiration greater and purer than can be given by as many thousands as your stentorian voice could reach? Sir, there is something unhealthy in that dependence upon numbers, and, in whatever degree either you or those who hear you are more animated and excited in the presence of a great many than in the presence of a few, that greater animation and excitement are not of God." "Perhaps," said the Pulpit in a softened tone, "perhaps my discourses are too long. There is a great outcry now-a-days against sermons that exceed a quarter of an hour, or, at the most, twenty minutes. The glorious days are past when Pulpit and Pew held on, with unflagging interest, for a matter of an hour and a-half. I must be briefer than I have been." "It would be an improvement," replied the Pew, "and it would be thankfully appreciated, especially by your younger hearers. Yet, sir, if I may make so bold, it is possible to combine the greatest tediousness with the greatest brevity. The crowds you so much desire go to hear the long and longest, certainly not the shortest discourses. Beneath one pulpit they will listen with breathless attention for fully an hour, beneath another the first ten minutes produce feelings of intolerable weariness. No, it is not the time you occupy, but the stuff you put into it; it is this that determines the question whether the people will vote you a bore, or think you a capital preacher." "I really don't know how it is," said the Pulpit, "do what I will I can command the attendance of but few, and the attention of still fewer." "But I know how it is,"

answered the Pew; "I listened to you yesterday, just listen to me now. I believe that you are sound in the faith; I have heard no complaints of your abandoning the old truths and taking up with new fangled notions. So far well. But you don't sufficiently adapt yourself to the states and circumstances of those whom you address. Here we have young and old, rich and poor, the happy and the sorrowful, some who are very much at leisure, and some who lead very toilsome lives; and some come from homes of comfort, and some from homes that are full of trouble and wretchedness. The pulpit should supply to each a portion of meat in due season. You search the Scriptures; search them by all means; for there you will find the variety of food which the souls of men require; milk for babes, strong meat for men, and wine for those that are of heavy heart. Search the Scriptures, but don't neglect the study of mankind, the study of society around you. Be in your preaching as divine as you can; but be human also. Learn all that you can about men's hearts, and homes, and business, all that you can about their temptations and their trials; and when from that great treasury, which is full of things both new and old, you bring forth the truths that are fitted to meet their various wants, if you don't draw great crowds, you will command the attention and the confidence of all, be they many or few, who will listen to you, and, what is of far greater importance, you will be the means of saving their souls. And, above all, brother Pulpit—for you and I are brethren, although you are somewhat taller—don't be afraid, don't be ashamed to preach Christ and Him crucified. My fellow Pews and I often have a chat about the people we have accommodated, and the manner in which they seemed affected, and we all agree in this, that there is least dissatisfaction when 'Christ and His Cross is all your theme.' But were the case otherwise, were the Cross so offensive as to drive all away from us, we should feel that still we had done our duty and been faithful. Of such offence, however, there is no fear; Pulpit and Pew alike have ample testimony everywhere, that when a crucified Jesus is lifted up He draws all men unto him. You preach Christ, and I promise you that we will very gladly hear." "Pray for me," said the Pulpit. "That I will, with all my heart," replied the Pew; and so their plain talk ended.

THE SECRET.

"I NOTICED," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others at work on a house being erected but a little way from my office, who always seemed to be in a merry humour, who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to say an unkind word to anybody."

What influence, then, has woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions!

Speak gently, then; greeting after the toil of the day is over costs nothing, and goes far toward making home happy and peaceful.

DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY.

MR. CREWES, with his wife and child, was to embark in the "Norfolk" for New Zealand, on Wednesday, October 22nd.



Henry Ashp.

PORTSMOUTH.

W. H. H. & C.

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THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

MR. HENRY ASH.

WE can hardly issue the portrait this month without a word of description and retrospect. Mr. Henry Ash, of Portsmouth, is one of the best friends of our Denomination, and one of the firmest pillars of the prosperous church in the town in which he has long lived. It is more than a quarter of a century since we first looked on his pleasant face, and listened to his cheery voice. He was then living in his native village in the Isle of Wight. Soon afterwards, in the prosecution of his business, he removed to Portsmouth. The Lord has blessed and prospered him greatly; and it has been his wisdom to recognise this in various ways. He has delighted to help on the Lord's cause, but Sunday-school work is the work he best loves, and for which perhaps he is best fitted. As the Superintendent of the school which met for many years at Grosvenor-street, South-sea, and, since the erection of the chapel in Brougham-road, in that place, to which church, congregation, and school removed when it was completed, no one can be more respected and beloved. He has done, he is doing, a great work there, and doing it well. He enjoys the confidence equally of the teachers and children, and for many years the school has not only rejoiced in large numbers, but has been conducted with efficiency and success. Long may he be spared to continue at his post, and we are persuaded he will never desert it till the Master Himself lays him aside, or calls him higher. The church and congregation at Brougham-road are mainly indebted to Mr. Ash and to a few others like-minded with himself, for the beautiful sanctuary in which they worship God. Only a few

DECEMBER, 1879.

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months since Mr. Ash was stricken down by dangerous illness, and his life for many days was despaired of. His recovery appeared almost a miracle, but prayer unceasing was made by many to God for him, who in His goodness listened to the cry of His people, and in mercy gave him back to his family and his friends, and many will join us in the heartfelt wish that it may be for his comfort, and the Divine glory, as we are sure it is a well-spring of joy to his family and his numerous friends.

THE CHARGE

*Delivered to the YOUNG BRETHREN received into FULL CONNEXION
by the BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE on Friday, August 1st,
1879, by the Ex-President, J. C. HONEY.
(Published by request.)*

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—Yours is the highest honour which God has to give. He can confer upon you nothing greater than the ministry of His grace to sinful men; He can commit to you no more solemn trust than the preaching of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ. And I could wish myself standing with you to-day that my life might be lengthened for this work by the years which bridge the interval between you and me.

You may well be the subjects of intense emotion. You have deliberately chosen a life-long conflict with sin. The unending destiny of souls hangs upon your ministry; your work is not for time only but for eternity; you have to maintain the honour, and vindicate the claims, and unfold the ineffable glories of the God-head; you have to bear the Saviour's message of love, and mercy, and forgiveness, and hope to the perishing; you have to build up men in imperishable goodness, and fit them for endless bliss. Standing as you do at the entrance of this momentous mission, you gather to yourselves unutterable solitudes and fervent prayers, and could we for a brief moment look into the spiritual world, we should see other eyes looking upon you with a tenderer interest than our poor sympathies will permit us to feel.

It is vastly important that, in at least two particulars, you should have the most distinct and certain conceptions:—

First of the Work you aim to accomplish. What do you intend to do, brethren? How do you intend to do it? No enterprise can reasonably expect success or deserves it, which is conducted at haphazard, and nothing that can possibly engage attention more urgently demands it, or is more worthy of definiteness than the enterprise you have undertaken. You will move in the direction

of your supreme object ; you will be influenced by your own ideal ; yours will be concentrated force.

Be men of one idea : but that idea must be true to the purpose of the Saviour's life, and sufferings, and death. Think of it till it absorbs you, thrills you, controls you ; till it burn in you like a passion ; till the whole of life—its mental force, its social power, its moral influence, its physical energies, its secular possessions—swell the deep and steady flow of a purpose from which ease, and pleasure, and society, and gold, and popularity, shall never tempt you aside. It is said of an old divine “that whatever he took in hand was by his incessant solicitude for souls converted to theology.” You will be often tempted to subordinate the central theme of the ministry to less worthy considerations, but never forget that the *Gospel* ministry is committed to you. “I determined,” said Paul, “not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.” Paul's “one idea” gave birth to a grand succession of thoughts and deeds which have exerted a potent influence upon eighteen centuries, and hold their place to-day in the love and admiration of millions of men.

Hardly second to this is *the perpetual realization of your divine call*. You will need to be sure of this ; you must not live upon an historical experience. You will need to fall back upon your call when the ground is hard and rocky, when ungracious judgments are passed upon you, when your prayers seem as if they never would come back in blessing, and when your whole life and labour seem poor and useless. What consolation Elijah must have felt as he sat in solitude by the brook, and watched its drying up, and waited for further directions, as he thought “God sent me here.” Christ Himself seemed to be strengthened by the thought that He was carrying out a mission given Him by His Father. Again and again He reverts to it. “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ?” “My meat and drink is to do the will of Him that sent me.” “I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do.” In every case but one where the name of Paul stands alone in the opening of his Epistles, he declares his divine call to the apostleship. It was to his mind an abiding element of power, endurance, and constancy. If you feel sure that your appointment is divine, that yours is not a self-chosen work, it will give to your ministry a tone of blended humility and authority, the out-growth of conscious dependence upon God and of infinite resources in God.

As ministers of the Gospel you cannot, even if you would, divest yourself of *leadership*. You are by your position leaders of Christian thought and activity. We claim for the Christian ministry no priestly prerogatives. An assumed authority over other men's con-

sciences, a dictatorial dogmatism towards the opinions and actions of other men, is not our idea of the true minister. But whatever you are not you are leaders. You are what the Alpine guide is to the untravelled tourist; what a father, or at least an elder brother, is to the family; what the builder is to some great work of architectural or engineering skill; and what a general is to an army. The careless guide, the unworthy father, the faulty builder, the incompetent general involve others in their sad self-caused failures, and draw to themselves the reprobation of men; but there is no carelessness so careless, no unworthiness so unworthy, no fault so faulty, no incompetence so incompetent, and no failure so great a failure, as these defects in a minister. We may have our Isandulas too—but, oh! who can estimate the irretrievable issues.

You are Bible Christian Ministers.—We use the term in no invidious sense, but you have entered an organization which works on the Connexional principle. The power of a Denomination to do work for God largely depends upon its homogeneity. It is most potent when the rights of individuality and the limits of independent action are made to blend, when mental and moral force find room for free action, and yet fit into the organized unity and serve a common end. The blending of forces is the divine order of working. You rarely find a natural agent employed singly in the outworking of nature's manifold operations, and a Connexional organization, founded upon true principles, adjusts the rights, and guards the liberties, and employs the varied gifts of minister and layman, young and old, rich and poor, as no system of isolation can do. But erratic lawlessness is incompatible with the benefits of organization. Be careful therefore how you tamper with Connexional institutions, usages, and methods of work. As you have followed other men so others will follow you. We must be workers together if we succeed.

The cry in some quarters against denominational churches—the plea that makes it a special merit to be outside all church systems, though it set up one of the worst and narrowest forms of sectarianism—is both unnatural and unscriptural. Christian work organized on the denominational basis is the most economical financially, and in personal energy also; and God always economises force in His works. It has secured so much of the divine blessing that a large part of the work done for Christ in the world has been done by its agency. A Denomination is a family of churches; and as the family honour, happiness, and influence, depend upon the family life and love, so will our prosperity be enlarged or affected by the kindly interests and attachments we cherish to the whole community of which we form a part. Cherish strong denominational

sentiments, manfully help bear its burdens, jealously guard its honour, and enter into the spirit and life of the Connexion if you will be its honoured and trusted sons.

Nor will your Christian sympathies be narrowed, they will be enlarged by this. The love of all alike is love of none in particular. A love attenuated and diffused is like a diluted essence. The fountains which give birth to great rivers are always localized, but their streams make fertile the distant valleys. So a great and absorbing love in a given direction sends out in other directions its practical fruit. You will not love other churches less because you love your own most.

The power of the Denomination lies on the practical side chiefly. Active rather than studious; it is not so much the laboratory of the scientist as it is the utilization of the great elemental forces to the real wants of man. We are not theological gladiators entering the lists against every form of error, but our credentials are the opening of blind eyes, unstopping deaf ears, and preaching the gospel to the poor. Not the life of the literary recluse, but the open field is before you. Yours must be a life of work. If you have come into the ministry to be gentlemen in the conventional sense, to live a life of ease and respectability, to be admitted within the circles of our best families, then I say plainly, you have mistaken your calling. We have no place for you; you are not wanted. Go to the shop, or the field, or the mine; to the merchant's office, behind the counter, or to the author's study; anywhere rather than here. You are sure to be disappointed, dissatisfied, and useless; but if you have come for work—Christ-like, hard, ungrudging, continuous work, that does not measure itself by miles nor count its value by money, then we welcome you in the name of the Lord. You may, like Elisha, burn the plough and sacrifice the oxen. You will want them no more. We promise no great emoluments nor high distinctions, but if you get only a second-hand mantle with a double portion of the Spirit you shall perform miracles yet.

You have not to discuss the Divine existence, the deity of Christ, the authority of the Scriptures, the universality and sufficiency of the Atonement, the personality and work of the Holy Spirit as unsolved problems, but to unfold and apply the great system of which these are central truths. The agriculturist does not try to prove that the sun is in the heavens, but he turns his light and heat into the beauty of living growths, and the wealth of golden harvests.

It may occur to you that this will probably make a superficial ministry, that our people will be built up on mere generalities, if

not vague sentimentalities, rather than on truth intelligently understood. But we argue not against accumulation, but for distribution. We must have before we can give; but to live for the pleasure of grand conceptions without reference to practical uses, is in a minister the saddest form of selfishness. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Great thoughts are like seed-corn—unsown it may represent the owner's wealth, but cast into the common earth it changes wastes into fruitful beauty, feeds the hungry, and multiplies in the hand of the sower. An active ministry need not be an ignorant ministry.

You must not *lay down the lines of duty within too narrow limits*. It is often said, *this* is a minister's duty, and *that* a layman's; but you will often have to do your own and other people's too. If you have not to do everything, you must see that everything is done. Your work will be so varied and diverse that you cannot tabulate it and work it out by rule. Everything which concerns the general prosperity of the church concerns you. Many a failure arises from not anticipating and providing for the details of work. You will be surprised at the amount of work which may be accomplished by fitting in things and keeping every department in action. You cannot afford to let a church stand still. When it stands still it ceases to grow, and when it ceases to grow it begins to die, and dissolution quickly follows. The unhappy dissensions of many a church may be traced to lack of growth, which the organizing capacity would have prevented.

Attention to two or three things will tell greatly upon your ministry. *The hope of the Church lies largely in the direction of the young*. The perfection of church life, like that of social life, is in the intermingling of persons of all ages in services of worship and work. Meet the warm sympathies of the young with genial warm-heartedness; gather them around you; win their love; enter into their innocent pastimes; hold meetings with them; direct them in scriptural research; lead them to Christ; employ them early in such work as they are fitted for; and the circuits will not languish for the want of local preachers, nor societies fall into disorganisation for the lack of efficient officers.

Then there are *meetings for fellowship which minister directly to the spiritual life*. Whatever may be said about class and prayer meetings they are accessories to the preaching of the gospel which no wise minister will be likely to disregard. They are engines of moral power in quickening the soul. Those who meet you there will be drawn to you in Christian affection; they will defend you from aspersion, and put the most favourable construction upon your words and deeds. They will be the first to rally around you in any

undertaking you may inaugurate ; they will help to give the initial force to the movement, and a multitude will join in the triumphant advance.

You must not *overlook pastoral visitation*. Matthew Henry said, " Rely upon it, he who hopes to discharge the duties of the pulpit ably, appropriately, seasonably, and to the greatest utility to his flock, without being much with them, entertains a hope which is perfectly unreasonable, and will certainly be disappointed." It is astounding how some men speak of other men who make this work a matter of conscience, as if they were wasting their life in idle gossip. A good man will never find it difficult to make his visits becoming his high vocation, and consistent with true sociability. Visiting the people is Christ-like and apostolic ; the most successful ministers have been apt at it ; where among us is the man who largely succeeds without it ? Its effect upon your own life will be incalculable. O the joy of the blessing of the poor, the suffering, and the dying ! It will lay open to you the wonderful book of human nature, without a knowledge of which you will be always drawing your bow at a venture. The physician must know not only the properties of the medicine he prescribes, but also the human structure upon which the medicines are to act ; and to you the knowledge of man is next in importance to the knowledge of the Bible itself.

Just a word or two *of caution*. Do not be slow to recognise other men's power. You may not understand the secret of it ; it may not be along your line, but do not detract from it. Be large-hearted, large-minded, manly men, and accept the results though you may not know the processes. Some men's power is mainly intellectual, some chiefly social, some possess a rich moral force, while others seem to have all in such delicate equipoise that you can hardly say which predominates. Their life is like commingled perfume of a garden of many flowers. The air is full of sweet odours, but which is from the lily or which from the rose you cannot tell. If men are won to Christ, if they are energised, if they are lifted up into a happier, holier, better life, there is power somewhere, for no man succeeds without power.

Do not hide failure behind subterfuges.—I have known churches which for years have been "consolidating"—*fossilizing* is a better term—till nearly everything is gone. There are two ways of ridding a garden of sickly growths—you may pull them up and throw them over the fence, or what is better you may enrich the soil and develop a healthy vigorous growth. There may be causes which operate unfavourably in the life of churches, but the gospel has won its grandest triumphs amidst the fiercest opposition. For

my part I always feel in my failures there are causes behind causes with which I am not altogether disassociated.

One point more before I conclude, namely, *The influence of your character upon your own life and ministry.* This is more important than all I have hitherto said. The gospel is a gospel of goodness, honesty, sincerity, love, purity, spirituality, and if you are lacking in any one of these, the force of your message is by so much broken. In the early age of the gospel it became "proverbial that Christian men were more beautiful livers than other men. It was the beauty of Christian life that overcame philosophy, and won the way for Christian doctrine."* Christ's character has been and is mightier than His miracles. Had there been elements of character contradictory to the principles of His teaching, He would never have won the love, and trust, and hope, and homage of the myriads of His universal church. And what you *are* will be mightier than what you *do*. The divine order is, first consecration, then service. "All things are of God, who hath received us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." At the opening of the great commission at Pentecost "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake." "When they prayed the place where they were assembled was shaken, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake the word of God with boldness." "Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." This is the unvarying record. It is not always an easy thing to keep the heart fresh. Moses upon the mount grew weary before Joshua in the field. Keepers of the vineyards, our own may not be kept. It is easy to fall into a dull habit of religious performance. You may study the Bible so as to divert the streams of heavenly comfort from the heart. But Christ realized in the fulness of His atoning merit and love, dwelling and ruling in the heart, will be an inspiration which will invest all you do with the force of reality. He will give to the Bible a new beauty and fulness of meaning, and make it glow and expand with heavenliness, and as the sun not only reveals the beauty which he creates but himself, so, bathed in the glory of His presence we shall see as nowhere else the majesty and loveliness of His person, and the blessedness and grandeur of His work. The rapture of His love will give a fervour, and freshness, and confidence to your words, and crown you with moral omnipotence.

Oh! my brethren you must keep an open way to God. Then you will be soul-winners, without which no success ought to satisfy you. If you do not succeed in saving souls your work is a failure, and who can say all that is meant in ministerial failure.

* Beecher's Lectures on Preaching.

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You place yourself now upon the altar—*do you?* yes, well, then you are the Lord's henceforth. To take back the consecrated gift is sacrilege. Let nothing draw you aside from your magnificent enterprise. Remember the Saviour is watching you, He is with you, He enters into all your trials, He is waiting for you. For a time He places His honour and His work in your hands, and His message is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

J. C. HONEY.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

WE are at length drawing to the close of a very eventful year. Already we see signs of Winter's approach; already we recognise the stillness and gloom which envelop us during the sleep of Nature. With the hushing of the vocal woods, the bared trees, and the withered leaves at our feet; wandering perhaps sadly through walks once paced with exulting joy as the full flush of green summer filled our hearts; what wonder, if our thoughts revert to the Past, opening up a long track that began many years ago, as a tiny figure stepped timidly forth upon the arena of a great unknown world? This is emphatically the season of retrospect; it is the time when the most careless of mankind is brought strongly into contact with the fact that *one* more period has been told off from a brief, brief lifetime; *one* more weighty balance sheet gone up to the tribunal of heaven as a sure record of the year's doings. It is a pathetic thought this, that by the shedding of the beautiful mantle which so recently clothed the outer world, by the change and decay arresting our attention, and touching us to the quick, we should mysteriously be brought to consider how swift and certain is the flight of Time—our time—how rapid and yet unmarked has been the passing away which now strikes us with such solemn emphasis. Thus would the merciful God teach us to treasure as jewels of rare value the moments speeding away from us to bear their story to eternity!

From time to time, the subscribers to this Journal have doubtless perused the words coming from my pen. Let me, for once then, drop the formal "we," and at this time of mutual love and friendship, speak face to face, and heart to heart, by the more familiar first person singular. So long have I by means of this channel addressed a goodly number of thoughtful readers that I begin to view them, although strangers, yet as a circle of comrades in arms; like myself, filled with a desire to benefit and ennoble some of their fellows; like me longing to speak some words which may sink deep in some hearts, or give such comfort and hope to the distressed as may be available. Can I doubt then, that these dear friends of mine,—unseen, unknown, but yet ever present with me as I sit down to write,—are turning their eyes backwards at this season, or feel any misgivings lest they should not enter into what I am about

to say through this medium? Surely not, and therefore let me in a few earnest words expand the heading of this paper.

I am afraid that it must be acknowledged that there are some who rarely trouble themselves about the Past at all. It is a strange fact that a vast number of those about us are now-a-days living in a kind of fluster and flurry which absolutely allows them no time for that very salutary retrospect which leads men to meditate by what road they are travelling, and teaches them to look upon life in all its bearings, especially those which are immortal. This is a sad truth, but even to the most world-engrossed there come at times *some* stings of memory, some keen shafts that pierce the conscience and send a tear to the eye, or a throb to the heart unbidden. Some people would willingly shut out all thoughts of the past, but a Father above is more merciful to them than they are to themselves, and He has so constituted us all that we *must* "look back" sometimes, however distasteful may be the process. But then if there are many such, on the other hand there is a smaller gathering of our brothers and sisters, a select inner circle distinguished by impassioned natures, and the quickened sensibility of higher organisation, who are sensitive to the lightest touch, and by the smallest reference to anything connecting itself with bygone days, find immediately the theatre of life reopened, wherein they spoke, thought, and acted. Looking back over years hidden by the mist of tears and bitter regrets they seem to be transported far, far away; or directing their musings to joyous days whose merry peals have long since been silenced in the grave, they waken the echoes of ancient hopes that thrilled their bosoms, and seem to call back in fancy the voices which sang sweet music of love to their ears; or to speak face to face with the darlings never to be met in this world again! O reader of mine, who mayst thus be looking back, have you not drawn sweet solace from the touching words of a household poet, when oppressed and weary because of the blanks made around by Death:—

"She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution—
She *lives* whom we call dead!"

How beautiful are the verses of this same poet dispersed here and there throughout his works, where he felicitously brings out this wonderful power of retrospection which all possess! How inimitably does he represent this "looking back" in all its subtle and far-reaching influences! Like all true poets Longfellow knew that the very essence of life, the marrow of our existence, lies hid in that potent spell which somehow—how we know not—chains the present to the past, and builds up the complete history of ourselves and others out of the mere shadow of a shade, the breath of memory fusing all incoherency into harmony and feeling. How slight and

trivial a thing (as we speak) will unlock the chambers of our secret selves, and revivify long forgotten pains and pleasures ! We cannot give a reason for it ; but the withered flower ; the lock of hair ; aye, even the merest shred and remnants that whisper of a form now vanished are so powerful that in the silence of the twilight hour, in the solitude of the closet they can weave a web of meditation around us, wherein all our present surroundings are ignored, and we exist in an ærial dreamland which comes and places us as the central figure ; for, in the words of another :—

“How slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever ; it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer’s eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean which shall wound ;
Striking the electric chain by which we’re darkly bound.”

Doubtless many parents are just now looking back to when the year first opened. Then, it may be, they had a sweet little angel by their side, since sped away back to the God who gave it. Beautiful was the living gift, and they adored the Giver, but it was hard, hard work to look up to heaven with a clear brow after the tiny voice was hushed in the last sleep. I can well understand how arduous that lesson was to learn, but I am certain you are the better for it, and assuredly that innocent lamb of yours is none the worse ! Consider but for a moment, then, how blessed the exchange from this fighting, tumultuous world to that “land of pure delight” about which those dear little lips used so often to sing to you in a childish rapture ! When you stand with bowed figures by the edge of that flowery little grave ; when you rain your tears down upon the tiny tomb, I long to speak words of solace to you, but alas ! how difficult also is *that* ! Who can presume to measure such grief as yours, or dare to rebuke you at such a time ? My poor brother or sister, I can but take your trembling hand and place it in the grasp of the Man of Sorrows ; I can only gently seek to turn your eyes to the Cross of Calvary ! Let me repeat to you His words, and urge you not to “sorrow as those who have no hope.” Well do I know how every little incident linked with the departed comes again to torture your spirit as you look back,—back to the tiny cradle and the joyous morning when the two little wondering eyes first met your own, the two little hands first sought you out for strength and support. One thing more I can say, and let me whisper it with infinite tenderness —“Try so to live *here*, that at last this bright figure may start out of the gloomy shades of death, and give you a glorious welcome to the shores of the eternal city.” But I need scarcely impress on your mind that which forms the dream of your lives ! You are daily panting for the meeting with that angel form yonder !

Friends, too, are looking back now, and thousands are recalling the dreary truth that this year has bereft them of a valued, trusted bosom acquaintance, who had seemed so really a part of themselves as to leave a mournful sense of something wanting behind them. Many a silent hour have they mused upon the mysterious ways of Providence ; the strange dispensation which removed the young,

energetic servant of God, and left the hoary reprobate to add more dishonour to himself and others. Such things are but too frequent, and the retrospect of friends who have been severed from their twin-selves by the rough hand of the dark angel is so softened by pathos and subdued by tenderness, that often God brings light out of darkness, joy out of the seeming sorrow. I have even thought that perhaps after all these sad bereavements are amongst the best events that befall us could we but pierce the drapery which shrouds the future state from view. The question arises as to whether we should *ever* be drawn to think so deeply about the mystery of life, the utter nothingness of time, and the tremendous importance of eternity, if there were no such convulsions in the course of our lifetimes? I think not. I feel sure that these thunderbolts alone arouse us to a vivid sense of God's power; but yet again they reveal to us in other ways His infinite mercy. It is as though He sought to lure us homewards by taking away our most precious possessions; as though He knew that nothing short of removing our idols would lead us to remember Him, and compel us to meditate upon subjects of immortal gravity. Be sure, then, that that there is more in these backward glances than appears, for influences are hovering around us which seek to hallow our painful memories, making us from them reach to nobler thoughts of our Maker and our destiny!

To some, indeed, who are "looking back," the prospect is miserable in the extreme! They seem to view a wasted lifetime, brightened here and there with temporary flashes of remorse and good resolutions; but anon the light sinks into gloom, and a funeral pall covers their subsequent career—and they dread to lift it! How earnestly sometimes does the good Spirit of God strive thus with mankind! By these old and sad recollections oftentimes men are stirred up to abandon evil habits, and to launch their frail bark upon the ocean of eternal peace. Many a poor depraved being has felt the pulses of hope beat anew, and the sanguine joy of youth return as he learnt by reflection that the Past was a blunder, and was resolved that the Future should not repeat it. May God bless all such, and may He, the Reader of human hearts, turn many in the right direction at the close of the year now slipping away for ever!

I have been thinking that everyone, good and bad alike amongst us, must feel that after all, retracing mentally our footsteps through this weary world brings many sighs of regret, many tears of sorrow, apart from those which are the necessary outcome of the ills of life. Have not ourselves been really the greatest foes to our own peace? Where are the lofty resolves we made, where the vows we solemnly registered in the sight of our Maker as this year opened? Have we lived up to the light which God has given, have we striven hard to keep in the narrow path which leadeth unto life? Alas! the looking back now is fraught with much that wounds the heart, filling us with shame and remorse! Then again, how often have we murmured and repined at our lot. Have we not actually at times questioned the wisdom of the Creator, and doubted His benevolence? Ah! readers, how much we shall learn about these things at the

hour of death! Looking back along the whole line of march, we shall then see that the things we struggled so frantically to possess with our feeble grasp would have never stayed long with us; or perchance, would have turned into the bitterest of curses. We shall see that while we were wilfully resisting the good and choosing the evil, our Father above was gently but firmly guiding us by a more excellent way. We shall then through the mists of that dark hour realise how good He has been to us in spite of all our obstinacy, and rebellion and neglect of Himself. What startling revelations will break upon our enlightened vision then! Shall we not look reverently backward and murmur penitentially—"O God Eternal, Thou hast been better to me than ever I desired or deserved! Thou hast led and guarded my feet so that they stumbled not into destruction, and has placed me upon a rock of safety." Yes, my friends, I am certain that we shall then find how far wrong our poor judgments would have drawn us, and by the light flashing from that other world shall decry angel figures, which unseen before, were yet hovering about us at dark crises in life to keep us away from harm of all kinds.

I cannot close this article, at such a momentous season, without some brief allusion to our retrospect as a nation. Can we, as a people, look back with satisfaction at the movements of our rulers, the state of our country, or to the part we have played in recent events during the year that is all but gone? What, amongst other things, do we see in that panorama of the period which has elapsed since the party now in power grasped the reins of this great nation? We find that England, once noted for her love of freedom, and her generous sympathy with the oppressed,—yet, in the teeth of all her magnificent traditions, has sided with the oppressor, and for the miserable bribe of self-interest has bartered her good name, her glorious memories; content to ally her power with an effete, cruel despotism! Still directing our gaze to the past and its rapid evolution of notable events, we see this ancient people—held to ignoble courses by a party of statesmen noted only for their public reversal of all that has made England's history worth study—forced into war with savage tribes under the flimsy pretence of "guarding the safety and increasing the prestige" of colonies confessedly snatched from those to whom they rightfully belong! We find that the reckless, unscrupulous folly of our temporary rulers has plunged the country into distress at home and made us a laughing-stock abroad; while parliamentary doings are such travesties of what they should be, as to mock our accustomed vaunt about "a free and enlightened people." Reader, I for one have no desire to preach the degeneracy of the times, but when I think about that noble, if savage monarch, who, with the unmistakable mark of stern courage on his brow, boldly fronted the hosts of England armed with all the scientific weapons of the age; when I read of his being hunted down, weary and desponding, to the kraal from which he is eventually dragged out a prisoner; when I mark the contrast between the fussy meanness of his captors, and the stately grandeur which his bearing evinced—I say, when I think of all this, I feel

ashamed to remember the part my country has played in the world's history of late! O, surely my countrymen will soon arise in their might, and sweep from power those who have so shamefully abused their true interests, and lowered the dignity of their native land!

E. CLIFFORD.

AMERICA: THERE AND BACK.

(Continued from page 497.)

May 30th.—Port Hope. Spent a little time with Mr. and Mrs. Butt. "Ice Cream Social" at 7 o'clock, with lecture, charge for all 25 cents. A Presbyterian minister spoke to a vote of thanks with great kindness.

31st.—On going into the Cobourg market, met with some friends whom I well knew in my childhood. A thunderstorm came on in the evening. The lightning was more vivid than any I had ever before witnessed; the flashes succeeding each other so quickly that at times it was quite an illumination. The streets were brilliantly lighted up, every object being surprisingly visible. The storm lasted several hours, and heavy rain fell during the night.

June 1st.—Sunday. Preached at Welcome in the morning, and at Cobourg in the evening. A rainy day. Congregations good but affected by the weather. (A Canadian minister said that his people would not come to church when there had been rain, when it was raining, nor when rain was expected. Heat and cold they disregarded.) Mr. Kenner preached at Welcome in the afternoon. All the services appeared to be appreciated and profitable.

2nd.—Belleville. Came here to see some dear relatives whom I had been parted from for thirty years. The joy of meeting may be said to have amounted to intoxication. But the interview lasted for scarcely more than a day, and probably will never be repeated. The pleasure was marred with one regret, viz., that my friends who were formerly devoted Bible Christians, now give their pillar-strength to another denomination.

3rd.—Returned to Cobourg. Lodged at the residence of Mr. Collings. He, and his respected family, by their great kindness, deserve my abiding gratitude.

4th.—By train to Whitby, where I had to wait seven hours for a train to Mariposa. Arrived at the latter place at 9 p.m., and thence rode to Little Britain, two miles in an open vehicle amidst a flood of rain. Found a hearty "welcome home" at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Blewett.

5th.—Entered the church at Little Britain while the brethren were offering the opening prayers of the Conference. Messrs. Butcher and Chapple prayed fervently. The Conference was formed in the usual manner, and the officers elected; Mr. A. Clarke, president, and Mr. W. S. Pascoe, secretary. Mr. Barker then led me up to the president, who welcomed me on behalf of the Conference, and I did my best under the circumstances by way of

reply. The observations I made, representing the sentiments of our English brethren regarding those in Canada, were received with manifestations of deep emotion. The ceremony of my introduction was perhaps a little overdone; but the cordiality of the brethren I believe could not be surpassed. As a body, and individually, the Conference greeted me with overwhelming brotherliness.

In Canada the Conference has made rules for its own conduct. These were read by the president, and he added a request that no newspapers might be read during the transaction of business; which, as far as I could see, was loyally complied with. The officers displayed both tact and ability in the exercise of their functions, and good order characterised the proceedings of the Conference day by day. Difficulties cropping up, brought forth the more proofs of the wisdom and patience possessed by those servants of God, and repeatedly a maturity, system, and care were exhibited, which every beholder could but admire. While the Connexional finances were being discussed, a curious designation was applied to some persons who do not contribute to the funds, viz., "Dead-heads." Sermon in the evening by Mr. Barker, on "The Citizenship of Believers." A good, sound exposition of the subject. A solemn sacramental service followed.

6th.—A truly impressive ordination service this evening. The charge of the ex-president was highly appreciated.

7th—Lecture in the basement of the church. A crowded and enthusiastic audience. Good collection for a generous object.

8th, Sunday.—Preached in the morning at Lindsay; anniversary of the church. A fine building, with lofty spire, clock, and excellent bell. The bell was rung to call the people to the service. Characteristic and suitable addresses in the afternoon to the Sabbath-school at Little Britain, by Messrs. Hooper and Roberts. A Missionary Service. I was assisted by Mr. Chapple in holding the evening service. Considerable excitement manifested. Many of the people came in buggies. About 70 were counted, drawn by about 100 horses. Thus a novel scene was presented outside the church; and within, the occasion was one of an interesting and memorable character.

9th.—Rose at 5; took breakfast at 6, and proceeded with Mr. Blewett and his son and daughter to Scugog Island, in the midst of Scugog Lake, to see an Indian village; a settlement made over to them by the Canadian Government. Rode in a buggy to Port Over, then took a flat-bottomed boat to a landing-place on the island. Had a heavy thunderstorm in going, but it was mild for the return passage. A slight breeze sprung up and we "hoisted" our umbrellas to assist the boatman. We entered several huts, and freely conversed with those people. Many of the men were away hunting, saw only five or six of them. We found several "squaws," and two or three babies. Asked to have one, but neither mother nor baby appeared to be willing. A mother speaking of her child would say, "pa poose," i.e., "my baby." An old squaw was seated on the floor doing some repairs to their rough, coarse clothing.

The women seemed at first very shy but took it kindly when we spoke to the children. They make baskets, cushions, &c., with thin strips of wood, bark, and strong grass. These Indians are called the Missasoga Tribe. In their former state they lived in wigwams, as many of them do still. These were made in the shape of an umbrella, under which they kindled their fires by day, and rested by night. Their clothing was very scanty and coarse, and the chief men fixed long feathers on their heads. They also tattooed themselves, making all kinds of grotesque figures on their reddish skin, using for the purpose the different coloured juices of plants. Their condition, in every respect, has been greatly modified by contact with white people.

Many of these Indians attend churches of the various denominations. Those that we visited belong to the Methodists. We went into their little church, and also called on the man who preaches there in the Indian language. He gathered his family together and they sang a hymn in their native tongue; the hymn, "Jesus the name high over all." They use the name "Jesus," nearly the same as we do, having no word in their tongue to substitute for it. Neither have they any words of their own by which to blaspheme. I prayed with them, for the chief, the tribe, the island, and for all the race. A season I shall ever remember. The old man told me that he recollected the time when the whole region was infested with bears and wolves. He had seen "lots of them," and they seemed never to forget him. He humorously observed that a large bear had lately been to pay his respects to him, but he did not allow him to go away again. We talked to many of them about Jesus and the gospel, and in return for this favour one woman presented me with a little basket, and another with a small bundle of tough grass. The Indians attend our churches in several places, and our preachers are well acquainted with them. One of them severely rebuked the white men on account of the introduction of intoxicating drinks. Mr. Guard, our minister, advised him not to take whiskey. In reply he said, "White man bring religion, and white man bring whiskey. White man make whiskey, Indian no make whiskey. White man make no whiskey, Indian no drink it." Mr. Clarke informed me that at one of our missionary meetings some Indians were present, and one of them took the chair. The Indian said that before the white man came to them they believed that at death they should go away to the good place where the sun sets, which place they thought would be good hunting ground. When they buried a man they put his bow and arrow into the pit with him, and talked to him to take care in crossing the river to get over to that good place, that the tree over which he would have to pass did not turn over, or, if so, he would sink and be lost for ever. They took food daily to the graves of their friends, believing that they still wanted it. This man had daily taken food to the grave of his sister, and left it there. The wild beasts would eat it, but he thought that his sister did, until the white man came and instructed them in the religion of Christ.

The Missionary Anniversary was held to-day, and the church was crowded at the commencement of the afternoon's meeting. The Report was read quickly by Mr. Harris, the secretary, and Messrs. Chapple and Hooper delivered rather lengthy but lively speeches. The tea commenced at about 4.30, and continued three hours. About 700 took tea, and it was well conducted. The evening meeting began at 7.30, and two speeches only were delivered, Mr. Webber's and mine. The collection was made, and a subscription was commenced to meet the year's deficiency on the Connexional finances,—600 dollars. The whole amount was raised, mainly through the persistent appeals of Mr. Roberts. Total sum raised by the collections, tea, and subscriptions, 800 dollars (£160.) Mr. Schuster, a German Jew, one of our ministers, gave 100 dollars towards the effort. It was an enthusiastic meeting, and its monetary result afforded intense satisfaction.

10th.—An earnest discussion in the Conference to-day, on the sending of a missionary to Manitoba, a new country in the north-west of Canada, 600 or 700 miles in length, and of great breadth. It is excellent prairie land, now being taken up at small cost. The people are pouring into it by tens of thousands. A missionary is to be sent. In the afternoon, a lengthy resolution was adopted respecting myself, all present rising to their feet. I delivered a reply, and uttered my "farewell." The Conference remained standing while I shook hands with the president, the secretary, and some others. Mr. Eynon charged me to tell the brethren at home that neither time nor distance made any difference in regard to their affection for us, and their interest in our work in England. A more minute description of this scene it would not be fitting for me to give. After praying with a few friends who had gathered together at Mr. Blewett's house, I bade "good bye" to Little Britain. Mr. Cunnings drove me to Oakwood, where there was a public tea at 6, and lecture at 7.30. The chair was taken by the Rev. Principal of a Ladies' College. Went well.

11th.—Left Oakwood for Bowmanville. Lecture in the evening, the church nearly full. Mr. Pinch in the chair. The collection, and the proceeds of a subscription, principally the result of an effort made by Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Rice, formed a handsome contribution towards my expenses. To the brethren at the Conference, and a few others, I am deeply indebted for their generosity in the same direction.

12th.—Left Bowmanville for Quebec on the return journey at 9 a.m. At Cobourg and Belleville some dear good friends met me with kind presents, and affectionate "adieux." Reached Kingston at 2 p.m., Prescott at 5 (Ogdenburg, a fine town, in sight), Cornwall at 6.30, Montreal at 9, changed cars, and crossed the St. Lawrence on the wonderful bridge, passing through a tube. The city looked grand in the night, from the opposite side of the river.

13th.—Arrived at Richmond at 1.30 a.m. Again changed cars and waited over an hour; a very unpleasant experience in the middle of the night. Reached Point Levi at 7.30 a.m., and crossed over to Quebec on a steam ferry. Called at the office of Allan

and Co., visited the ship *Sarmatian*, and strolled about the city.

14th.—Up at 5, breakfast at 6.30, and got my baggage on board the *Sarmatian* in good time. At about 10 a.m. we were steaming down the St. Lawrence on the voyage to “good Old England.” I cannot expect that space can be afforded in the Magazine for extended accounts of what I witnessed in Quebec, on the river St. Lawrence, and on the Atlantic, else I might write about the French population, the Montmorency Falls, views of Newfoundland, Gaspe, Anticosti, Labrador, and the Straits of Belle Isle. I might describe the contrasts between saloon and steerage accommodation on board ship, might draw a picture of the sabbath at sea, might narrate experiences of bigotry and blasphemy. I might attempt a delineation of icebergs—those colossal and gorgeous productions of the frozen regions—and might considerably add to what I have already written concerning storm and peril in crossing the watery wilderness. Sin and sadness are to be found everywhere, and imperfections mingle with all human things. But I dare speak no ill of the land I have visited, or of the people with whom I have sojourned. The land is large, fruitful, and beautiful; and its inhabitants, by their hospitality and general kindness, laid me under a debt of lasting gratitude. Their industry, morality, and piety, I believe, will bear comparison with those of any other country. The Bible Christian Connexion in Canada rests on a solid foundation, and is rearing a structure of useful and honourable achievement; doing its part to rightly impress and mould a great empire of the future. What I witnessed during my ten weeks’ tour I esteem as one of the greatest privileges of my life. Its memories will afford me life-long pleasure, and I trust that the friendships formed will be renewed in heaven, and perpetuated for ever. Above all, I desire to record thanksgiving to God for His presence, protection, and blessing.

Having travelled 8,230 miles, delivered 41 sermons, lectures, and speeches, and addressed about 10,600 persons, I rejoice to return to my “loved employ,” as well as to the repose of my “HAPPY ENGLISH HOME.”

THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY,

2 CORINTHIANS viii.

THAT liberality is a grace is quite certain. Paul held up the conduct of the churches of Macedonia as an example to other churches. Those other churches possessed many Christian graces and excellent qualities. The church at Corinth abounded in faith and utterance, and knowledge; in all diligence, and, indeed, in every thing except in liberality. That grace is a greater victory over self than all the other graces together. Many are eminent for faith, love, prayer, diligence, knowledge, but unhappily, in many ways, they foster and shield the selfishness of their nature. “We must be just before we are generous,” they say; it often indicates that they are selfish rather than liberal. Their liberality does not

abound. There are men in a good worldly position, men who are even wealthy, on whom there is no pressure of social responsibility, to whom a collection is a pain; it even spoils what would otherwise be a good meeting. Such men say, "If we could do without the money—if we could dispense with collections—how many more would come to the services—how well we should get on—the people are poor, and cannot give."

But how does this reasoning agree with the conduct of Paul's model churches? The members of these churches were not only in poverty, but in deep poverty; they were in affliction, in a trial of affliction, and in a great trial of affliction; yet at that time, under the weight of their deep poverty, they "abounded unto the riches of their liberality." In what manner did they do this? Paul is the witness that it was done. They "did to the utmost of their power." Their ability was their rule. They gave as much as they could; and if they had done less than that their faith would be condemning, and not saving. But to act according to the rule of faith could not satisfy them. They did what was required, but for very joy they went beyond this—did more than was required—and for the time denied themselves of the necessities of life to have the pleasure of giving. It is worth noticing, that they were "willing of themselves;" it was out of the fulness of their hearts; for the joy of doing it. Here and there, now and then, one falls in with persons of this stamp. One such in a Society, or even in a circuit, is enough to inspire many a heart, and brighten many a face. Servants, poor widows, labouring men are sometimes to be found belonging to this class. They are but few in number, but, thank God, they are increasing. Their heart is in the right place; they make provision for anticipated demands; and of their own readiness they are made glad. What a blessing it would be, if all were ready to give—give, for the very joy of giving of their own free will all that they could, and more than they could, if they did not practise the most rigid self-denial. What a change would be witnessed if, instead of the continual asking for money, it were poured into the treasury of the Lord, and the people entreating the servants of God to take it. The Gospel of Christ would not then be like a poor mendicant, going about "asking alms;" but the people would bring their gifts, as the wise men did theirs to the infant Saviour. "Praying us" (said Paul) "with much entreaty, that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints." How much happier many of God's servants would be, if their supporters would act in like manner, instead of blaming them for spending so much in this or that direction! If the day should ever come—and come it will—that we are to be entreated to receive, to the extent we have had to entreat our people to give, what a change! How great, how blessed! I cannot conceive of a perfect man, or a perfect church, in whom the grace of liberality does not abound. The churches of the present day possess many excellences, but this grace is not yet sufficiently prominent. It is often curbed, checked in its growth, so that it is seldom seen in all its freshness and beauty; and when it is, bitter

remarks are made about it, and with what results? Certainly the usefulness of the ministry is hindered, convenient places of worship are not secured, the young are not properly trained, the missions to the heathen are not supported, the poor are not fed, the sick relieved, the aged comforted, the destitute housed, the complete triumph of Jesus is delayed, and the world is not filled with the knowledge, and light, and glory of God. But these results we should not have to deplore, if all were actuated fully by Christ's spirit. I know a woman, whose diet was bread and water only for a whole week because she would give to God's cause, and she could not have done so if she had not thus denied herself. A poor widow, in receipt of relief, is known to the writer, who felt it the greatest trial of her life when her leader refused to take her shilling for her quarterly ticket. She entreated him, with tears, to take it, when telling him of her leader's refusal. It was a joy for her to give. When will our congregations smile when it is a collection-day? sigh and pant with breathless eagerness for it? That will be the case when this grace is fully developed, and in its fullest development we may rejoice; for it is among the most beautiful of the graces. Then shall the triumphs of the Redeemer multiply, beams of heavenly light gild the earth, the deeply embodied sympathies of men be evoked; and when the true manhood of the church is reached, it will kindle in the hearts of nations a sympathy that shall spontaneously answer to each human need wherever it is felt. The nations of the earth shall be perfect in sympathy. Joy to one man will be joy to all. Need and oppression to one member will be need and oppression to all. Giving is a grace; but it is more; it is *a means of grace*, and there must be an inward conviction, an inward power to move men to give. Ministers ought not to be for ever asking for money of their people. Liberality, as a grace, longs for freedom, and may be trusted. Liberality, as a duty, needs persuading, urging, forcing; needs new inducements, new schemes, and new methods; hence the many efforts to obtain money, which is not forthcoming when the efforts cease.

This grace is obtained by prayer; *much* prayer, and true consecration. None can receive the grace and enjoy the blessing, who keep back part of the price. As we pray for love, preservation, heavenly mindedness, prosperity in the church, and the conversion of sinners, so we ought to pray for the grace of giving.

Praying produces reflection; prayerful reflection will fill the mind with a deep sense of responsibility; and responsibility deeply felt will conquer selfishness and the love of money. Oh, if there were enough thought and prayer, the duty of giving would be no longer irksome. Much prayer would make giving a means of grace, a real joy, a superlative joy, a power in the soul. Nothing will impart to the soul so much freedom—and such perfect freedom—as giving. More liberal giving is the true answer to the imperious demands of increasing wealth, the over-strained claims of fashionable life, the too (in some cases) oft repeated sea-side changes and excursion trips, and to the many unwholesome luxuries in which men indulge. Rich men do not give in proportion to poor men.

Giving should be connected with our every-day life. We are to work, do our business as stewards of the Lord, and "Upon the first day of the week let every ONE OF YOU lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." We are to remember that God comes in here; and His cause is to share with us our prosperity. According as He hath prospered us; if we give according to that rule we shall be right. Do Christians need to keep faith, love, and other graces in lively exercise? so is there need to keep the grace of liberality in lively exercise also. Is it the duty of all to pray, and to go to a place of worship? is not the duty of giving equally binding on us? Or, if *duty* is not the right term to employ, is not the *grace* of giving to be kept in lively exercise? Ministers receive their stipends not weekly, as most persons receiving wages, but quarterly, and then often they are not paid in full; but they are expected to be calm and patient, even if they have a wife and family in comparative destitution. Ministers would not be goaded to dejection, chapels be in debt, the mission fund and the other funds crippled, if all did their duty. Worse, even, than all this, is the fact that the grace of liberality is almost killed in the souls of the people; and this cannot be without their suffering great spiritual loss and harm. Any grace whatsoever will die if not properly exercised; the grace of liberality is dead in many, because it has not been thus exercised. When attention is called to this, some persons tell us they intend to rectify it at death, if not before, by leaving a legacy to the cause. I cannot tell how badly this operates. One thing is certain; the gift, however great, cannot overtake the work that might have been done years before, if the smallest portion of the great gift had then been given; and the conversion of souls is delayed, because the means to reach them are not forthcoming. Is it blessed to receive? It is more blessed to give. That is God's truth, and therefore it cannot be denied, nor altered in any way, to suit the convenience of man. It is more blessed to give than to receive. That is the utterance of heaven; and be assured of this—the grace of liberality is essential to a perfect character. Man cannot be perfect without the abounding of this grace; it must abound in a perfect man. We have some approach to the degree of liberality for which we contend in the juvenile and other missionary meetings when every person seems inspired with a zeal for God. Doddridge says of Demosthenes, that he said of himself, "I have performed all; even with an industry beyond my power." Such should be the passion in the church for giving to God's cause.

How does the life of professors compare with the life of Jesus in this matter? One verse explains:—"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, *yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich.*" Jesus wants us to possess durable riches; more than all earth, than all heaven; more than all earth and heaven combined; He became poor, that we might have Him and all He has. He is our model in giving; He gave Himself. He is our model for living; He lived for others. May we do likewise.

THE SAVIOUR.

AT the very utterance of the name,—a Saviour,—every heart exults with a delight otherwise unknown. To the generous breast no other object is so beautiful, no other sound so welcome. Never do we shed such rapturous tears, or feel so passionate a joy, as when we witness the heroism and the self-devotion of some act of magnanimous deliverance. Power softens into loveliness, when thus exerted. Danger and toil, encountered in such a cause, impart a stern, yet irresistible attraction. It is thus we think of the patriot, bleeding for the freedom of his country; of the philanthropist, regardless of his own security, amidst pestilence, and darkness, and the ministers of death, that he may release the wretched captive, and break the yoke of the oppressor; of the advocate, defending the home of the widow or the heritage of the orphan, and turning into mockery the venality of accusation and the menaces of vengeance; of the statesman, who stands forth single-handed, but with a dauntless heart, to turn back the flood of tyranny or faction when threatening to engulf in common ruin the welfare of his people and the safety of mankind; and of the pilot, adventurously urging his way through the pitiless and maddening surge, that he may snatch some solitary victim from the horrors of shipwreck, and bear him, naked and shivering, to the shore. What, then, shall be the glory of Him who plunged, with all the consciousness of unsheltered peril, into the very depths of misery, to rescue the perishing soul! Or what shall be the measure, either of our admiration or our gratitude, when we celebrate, beholding its last triumphs, the emancipation of the world! Advocate, friend, brother,—these are beloved names; and like a grateful odour they give life to the drooping spirit; but if the name of Saviour be more endearing than them all, then what is the ravishment of love with which the rescued sinner shall hail at length the blessed name of Jesus!

— M'ALL.

VALUE OF TIME.

THE proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

JOHNSON.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

JOHN JULIAN RETALLICK

Was born at Stennelles, in the parish of St. Austell, on the 29th of July, 1832. His parents were accustomed to attend the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel at Stennelles, and John was trained in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and thus at home and in the house of God he was early brought under the influence of pious example and of Gospel truths. When about nine years of age he joined the Band of Hope, and thus early espoused temperance principles. This, no doubt, helped to shield him from many a snare and temptation. When about fifteen years old he professed to be converted, and joined the church of his parents, remaining in fellowship with the Wesleyans for about two years. He then abandoned his profession of discipleship, joined his youthful companions in worldly and carnal pursuits, and for three or four years he kept aloof from the church, and tried to satisfy himself with the pleasures and pastimes of the world. He continued faithful, however, all this time to his temperance principles, and he was known as a steady, industrious, and harmless lad; free from the grosser vices which frequently mar the conduct of the young.

The neighbourhood in which our friend was born abounds with China clay works, and from an early age he was a worker in this department of industry. When about nineteen years old, he was united in marriage to Miss Hancock, who also resided in the same locality. Both husband and wife now began to attend the religious services at Providence Bible Christian Chapel, and it was not long after marriage before our friend yielded again to the influences of Gospel truth, was restored to the favour and friendship of God, and identified himself with the Bible Christians in church fellowship. He now felt that it was his duty and privilege to strive to be useful to others. He became a teacher in the Sunday-school and a prayer leader; he also took an active and useful part in the singing exercises of God's house.

In the year 1858, on entering the St. Austell Circuit for the second time, I found Br. Retallick a member of the Society at Providence Chapel, and occupying a prominent and useful position in the church. I was much struck with the regularity and punctuality of his attendance on the means of grace, and with the steady, firm manner with which he discharged all his duties, as well as with the hearty, devout and fervent spirit, joined to great humility, simplicity, and sincerity of soul, which characterised his religious exercises. He evidently loved the services of God's house, the fellowship of God's people, and cherished a deep and hallowed passion for the singing of God's praises, as well as a divinely inspired zeal for the benefit of the young in the Sabbath School. In any and every department of the work of Christ's church our dear Brother felt a deep interest, and he laboured, prayed, and con-

tributed, with all his powers, to its prosperity. For several years he held the office of Society Steward, and I can bear testimony to the very satisfactory and interested manner in which he discharged his duties. No little circumstance would be allowed to hinder him from attending the Circuit Quarterly Meetings as the representative of his Society. During the three years that I was in the St. Austell Circuit I held Br. Retallick in high esteem for his Christian zeal and sincerity.

About the year 1868 or 1869, Br. Retallick removed from St. Austell to Towednack, having secured a position of some responsibility. He united with our Society at Ladydowns, in the St. Ives' Circuit, and displayed his usual zeal and interest in all departments of Christian work. Whilst at Towednack, I am informed he was instrumental in forming a Sabbath-school at our chapel at Tregarthen, going and returning every Sabbath. The school has been sustained ever since, and has yielded some encouraging fruit. Through unhappy circumstances growing out of the political excitement at St. Ives' election, our Brother lost his situation at Towednack; and after trying in vain for some time for employment he, with his two eldest sons, went to the Cape of Good Hope, where they laboured with some success for nearly twelve months. After his return from the Cape he had but little regular employment; and his mind was greatly pained and exercised in consequence.

On leaving Towednack, Br. Retallick and family settled down at Heamoor. During his absence from England at the Cape he kept up his connection with the Church, and on returning to England he became a member with us at Heamoor, and for a time held the offices of School Superintendent and Society Steward. After struggling on, and seeking in vain for nearly twelve months for anything like regular remunerative labour, in August, 1878, he decided on going to California. He reached that country in safety, and joined his brother in work for a short time; but soon he had to go elsewhere in search of labour. He again secured employment in works at Galena, in Lander Co., State of Nevada; but the works being in very exposed positions he took cold, and inflammation of the lungs set in. His brother took him to a medical man, and, for a day or two, under his treatment, some signs of improvement appeared. His brother returned to his place of work, and as he did not hear for some days, by letters being mislaid, he went again to see him; and on his arrival at Winnemucca found that he had passed away to the spirit world! He died December 3rd, 1878, in his 47th year; having been connected with the Church of Christ on earth about 27 years. His remains were taken to the church at Winnemucca, where appropriate religious services were conducted, and afterwards decently interred in the public cemetery; there to rest until the resurrection morning. Little did any of us think, when our friend left England so full of health and strength, and so likely for a long life of usefulness and labour, that we should never see his face again on earth! His letters, that have reached his wife and family since his arrival in California, have all indicated

his loving interest for their welfare—his prayerful solicitude for their salvation—and his unceasing attachment to the cause of Jesus and the servants of God. Had we our choice, we should not, probably, have selected the precise mode and circumstances of his death; but the eye of God was upon him; angels lent their holy ministrations; and we have no doubt that our dear friend is now with the sinless and pure before the throne of God. “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” W. G.

JOHN TREZISE

WAS born near Newbridge, in the parish of Sancreed, July 5th, 1813. His father was a miner in humble circumstances, so that the son had, at an early age, to engage in work, to help in the maintenance of the family. He grew up, like boys in his circumstances, without much education, even in the simplest rudimentary forms. Br. John, however, did not take to mining, but became an agricultural labourer. When about fifteen years of age he went to live and work with Mr. George Thomas, farmer, of Trenugow, in Sancreed; with whom he remained six or seven years. He is said to have been a truly honest, industrious, and trustworthy servant; and was highly respected by his master and the family. He was remarkably steady in his demeanour, and consistent in his moral conduct; not yielding to the sinful and worldly practices that so often characterise youthful persons. He frequently attended places of worship, but remained a stranger to the converting and renewing power of Gospel truth, and destitute of experimental religion until nearly 30 years old. Whilst living at Mr. Thomas's he became acquainted with Miss Eliza Thomas, who lived as housekeeper with her uncle, whom he married when he was 22 years of age. After marriage, Br. Trezise and his wife removed to St. Buryan, where he worked as a farm labourer under Mr. Mewan. After a few years, Br. Trezise removed to Catchole, in the parish of Sancreed, working, however, for the same master as at Buryan. And, as an evidence of his industry and real worth as a trustworthy labourer, he continued in the employ of Mr. Mewan for thirteen years.

Whilst living at Catchole, in Sancreed, he was accustomed to attend our chapel at Drift, and became the subject of deep religious impressions and convictions. A person named James Tonkin, a member of our Society at Drift, and a neighbour of Br. Trezise, manifested a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of our departed friend, and used to call for Br. Trezise, that he might accompany him to the chapel. For some months before he professed to be the subject of conscious acceptance and pardon, Br. Trezise was in the habit of attending class meetings as well as the public services of the house of God. It is believed the great and blessed change was realised by our departed Brother in one of the fields on the farm; where, in earnestness and agony of soul, he sought the mercy and salvation he had for a long time felt he

needed, and had, by his regular and devout attendance on the means of grace, shown his sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come. He now rejoiced in the salvation of God, through faith in Christ; and held fast his confidence, and walked in the paths of wisdom and goodness from that time until he was called to his heavenly rest.

He removed from Sancreed to Tregenda, in the parish of Ludgvan, where he remained five or six years. During this time, as our Tregarthen chapel was some distance from his residence, he met in church-fellowship with the Primitive Methodists; but, on removing from Ludgvan to Heamoor, he again united with the church of his first choice, meeting in Br. Hosking's class for upwards of twenty years. Br. Trezise and his wife had a family of ten children; nine of whom are still living. With such a family, and wages not high, the cares and anxieties of our friend must have been many and pressing; but, with remarkable patience and meekness, he bore up under his trials, and adorned his profession of piety, both at home and abroad, by a consistent godly life. He was not qualified for public and prominent exercises in connection with the church; though occasionally he engaged in prayer in the class and prayer meetings. I find, on inquiry, that he is remembered, by some of our friends at Drift, as a quiet, consistent Christian. A similar opinion has been expressed by persons who knew him long at Heamoor. Br. Hoskin, his leader for so many years, speaks of his sincerity, simplicity, and Christian consistency, in the strongest terms. Though not a *prominent*, he was truly an *eminent* Christian. His health throughout life had been moderately good, with the exception of occasional fits; but which only affected him for a few minutes together. The first he was known to have was when going to Drift Chapel, when he fell, with one of his children in his arms. The last he had about twelve months since, when he fell on the road as he was fetching water. From this time his health gradually declined; heart disease, with shortness of breath, and general weakness attended with dropsy, grew upon him rapidly. He continued, however, to go to his work, with occasional hindrances, until about three months before his death. He was confined to his bed only about four weeks. His weakness and sufferings during his last four months on earth were great and painful; but his simple and firm trust in Jesus never failed him; hence, his meekness and resignation were remarkably manifest. His "heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord." His mind was kept in perfect peace and sweet calmness, as the result of his trust in God. The gracious presence of his Saviour, of which he seemed ever conscious, afforded him joy and triumph; and the hope of future glory opened to his soul's vision blessed prospects of his heavenly and eternal inheritance; so that he patiently waited—yea, he joyously expected—the coming of death, as the messenger of God, to close his earthly sufferings, and to introduce him to the rest, and beauty, and joy of paradise. A short time before his departure, he was filled with rapturous joy, and loudly shouted the praises of his God:

Just as the last hours of the year 1877 were passing away with the years before the flood, our dear Brother passed from time into the boundless ocean of eternity; and, no doubt, he is now with the faultless before the throne of God. He died in the 65th year of his age; 34 or 35 of which he had been a member of the church below.

W. G.

GEORGE CHAMPION.

ON the 12th of May, 1879, at Coverack, in the Helston Circuit, GEORGE CHAMPION fell asleep in Jesus, having lived to the age of nearly seventy-eight years. Not very early in life did he experience the saving change; but when about thirty-four years of age he felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and in his own house obtained forgiveness. The witness of the Spirit was very clear, and he had no doubt as to his acceptance with God. Being converted he united with the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and remained with them for some time; but circumstances led to his becoming a member of our Society, and for a period of nearly thirty years the preachers when on their rounds found a good home at Bro. Champion's. His attendance at the house of God was most regular; his interest in the prosperity of the cause was strong and unswerving; and, aided by his good wife, he did his best for the prosperity of the Church. For a long time he was the steward of the little society at Coverack, and had the general charge of matters. Ere God took him to the rest which is unbroken and eternal, he had to pass through severe affliction. But this was borne with Christian fortitude and resignation. He was willing to suffer and patiently to wait until the Lord's will was done in him. His confidence in God was unshaken to the end; and when the end came we knew that 'twas the end of pain and trial and the beginning of perfect joy and happiness. His body sleeps in the village grave-yard awaiting the archangel's trump, but his soul rests with God in heaven. The aged widow feels keenly her bereavement; but possessing the hope of the Gospel it will not be long ere she shall join him who now awaits her in glory.

J. L.

MRS. JANE MARTYN,

WHOSE maiden name was Yelland, was born in the parish of St. Stephens-in-Branwell, Cornwall, on the 19th of January, 1820. Her parents occupied Breunell Farm, and with them their daughter Jane lived until she was about 25 years of age. Her parents were members of the Wesleyans; and when old enough their children were sent to the Sunday-school in connection with their own place of worship. Jane was converted to God when she was about fifteen years of age, but the particulars the writer has not been able to ascertain. It was doubtless the result of an earnest and faithful ministry with which she was blessed. Very soon after her conversion she became a Sunday-school teacher; a work in which, to the termination of her earthly career, she was particularly interested.

On the 8th of October, 1845, she was married to Mr. James Martyn, and went to live at Halwyn Farm, in the parish of St. Issey, where they both remained until their decease. For some time after their removal, they met in church-fellowship with the Wesleyans, but owing to circumstances not necessary to be mentioned, they decided to become members with our people at St. Issey, about thirty years ago. From that period their interestedness and usefulness in connection with the aforementioned place continued, until they were summoned from the church militant to join the church triumphant. The deceased was always willing to lend a helping hand at anniversaries, and at other social gatherings, and at the annual treat for the Sunday-school children, she took more than an ordinary interest to make the children happy and comfortable. When circumstances would admit, she generally attended the class meeting, which, to her, was a real pleasure; and her experience, which was generally short and to the point, was very frequently the means of enlivening the meeting. While speaking of the goodness of God, of mercies which she had been the happy recipient, of the realisation of joy and happiness which the religion of Christ alone can impart, she would often quote, with considerable fervour and animation, and to the delight of her classmates, the following lines:—

“ ’Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures whilst we live ;
’Tis religion can supply
Solid comforts when we die.
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity ;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss will never end.”

She was very fond of singing, and, being possessed of a very melodious voice, was very useful in this part of Divine worship. She was especially interested in revival services; and when the Lord has answered prayer in the quickening of believers and the conversion of sinners, she has often rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. When unable to walk, she has frequently been taken to chapel in a conveyance; so anxious was she to be present when the work of God was reviving.

Her health had rather failed for two or three years previous to her decease; but no one, not even her son, with whom she lived, had the least idea that death was so near at hand. As recently as last November she was as well, if not better, than she had been for a long time previously. In the early part of December she took a severe cold, which made it necessary for her to keep in bed for a short time. By Christmas, however, she was somewhat better; and her health so improved, though gradually, that one Sunday in March last, in compliance with her request, she was taken to chapel in a conveyance. There was a blessed revival in progress at St. Issey at that time, and the responses of the young converts during the service caused her to weep for very joy. This was the last time she joined in the public services of the sanctuary. Symptoms of dropsy and heart disease were now manifest; and she was again

confined to her room. During her illness she was resigned to the will of God ; and often said, if any doubt was expressed as to her recovery, "The Lord's will be done." Patience was a virtue of considerable prominence in the deceased. She saw that it was through faith and patience that she must inherit the promises. She ran her race with patience, and to the last was found looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of her faith. Her son says :—
 "I never saw anyone endure affliction more patiently than my dear mother ; I never heard her murmur or complain during the whole of her affliction. She seemed quite passive in the Lord's hand ; was willing to live or die according to the will of God. I have often heard her quote such portions of Scripture as the following : 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' 'The Lord is my portion.' 'Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.' As I saw she was gradually sinking, I thought it wise to send a telegram to my brother ; and, fearing lest the spark of life might be extinct before I reached home, I went up to her room to bid her 'good bye !' She said to me, 'My dear boy, do be faithful ; *do be faithful.*' These words were said in such a firm, emphatic, and affectionate way, that to forget them would be impossible. About half-an-hour before she died she took a tender farewell of us all ; saying, 'I shall meet you again in heaven.' " As all her children are converted and living in the fear of God, and her husband died in triumph two or three years since, she could say more easily than some—

" What is there here to court my stay,
 Or keep me back from home ?
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come."

In this blessed frame of mind, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on the 4th of May, 1879, aged 59 years ; leaving five sons to lament her loss. In the death of Mrs. Martyn, our Society has lost a cheerful helper, a liberal supporter, and a consistent member ; and her children, a kind and affectionate mother. But our loss is her eternal gain.

" In sorrow's school and by affliction's rod,
 Her soul was disciplined for heaven and God ;
 Patient in grief, in conflict undismayed,
 She bore the Cross the Lord upon her laid ;
 Till, ripe for glory, she resigned her breath,
 And slept in Jesus' arms the sleep of death."

W. BROWN.

ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT.

SOME old friends of this circuit, in distant parts, may be pleased to read the following notes of progress :—

On Tuesday, September 16th, 1879, the Annual Circuit Sunday-school Conference was held in the new chapel, Tregorrick. The chapel was nearly filled at the Conference in the afternoon ; the pastor of the circuit in the chair. The returns from the ten schools in the circuit were read by the secretary, Mr. W. John Nicholls, showing the following totals :—1,026 scholars (674 of whom are members of the Band of Hope) ; 270 teachers and officers ; 78 Bibles, and 459 other

books have been given as rewards; 3 scholars, 2 superintendents, and 1 teacher have died during the year. Mr. J. Cumming, of Providence School, read a practical paper on "How to conduct a Sunday-school class." Other matters of importance followed. An opinion expressed before the Conference closed, that teachers should be more earnest in seeking the immediate conversion of the children, was heartily responded to. A largely-attended public tea followed; the entire profits of which were given to the funds of the new chapel. The crowded public meeting, presided over by Mr. Joseph Turner, was addressed by Messrs. G. W. Angwin, W. Jeffery, J. Benney, J. Rowett, W. J. Nicholls, and T. Dunn. The whole proceedings were of a most interesting and animated nature.

On Sunday and Monday, September 21st and 22nd, 1879, Sparnon Moor Chapel, after having been closed for a short time for necessary repairs and renovation, was re-opened. Sermons were preached on the Sunday by Messrs. W. J. Nicholls and J. Hall. On Monday, the Wesleyans, at Trewoon, kindly placed their beautiful chapel and school-room at our disposal. A public tea was held in the school-room, and the pastor of the circuit delivered a lecture in the evening, to a chapel full of people, on "Religious Life in Cornwall;" Mr. N. Harper presiding. The financial proceeds were more than sufficient to meet the expenses incurred. A hearty vote of thanks was given to our Wesleyan friends.

On Monday, October 6th, 1879, special services were held in connection with some improvements in, and additions to, our Highway Chapel. Our friends have expended £40, and they have made the chapel premises now very commodious and complete. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. J. Dale, of Bodmin. A public tea followed, and a public meeting in the evening, over which Mr. Joseph Turner presided. Very interesting and effective addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Warne (Bugle), J. Dale, and W. J. Nicholls. About £28 of the debt incurred has been paid, and very soon we hope to see the other £12 cancelled.

On Sunday, October 26th, 1879, and three following days, our first series of missionary services was held. Sermons were preached at St. Austell, Bethel, and Ebenezer on the Sunday, by Messrs. P. Labdon, J. Dale (deputation), G. W. Angwin, and W. Jeffery. Public services and tea meetings were held at St. Austell, Bethel, and Ebenezer consecutively. The tea meetings were all well attended. The public missionary meetings were presided over by Mr. William Hunkin, at St. Austell; R. H. Williams, Esq., at Bethel; and Mr. Joseph Turner, at Ebenezer. Addresses were given at the various meetings by Messrs. P. Labdon, J. Dale (deputation), W. Boulter (Congregationalist), R. Sampson (Baptist), J. Tonkin, G. W. Angwin, W. Jeffery, and W. J. Nicholls. This series of meetings is our principal series; and it has been the most interesting and successful held in this circuit for some time. The deputation did well; and their sermons and speeches will long live in the memory, and, I hope, in the hearts of the people who heard them. The financial results are over £12 more than last year in the corresponding series.

At our late quarterly meeting we agreed to employ one of the ministers in special religious work during the winter season. This arrangement will begin to take effect on Sunday, November 2nd, 1879. Our earnest prayer is, that the Lord may carry forward His glorious work of saving souls in this circuit. Our faith and hope are strong that we may have a *good year*. The Lord has helped us, and in mercy He will help us. Blessed be His name. "*Ask, and it shall be given you.*" "*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*" "*O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy.*" "*Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.*"

G. W. A.

Chapels.

RYDE.—The anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, October 26th, 1879, by the writer. The congregations were good, and the services marked by special manifestations of God's presence and power. On the following Monday

a public tea was provided in the Victoria Rooms, of which about 130 partook. The tables were presided over by the following ladies:—Table No. 1—Mrs. Holbrook and Mrs. Jones; No. 2—Mrs. Brading and Miss Whitewood; No. 3—Mrs. Jackman and Miss Hayward; No. 4—Miss Philipps and Miss Pocock; No. 5—Mrs. Willsteed and Miss Reynolds; No. 6—Miss Woodmore and Miss M. Reynolds. The tea arrangements were admirably superintended by Mrs. H. Jones. Among the brethren in waiting were Messrs. Hunt, Taylor, Jones, Holbrook, and Willis. The public meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. Thomas Dashwood, J.P., an Episcopalian, but a true friend of the Bible Christians, occupied the chair, and ably conducted the meeting. He expressed, in kindest terms, his sympathy for our cause, and anxiety for its prosperity; and these feelings were practically manifest when the collection-plate was presented. The report, read by Mr. T. Chandler, bright and cheery in its tone, showed that during the past year, the most prosperous in the history of Ryde Church, the debt had been reduced by £30, and there was a balance in hand of £28. Br. Lark dwelt upon the importance of *living the Gospel*; and in the course of a warm and earnest address, said, "Let us take care that we do not damn more souls by our living than we save by our talking." Rev. J. R. Chamberlain (Baptist) made a few pertinent remarks on "Right heartedness," and observed that true success did not consist in the addition to the church of a wealthy man, or a score of men if they were still unconverted. Success could not be tabulated, but would ever be found in the right relationship of each living heart to the living God. The Rev. J. T. Almy (Baptist) followed in a similar strain, and gave a most excellent address on "Elements of True Success;" instancing, among others, "The recognition of individual responsibility," "Unity of prayer and effort," and "Holy Living." Mr. Alderman Harrington deprecated the prevailing war spirit, dwelling on the Gospel as the message of *peace*. The writer moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, speakers, choir, ladies, &c., which was seconded by Mr. Willsteed, and carried with acclamation. The anniversary has been a most successful one in every sense. Total net receipts, £17 4s.; a higher amount than at any previous anniversary; we are thus enabled, not only to meet the interest, but to pay off £20 of the principal. Our hope and prayer now is, for an in-gathering of souls.

"Lo the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of His love."

May He thus fulfil our heart's desire. Amen.

November 8th.

ARTHUR HANCOCK.

HIGHLANES.—The chapel here much required renovation. Some of the most true and interested friends hesitated, in the very distressing state of the neighbourhood, of attempting it; but so necessary had it become that one and all resolved on its accomplishment. The rostrum and front of gallery have been tastefully painted and gilded; seats, and all woodwork throughout, painted; the ends of seats and doors, together with entrance doors, grained and varnished. The ventilation has been improved by patent ventilators being placed on the top of some of the windows. New doors have been placed in stairs leading to the gallery. Boundary wall has been repaired, and entrance gates painted. In fact, a thorough renovation has been accomplished, which makes the sanctuary look much more light and graceful. As soon as it was decided to make these improvements, willing hands and feet went to work to procure the ways and means. On Sunday, August 3rd, the re-opening services commenced. Sermons were preached by the Revs. J. Dingle and T. Hocking (Wesleyan); on the following Sunday by the Revs. S. Pollard and E. Turner; and on Tuesday, August 12th, a Bazaar was opened in the Town Hall, Hayle. The tastefully laid-out stalls presented a very pretty appearance. The stalls in order were presided over by the following friends, and secured the following results:—

The following names, and secured the following results:—				
No. 1 stall,	by Mrs. S. Bailey, Mrs. J. Bailey, Miss Barnes, and	£	s.	d.
	Miss Sampson	..	10	4 8
" 2 "	Miss Thomas, Miss James, and Mrs. Carter	..	10	10 10
" 3 "	Mrs. Stirling, Miss E. Johns, and Miss Berriman	..	13	14 10
Refreshment stall,	Mrs. Pool, Mrs. Berriman, and Miss Johns	..	5	0 0

Entrance fees	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	10	6
Mr. Carter's Collecting Book	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	0	0
Mrs. Gilbert's	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	16	0
Mr. Sleeman's	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	4	6
Collections	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	16	1

Total £48 17 5

The hearty and unanimous manner with which all worked is worthy of record, and deserves the best thanks of the trustees. Some of these friends have long been faithful and zealous for the cause; others have only recently joined the church, a gracious ingathering of souls having been realized during the past year. The success having exceeded their most sanguine expectations, it having been all accomplished in a few weeks, we may well presume that very soon a still much greater effort will be made to reduce the debt on the premises. The alterations and improvements, including new lamps and fixtures, bills of which have not all been sent in, are supposed to amount to about £30. To God we give the praise for so aiding His people amid the prevalent distress; and may God's blessing continue with the church for Christ's sake. Amen.

ECHOES FROM CARDIFF AND LLANTRISSANT.

THE new chapel takes well. There is a steady improvement in the attendance. There has been no *rush* for sittings, but families are taking seats, and settling down among us quietly and by degrees. 110 sittings are now let, and there is a fair prospect of the number being much greater by the end of the (Connexional) year. Better still, saving power has appeared. On September 13th and 14th, we were favoured with the services of

MR. RICHARD COAD,

Temperance Advocate, whose visit was anticipated with joy and earnest prayer. On the Saturday evening he gave a second and new lecture on "Billy Bray." It was quite characteristic—humorous, interesting and practical. He had a good time, and held us *spell bound* for two hours. The Sunday morning service was well attended. The sermon was on "The Omnipotence of Faith." A gracious influence prevailed, and the heart of the Church was stirred and quickened. Before the evening service, the vestry and school-room were made ready to receive penitents, and brethren appointed to attend to them. One friend—a good fellow too—almost laughed at the idea of such extensive preparation. But his unbelief received a gentle yet impressive rebuke ere he slept. The congregation was even larger than at any service in connection with the opening. Br. Coad gave a powerful sermon on "The Great Judgment." His anecdotes, illustrations, and appeals were most telling. Many stayed to the prayer-meeting, and there were

TWENTY-THREE PENITENTS,

all of whom professed saving faith in Jesus.

Br. Coad has now paid us four visits, and each has been attended with many conversions. He is a great favourite with our friends, and I scarcely know one so adapted to bring persons to decide for Christ. While possessing natural gifts for interesting people, the great secret of his success lies in his transparent disinterestedness, tender sympathy, fervent prayer, and mighty faith. Surely he might travel, and *do the work of an Evangelist effectively*.

A few others have since found the Saviour, and the converts, for the most part, appear "to walk in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

was held on September 21st and 22nd. Br. Brown, of Weston, preached Sunday morning and evening in his usual clear, earnest and impressive manner. Mr. Kennedy, Presbyterian minister, gave a practical address in the afternoon. Tea meeting on Monday, followed by a public meeting. Rees Jones, Esq., a leading friend of the principal Baptist church, presided, and addresses were given by the Circuit ministers. The services were good, and the monetary result encouraging.

On Wednesday evening, October 8th,

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

gave her Lecture on "The Women of Yesterday." It evinced careful historical research, abounded with interesting facts and anecdotes, and quiet humour. The delivery was so clear and effective that every hearer was bound to listen with rapt attention. The congregation was quite equal to the lecture. There were just exactly 600 present—a chapel full. And a grand sight it was. To see the sanctuary—the fruit of so much anxious toil—thus filled, was a source of great joy. Some of the best, from all sections of the Protestant Church, were there. Seldom has one of our chapels contained such a fine representative gathering. John Cory, Esq., J.P., whose munificent donations toward our Building fund make the whole Denomination his debtor, presided, and seemed delighted with the speaker, the lecture, the chapel, and congregation. A copy of the Jubilee Volume was given him at the close, and he accepted it with great surprise and thankfulness. The receipts were £20 8s.; profits, £11 2s. 6d. Miss Farningham also lectured for our friends at Newport and Neath, on the Tuesday and Thursday. I believe the result in each place was very pleasing.

Br. Miller is working well, and the cause presents a very hopeful aspect. Much *still* remains to be done ere the *estate* can be regarded as *fairly workable*, but there is every reason to be grateful for the past, and courageous for the future.

"SHOWERS OF BLESSING"

have recently fallen upon the cause at Llantrissant. The outlook was very dark four months ago. So many friends had removed, and the depression in the neighbourhood was so painful, that grave fears were entertained for the Church. Commercially, things are somewhat improved. Spiritually, the change is as life from the dead. For several weeks there were pleasing indications. The Sunday congregations improved, and the week evening meetings were well attended. Zeal, faith, and hope revived among the members. The visit of Miss Shepherd—of the Salvation Army—gave the onward movement a push, and made it go faster. At length conversions took place. Special services were continued some weeks. They were by far the best yet held in the chapel. About forty have professed saving faith. Among them are five men and their wives, and many young persons, of both sexes, from 16 to 20 years old. For this we are devoutly thankful, and pray that the converts may "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free."

THE CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY

was held October 12th and 13th. Br. J. C. Honey, ex-president, preached three times on the Sunday, to large congregations. Tea meeting and public meeting Monday evening. Addresses by Brs. Honey, Smallridge, and Miller. Financial result good. Br. Honey's visit was much enjoyed.

The outlook at Tonyrefail is still gloomy; yet who knows but the present distress may be as the darkest hour that precedes the dawn? Would that we could stand in the chapel and sing—with the light desired shining around—"HAIL SMILING MORN."

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged				£1,157 19s. 2d.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. Mallett - - - -	2	10	0	ST. AUSTELL—			
BIDEFORD—				Mr. James Griffiths, through			
Mrs. Wood - - - -	1	0	0	R. Spencer - - - -	10	0	0
Result of Mr. Coad's lecture	1	10	0	HATHERLEIGH CIRCUIT—			
Mrs. H. Reed, through Mr.				Sampford Courtney, col.	0	17	6
Gammon - - - -	1	0	0	Hatherleigh, 2nd do.	0	11	6
Woolwich Sunday-school	1	0	0	Beaford, 3rd do.	0	3	0
Sunday-school - - -	1	0	0	His Grace The Duke of Bedford	25	0	0
KILKHAMPTON—				Mrs. Goaman, through the			
R. Spencer - - - -	2	10	0	Treasurer - - - -	1	1	0

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You and your numerous readers will be glad to know that His Grace The Duke of Bedford has, through his agent, Mr. E. Randle, forwarded £25 to the Extension Fund. We have only received, in response to our fervent appeal to our Sunday-schools, one pound each from two schools.

We beg to remind the friends that many promises are now due, and, if at all convenient, their subscriptions at this time would be very acceptable.

Several friends have commenced to work for the Connexional Bazaar, and a small parcel or two have come to hand. Will our friends think about us, and pray for us? Who among us will daily pray for the success of this enterprise? The Agent will be glad to hold meetings and visit friends in all places where the way is clear for him to do so.

Up to this date we are doing better than we did last year; and we hope the result at the year's end will be satisfactory. A subscription of £10 constitutes the donor a Life Governor of the College. One privilege the Life Governors enjoy is, that every fifty of them or the majority, can elect an orphan boy to a Free Scholarship for two years.

We are, dear Mr. Editor, and friends,

Yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*,
W. HIGMAN, *Agent*,
New Street, Torrington, Devon.

Revivals.

KEINTON-MANDEVILLE.—DEAR BR.—Doubtless you will be glad to hear of the good work in progress here. For some time the Church has been in a low condition. Thinking it was “high time to awake out of sleep,” we resolved to hold revival meetings, in order to realize a deeper work of grace, richer baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and a better and brighter state of things generally. We commenced the services November 2nd. Br. Wooldridge kindly offered to lend us a helping hand, whose offer we readily accepted; we threw ourselves heart and soul into the work, and the power of God has descended upon us. The Spirit is taking hold of the people, and sinners are coming to Christ. There were eight conversions last week. Last night, four young men and one woman found peace through believing in Christ. Others are groaning under the burden of sin, and crying, “What must I do to be saved?” We are expecting great things, and have every reason to “thank God and take courage.” There is a mighty struggle going on, but “Victory shall be on Israel's side.” Br. Wooldridge is in his element, but returns to his home on Thursday. I wish he could remain longer, but we have faith in God, that He will carry on His work. This circuit is looking up; the clouds are being dispersed; the valleys are being exalted, and the mountains brought low. Br. Andrews is coming over to assist. If this is likely to encourage other Christian workers, you are at liberty to insert it in the Magazine.

Yours truly,

R. S. ALFORD.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVALS.

CRONDALL CIRCUIT.

FOR some years the friends in this circuit have been accustomed to hold harvest thanksgiving services in recognition of God's goodness. And surely if it is right for us to pray, “Give us this day our daily bread,” it is right for us to thank Him who gives it. Doubtless many will suffer loss in consequence of the comparative failure of our own corn-fields this year; but it is a cause for much thankfulness and joy that the Great Father has provided in other lands corn enough for all of His children, so that there will be no famine of bread among the toiling millions of our villages and cities. Subjoined are the reports of our festivals that appeared in *The Surrey and Hants News*.

CRONDALL.

A Harvest Thanksgiving Festival was held at the Bible Christian Chapel, on Tuesday, Oct. 28, when the chapel was very beautifully decorated with flowers, fruits and ferns. Over the rostrum the text—"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness"—was wrought in gold letters. Much praise is due to the ladies of the congregation for the skilful manner in which they accomplished their work. A tea was provided in the afternoon, to which a large company of visitors sat down. A public meeting was held at 7 o'clock. Mr. Potter, of Fleet, was unanimously elected to preside, and he showed himself to be a very efficient chairman. The following ministers gave appropriate and eloquent speeches: J. Young, Baptist, of Fleet, S. Leete, Congregationalist, of Crondall, G. K. Pryor, Wesleyan, of Farnham, and J. Jeffrey, the minister of the church. The chapel was crowded with an appreciative audience. The choir, assisted by some of Fleet Baptist choir, ably sang a selection of Sankey's hymns. Votes of thanks to the ladies and the chairman brought to a close this most enjoyable meeting.

BENTLEY.

The Annual Harvest Festival was held at the Bible Christian Chapel on Wednesday, November 5th. The friends connected with the congregation had very tastefully adorned the building with a great variety of choice flowers, festoons, fruit, &c. The ladies made several appropriate mottoes which added much to the attraction of the sight. A public meeting was held at 7 o'clock, Mr. G. Hewitt presiding. A very earnest and impressive discourse was given by the Rev. J. Jeffrey, of Crondall, subject, "Sowing and Reaping." Addresses were also delivered by several members of the church:—J. Fisher, E. Barnett, J. Didcock, H. Collins, C. Poulter, and J. Rampton. Suitable hymns were sung by the congregation, assisted by some members of the Crondall choir. A liberal collection was taken at the close of the meeting in aid of the funds of the church. The usual votes of thanks were heartily passed.

BLACKNEST.

The last of a series of Harvest Festivals in connection with the Crondall circuit, was held in the Bible Christian chapel on Tuesday, November 11th. The proceedings commenced with a public tea at 5.30. A goodly number of visitors came together to partake of "The cup which cheers, but not inebriates." Willing workers had previously decorated, with great taste, the chapel with all kinds of garden and field fruits. A very enthusiastic and crowded meeting began at 7 o'clock; Mr. J. Didcock was elected to the chair. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. C. Poulter, J. Fisher, G. Hewitt, E. Barnett, and the Rev. J. Jeffrey, whose subject was "Harvest men." A good collection was taken at the close in aid of the circuit fund.

The proceeds of the collections, &c., have enabled us to pay the last quarter's deficiency on the circuit, and has left us 10s. in hand for another quarter.

J. JEFFREY.

JUBILEE (LONDON) SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

Was held on October 26th. Sermons were preached, morning and evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in America. In the afternoon at three, a children's service was held, conducted by the Rev. R. M. Spohr, Wesleyan minister, of City-road. On the following day, the annual meeting was held. Chairman, Mr. G. Gowland. Speakers: F. W. Bourne, J. H. Shilson, and G. Matthews, with Mr. Plumb, from the Sunday-school Union. A public tea preceded the meeting, when about 120 persons sat down. A rich influence was realised at all the services; the scholars sang appropriate hymns, under the able superintendence of Mr. Mountcastle; Master Treverton presiding at the harmonium. Several of the scholars have given their hearts to God during the year, and have joined the church; we are hoping and praying that a much larger number will come out on the Lord's side during the coming year.

G. C. T.

We are glad to state that there is a Juvenile Missionary Society in connection with this school. It was formed just before the last District Meeting. The young ladies manifested great interest in the matter, and subscribed for a free tea when the annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held. The recitations were so excellent, and the speeches so appropriate, that we anticipate a substantial increase to the receipts another year.

VALEDICTORY SERVICE.

A DEEPLY interesting service was held at East-street Chapel, Stonehouse, on Tuesday, October 21st, for the purpose of bidding farewell to Br. J. Crewes, and commending him to the grace of God on his departure for New Zealand. There was a large gathering of friends present from all parts of the circuit.

Mr. J. Yeo presided over the meeting, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. M. Robins, W. H. Sleeman, J. Maynard, and C. Ware (Devonport); J. Finch and W. Paynter (Callington); and W. Lee (Forest Hill). Br. Crewes gave a lengthy and touching account of the circumstances which led to his becoming a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, and also stated the reasons which had now induced his deciding to offer himself for mission work in New Zealand. The address of Br. Crewes seemed to evoke the warm sympathy of all hearts towards him; and a resolution was heartily adopted by the meeting pledging themselves to pray for the safe arrival of himself and family in New Zealand, and for success in his work in that distant colony. Br. Holland concluded with an earnest prayer in which many hearts were united at the throne of grace.

On the following day several friends accompanied Br. Crewes and family to the ship, and bade them a final good-bye.

C. WARE.

NOTES BY J. CREWES.

OCT. 23rd.—I am sitting in my little cabin in the steamship *Norfolk* in, I am told, the Bay of Biscay, just thinking to fulfil a promise, given to several of the readers of the Magazine. They asked me to write a short account of my experience from the time I left the Conference at Truro, to the time when (D.V.) I shall land in the distant Colony to which I am appointed. But I must stay my hand here. For a reason which I must not state, I can write no more just now.

24th.—After I wrote, yesterday, I was in a state such as can be imagined by persons who have been in such a state, but can never be described, I think. In the evening, I left my wife and child ill in our little cabin, and staggered to the deck, where a great many persons, in a sorry plight, were pacing to and fro. Weak and weary I sat down to rest, and to take a little of the fresh sea breeze. I was sitting there lonely, though among many, looking not exactly like "patience on a monument smiling at grief," but rather like grief on a spare spar sighing for patience, when two men, Cornishmen, came and sat near me. Somehow we drifted into conversation in course of which I took advantage of the first opportunity to talk to them about voyaging to the heavenly country. They listened very attentively, and assured me that although they had not given such attention as they ought to religion they liked to hear about it.

At half-past eight I went into my cabin, but could not sleep until six o'clock in the morning. At six, I got into a light dreamy state, in which I remained an hour and a half. At half-past seven, I came to the deck, and soon got into conversation with a young farmer from Warwickshire. He asked me whether I thought there would be a religious service on board on Sunday, for, said he, "I think it will be much more like Sunday if we can have a service." I have not yet had an opportunity to ask permission to conduct any service.

Now, as I am too weak to do anything else, and the breeze is very refreshing, I think that having nothing particular to note of what is taking place here, I will write about what I did before I came to the ship.

I went from Conference to the Callington Circuit, preached twice one Sunday, packed my things, said good-bye to many friends and left the circuit—sorry that

I had not had time to say Good-bye to many other friends whom I hope to keep in everlasting remembrance. Out here in the Bay of Biscay I never knew I loved them so until I left them. But I left them, and went to Plymouth to prepare for my long voyage.

Having stayed a week or two in Plymouth (I have forgotten how long, and my wife is gone to the cabin) I went by appointment to the Norman Isles. Arriving at Southampton, I met Mrs. Tremelling, (and one or two other friends,) who conducted me to her house, where I was very kindly entertained and refreshed.

At midnight I left Southampton. The night was dismal; huge black clouds thickened over us, rain came pelting down in showers through the darkness, while the wind shrieked and whistled through the cordage. I think that what I suffered that night could be forgotten as easily as it could be described, but I am inclined to think it will never be either the one or the other. However, a visit to Jersey is worth more than it cost me, and therefore I am glad that I was privileged with it. The Brethren Woolcock and Sutton met me at the pier and took me to Mr. Abram Cory's, where I was very cordially welcomed and very kindly entertained. From the time when I landed until I left, several of our friends at Jersey seemed to vie with each other to increase my happiness and the happiness of the other ministers and their wives, whose company I was privileged to enjoy.

Our chapels in Jersey are good, and the congregations large. I like the situation and the exterior of the Royal Crescent Church, and I feel glad that the congregations there on Sunday evenings generally are magnificent; but to me a large church in a building called a chapel is grander than a very small society in a large building called a church. May God soon change the congregation into a church, that the spiritual church may appear in better proportion to the material one. I felt quite at home in the chapels on the Sunday, and was pleased with the four Missionary meetings I addressed on the island. The beautiful scenery which I saw while riding in the carriages of two excellent friends whose names are on a paper which is not at hand, was very charming. The company of the Brethren Gudridge, Woolcock, and Sutton, with their wives, I thoroughly enjoyed, and the kindness of the many friends whose hospitality I shared was equal to anything of the sort that ever I received.

After staying about a week at Jersey, I left with Br. Gudridge and his wife for Guernsey. At Guernsey I preached three times on the Sunday. On Monday Br. Woolcock, a very dear friend of mine, came from Jersey, and we addressed a Missionary meeting. On Tuesday I delivered a lecture. On this island Mr. Hansford very kindly took me, with the other ministers and Mrs. Gudridge, to many places of peculiar grandeur and great interest, and he and his good wife and several of their relatives very kindly ministered to our comfort. Jersey and Guernsey are two very beautiful islands, beautiful places for over-worked men to spend their holidays in.

On Thursday morning I said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Gudridge, whose kindness I highly appreciated, and with quivering lips and tremulous hand expressed a feeling which I failed to put into words, to Br. Woolcock.

I left Guernsey in the company of Br. Hansford, and after a few hours arrived at Southampton, where Br. Tremelling with his usual kindness entertained me. May the blessing of God be abundantly bestowed upon him, his wife, and his family. I never have had the pleasure of laying Br. Tremelling under any obligation to me, but I think he has never seen that he could grant me a favour which he has not granted very cordially.

(To be continued.)

Brief Notices of Books.

Analytical Concordance to the Bible on an Entirely New Plan, containing every word in Alphabetical order, arranged under its Hebrew or Greek Original, with the Literal Meaning of Each, and the Pronunciation, exhibiting about

Three Hundred and Eleven Thousand References, making 30,000 various Readings in the New Testament. With the Latest Information on Biblical Geography and Antiquities, etc. Designed for the Simplest Reader of the English Bible. By ROBERT YOUNG, LL.D. Edinburgh: George Adam Young & Co. London: Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 36s.)

THIS large quarto volume is a splendid monument to the stupendous labour and wonderful patience of its learned author. Its value to ministers and all Bible students must be immense. We hope it may soon find a place in every theological library, and once there it is not likely to be soon or easily displaced. Many a fragmentary and sketchy volume every poor preacher and student might well dispense with to become possessed of such a TREASURE as this. "Its great object," Dr. Young tells us, in a prefatory note, "as Tyndall says of his New Testament, is to enable every 'PLOUGHBOY' to know more of the Scriptures than the 'ancients,' by enabling him at a glance to find out THREE DISTINCT POINTS. *First*, What is the *original* Hebrew or Greek of any ordinary word in his English Bible: *Second*, What is the *literal* and primitive meaning of every such original word: and *Third*, What are thoroughly true and reliable *parallel passages*."

"In carrying out these three important points, the following plan has been adopted: *First*, One Hundred and Eighty Thousand references have been given, which are not found in Cruden. *Second*, Every passage in the New Testament which critical investigators, like Griesbach and Tischendorf, have noted as doubtful, or as having a Various Reading, has been marked by brackets. *Third*, The Proper Name of Every Person and Place has been given, with the literal meaning. *Fourth*, The date or era of Every Person, so as to distinguish him from every other of the same name. *Fifth*, The location of every place in its tribe, with the Modern Name (if identified), so as to form a complete Scripture Geography and Gazetteer."

"But the predominating feature of this work is the *Analytical arrangement* of each English word under its *own proper original* in Hebrew or Greek, with the literal meaning of the same. By this means the reader is enabled to *distinguish things that differ*, which are frequently confounded in the English Bible, and for the elucidation of which Cruden offers no real help at all, and which, indeed, have hitherto been the exclusive property of scholars. For our Translation often renders *one* Greek word by *ten or twenty* English ones; and on the other hand, it sometimes employs *one* English word to translate *ten or twenty* Greek ones."

"In sending forth this 'ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE' for the benefit of the Christian student of Holy Writ, the author trusts that as it is only the practical outcome of all his previous Biblical studies, many of his readers, lay as well as clerical, may give themselves more to the study of the ORIGINAL Scriptures, which have 'God for the Author, Truth without mixture of error for their matter, and Salvation for their end.'"

Clara Maynard; or, The True and the False. A Tale of the Times. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Eighth Thousand. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A SKILFUL pen has in this seasonable tale laid bare the crafty schemes of the Jesuits, denounced, in suitable terms, the follies and errors of Ritualism and Romanism, and clearly described the way of salvation through faith in Christ. It has had already a large, and it well merits a larger, circulation.

John Smith, and other Stories. By GERALDINE BUTT and J. G. BUTT. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Co. (Price 1s.)

A BRIGHT and sparkling little book.

Manchester House: a Tale of Two Apprentices. By the Rev. J. CAPES STORY. S. W. Partridge & Co. (Price 1s. 6d.)

THERE is a tone of sincerity and earnestness in this volume. The sketches are evidently drawn from and are certainly true to life; a fact which must increase the usefulness, and we hope it will also the popularity, of the work.

The Siege of Vienna. A Story of the Turkish War in 1683. Translated from the German by J. LATCHMORE, Jun. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. (Price 2s.)

A POWERFULLY written and highly instructive story. In it the horrors of war are so vividly described that great good must result from its perusal. The Turks in the plenitude of their power were the scourge of Christendom, as in their decay they are its perplexity and danger.

The Young Carpenters of Frieberg. A Tale of the Thirty Years' War. Translated from the German by J. LATCHMORE, Jun. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. (Price 2s.)

As powerfully written a story as "*The Siege of Vienna*," one capital feature of it being that it shows how all the nobler qualities of man gradually decay and perish when dominated by the war spirit.

Harry Foster's Rules.

Mary Hazeldine's Desk.

TWO excellent tales, written by Mrs. H. H. B. Paull, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, illustrative of the precepts, "Be not slothful in business." and "Overcome evil with good."

Boston Noonday Lectures. Marriage, with Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. With a Copious Analytical Index. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 1s. 6d.)

OUR admiration of Mr. Cook's versatility and power increases with every fresh perusal of his lectures. Dr. McCosh has not, in our view, appraised his merits too highly, though very highly, in a recent number of the *Catholic Presbyterian*. The ten lectures in this handy volume cover a wide field. Here is one short paragraph on

THE INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION ON THE BODY.

"There is a mother at a window. Suddenly she sees at another window the sash fall upon the fingers of her own infant. Three fingers drop. Three stumps are left. They bleed before her eyes. She cannot assist the child. I am telling a story out of Dr. Carpenter, and not out of the newspapers. A surgeon is called in; he attends to the infant; binds up its wounds, and then turns to the mother, who sits moaning and complaining of a pain in her fingers, corresponding to those cut off from the hand of the infant, which begin to swell, become inflamed, and need to be lanced. They go through the whole process of wounds, although perfectly unhurt, except by imagination. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. But that infant was farther off from the mother than it once was."

A Year at Riverside Farm. By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 1s. 6d.)

ANOTHER capital story, as many readers of *The Youth's Miscellany* have already pronounced that it is. *How* and *where* it differs from that they have already read in the pages of *The Youth's* they will find out if they purchase this well printed volume.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Visiting Book, 1880. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 2s. in cloth, with Flap; 3s. Roan Tuck, gilt edges.)

WE think as this *best* book of its kind for Ministers becomes more widely known, it will be as widely used, for none who have once tried it are likely to exchange it for any other.

The Quiver for November. Price 6d. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

THIS is the first part of this favourite serial, as a purely Monthly Magazine. From the same publishers we have received *Happy Days*, or the "Little Folks" Annual for 1880, profusely illustrated, its contents including a calendar, several stories, music, and puzzles.

Ellerslie House. A Book for Boys. By EMMA LESLIE. S. W. Partridge & Co. (Price 1s. 6d.)

AN interesting story, which illustrates and enforces "the necessity of a firm resistance of wrong-doing, and the exercise of a moral courage in abiding by a conscientious discharge of duty in spite of the opposition of others."

Now and Hereafter : verses regarding the word Sacraments and Prayer. (Price 1d.) Edinburgh : Printed by Lorimer and Gillies.

THE author does not wish these rhymes to be regarded as poetry, "for it is not with any pretensions to that character they are presented, but as a homely and brotherly attempt to exhibit familiar and vital truth and procedure on aspects and co-relations frequently, and detrimentally, perhaps morbidly, overlooked. In particular, the versifier hopes that the place which Baptism occupies in the Christian system will, after perusal, become, with some readers, a subject for earnest consideration." We fear that some readers will pronounce these rhymes deficient in *clearness*, and that they will find some difficulty in grasping the ideas of the writer.

Poetry.

"AND WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

In the softened light of the far-spent day,
When the Sun's fierce heat is past away,
And toilers are gath'ring the ripened sheaves,
Let us muse on the moral of falling leaves.

For of earth there's a speech in its meanings divine,
And in praise to their Maker do all things combine,
From the great book of Nature we may similes borrow,
That teach how to live and be wise for the morrow.

The writers, inspired by the Spirit unerring,
Cull'd figures from earth to instruct the God-fearing,
To arrest the attention, and imprint on the heart
Truths that will lead men from sin to depart.

The fleetness of life and swiftness of time
Were often the theme of the Prophets sublime ;
Man's frailty so helpless, and his stay so brief,
Are likewise taught by the fading leaf.

The stages incipient of decay and disease,
That wither the grass, and weaken the trees,
No care can arrest, or prudence evade,
For flowers must droop, and the leaves must fade.

Leaves that are sheltered in houses of glass,
Cheer'd by the sun, while screened from the blast,
Like those growing wild on hill-side and glade,
When autumn arrives must mellow and fade.

At times a lone leaf on a tree we descry,
Close clinging to life, as if dreading to die,
Nobly attempting its hold to retain,
Braving the storm and the pitiless rain.

A similar sight may be seen among men,
When a veteran outlives his three-score-and-ten ;
But seizèd by death, so icy and cold,
He passes away like a tale that is told.

Some leaves while yet green are ruthlessly blown
Off from the trees on which they have grown ;
Others get seared and yellow and brown,
Then from the branches come fluttering down.

O ponder the lesson so impressively read
By the myriad leaves now withered and dead ;
For the aged, the young, the handsome, the brave,
Shall fade like the leaf and be laid in the grave.

Week St. Mary.

T. C. JACOB.

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